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ART. I.—*History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A. Reign of Elizabeth. Vols. V. and VI. London: 1870.

THE longer we travel in the company of Mr. Froude, the more unwilling we are to part from him, and we learn with regret from the concluding pages of these volumes that he has relinquished his original intention of carrying on the narrative to the death of Elizabeth. The execution of Mary Queen of Scots and the destruction of the Spanish Armada are the two great events which terminated the struggle for the independence of the crown of England against its internal and its external enemies; and Mr. Froude regards this catastrophe as the appropriate termination of his work. Much indeed remains to be told of heroic interest and of imperial splendour. A history of the reign of Elizabeth, in which the great names of Coke and Bacon, Essex and Raleigh, Spenser and Shakspeare, find no place, is necessarily but a fragment. But Mr. Froude's view of history is tragic rather than epic. He traces the course of an idea, rather than the course of events. He took up the tale of England's greatness at that period of the reign of Henry VIII. when the king, moved by passion, by the ardent desire of an heir, and by the spirit of the Reformation, broke with Rome, divorced his queen, and flew to new and most unhappy nuptials. From that moment the cause of the Reformation and of the crown in England became one. The independence of the nation was at stake; and a struggle commenced which severed this country from the politics of continental Europe, and at length, by its success, established the power and greatness of the English monarchy. That term of fifty years' duration is, therefore, the most momentous period of our annals.



It was marked by the most extraordinary vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, by crimes and intrigues of matchless intricacy, by innumerable acts of violence, by foreign and domestic wars; but, it was crowned by final success, and when that consummation was reached by the total overthrow of the designs of Spain and of the Catholic party, the dramatic interest of the Tudor dynasty may be said to end.

This we conceive to be the proper theme of Mr. Froude's work; and although it does not square with the ordinary divisions of historical time, it wants nothing in completeness to make it one of the most striking historical records in the language. With this object in view, Mr. Froude has worked upon the vast materials, which his industry has collected or brought to light from the archives of past ages and foreign countries, with consummate art. He unravels the plots of conspirators and cabinets with infinite patience and ingenuity. Every trait of character, every incident of fortune, finds a place on his canvas. His labour reminds us of a weaver in tapestry, who produces a work of art by combining innumerable colours on the wrong side (as it is termed) of the picture; it is not till we have the whole result before us that we can judge of the skill with which the general effect is created. Not a hue is obscured, not a touch is wasted, and at last we find ourselves in face of a grand delineation of an historic pageant which produces on the mind the impression of life.

Mr. Froude nowhere claims the merit of judicial impartiality, nor does he care to weigh evidence in the calm and even scales which determine the value of conflicting testimonies and contested facts. He is himself carried away by the passions of the age he is describing, as strongly as if he had lived in it. He rushes to his conclusions, not by argument, but by intuition. His object appears to be to produce the strongest possible effect by an art not dissimilar from that of a great dramatist. The personages who figure in this history are invariably presented to the reader in the form they have assumed in Mr. Froude's own conception of them—their virtues are heightened, their crimes are palliated, their acts are justified or condemned by the strong light he throws upon the stage. He cares not to apply to them any rigorous objective standard or rule of right and wrong, of justice and injustice; they appear to him as actors in the great plot of human affairs destined to achieve a given object, and he remains indifferent to the means by which it is accomplished. At the end of all, he sees before him on the one hand the glorious spectacle of a free and powerful nation, crushing its enemies, vindicating its laws, and estab-

lishing for ever the cause of liberty in the world—on the other hand, the dark and sanguinary agents of Rome and of Spain, more hateful for the cause they were vainly endeavouring to defend than for the crimes committed in defence of it. His choice from the first page to the last is made. His sympathies are declared. It would cost him as much to acknowledge the virtues of an enemy, or to shed one drop of compassion over his merited fate, as it would to admit that even the good cause was often served by unrighteous and oppressive means.

It is a remarkable indication of the absorbing interest felt by Mr. Froude in the great conflict of the age, that he never in these volumes so much as adverts to the internal administration of England during the reign of Elizabeth, nor does he notice any of the laws or events of the time unconnected with the plot of his drama. Thus we find but a passing allusion to the Parliament of 1586, and no allusion to the manly conduct of Mr. Wentworth in that assembly, no unworthy precursor of the patriotic commoners of the next century. The omission is to be regretted, and the more so, as in his former volumes Mr. Froude had paid especial attention to the condition of the people and the progress of liberty in the House of Commons. Nor was this a matter foreign to his subject. The real strength of Elizabeth lay in the faithful allegiance and general contentment of her English subjects. The social insurrections which had marked the preceding reigns entirely ceased. The law was enforced with ease and regularity. The taxation of the country was light; the policy of the reign was pacific; and, except the divisions caused by differences of religion, England was never more united or more attached to the crown. But Mr. Froude prefers to pass lightly over these tame and unexciting portions of his subject; and he reserves his strength for those scenes which he describes with so much eloquence and power.

We have had occasion, in criticising the former volumes of this history, to point out the consequences of this impassioned style of writing. It renders Mr. Froude bold to paradox and pitiless to severity. In his eyes, Henry VIII., stained by a thousand acts of brutality, avarice, and lust, becomes the 'Sun of the Reformation,' and Acts of Parliament dictated by every excess of despotic will are made to plead the cause of the founder of a power nursed by the Tudors into greatness. In his eyes, again, Mary Stuart, the nursling of the Court of France and the martyr of the Catholic creed, becomes the most wanton, wicked, false, and cruel of her species—a panther in human form, with the passions of an animal and the

subtlety of a devil. With the tools and instruments of the false creed and the bad cause Mr. Froude wages internecine war. He is not unwilling that their infernal secrets should be torn from them by the rack, and that they should expiate their crimes by being cut down before the hangman's office was done, and disembowelled half alive before the people. Let us take the following examples. In December 1580 seven or eight young priests were arrested, and required to denounce the Catholic gentlemen at whose houses they had been received. They refused, and 'it was thought just and necessary 'to use other means to force them to speak.'

'The Tower rack stood in the long vaulted dungeon below the armoury. Under a warrant signed by six of the Council, and in the presence of the Lieutenant, whose duty was to direct and moderate the application of the pains, they were laid at various times, and more than once, as they could bear it, upon the frame, the Commissioners sitting at their side and repeating their questions in the intervals of the winding of the winch. A practice which by the law was always forbidden could be palliated only by a danger so great that the nation had become like an army in the field. It was repudiated on the return of calmer times, and the employment of it rests as a stain on the memory of those by whom it was used. It is none the less certain, however, that the danger was real and terrible, and *the same causes which relieve a commander in active service from the restraints of the common law, apply to the conduct of statesmen who are dealing with organised treason.* The law is made for the nation, not the nation for the law. Those who transgress do it at their own risk, but they may plead circumstances at the bar of history, and have a right to be heard.' (Vol. v. p. 327.)

And then follow some of the vile excuses employed by Walsingham's agents to justify their lawless barbarity.

Again, in describing the execution of Babington and his associates, Mr. Froude states that 'they were all hanged but 'for a moment, according to the letter of the sentence, *taken down while the susceptibility of agony was unimpaired, and cut in pieces afterwards, with due precautions for the protraction of the pain.*' This abominable atrocity elicits from Mr. Froude the following remarks:—'If it were to be taken as part of the Catholic creed that to kill a prince in the interests of the Holy Church was an act of piety and merit, *stern English common sense caught the readiest means* of expressing 'its opinion both of the creed and its professors.' We should blush for English common sense if to hack living men in pieces had ever been a practice approved by the English people. But the charge as regards the nation is happily unfounded. It was Elizabeth herself who had, in a paroxysm of revenge and

terror, required that the execution of 'Babington and his confederates should be carried into effect with circumstances of peculiar cruelty. Mr. Froude says, 'Elizabeth forbade a repetition of the scene on the following day.' The truth is that the bloody spectacle had so strongly excited the disgust of the people that it was thought unsafe to repeat it.

One more example of this fierce disposition of an historian who is otherwise in all things the most humane and amiable of men, and we have done with this unpleasant part of our task. Our readers may imagine with what fervour and skill Mr. Froude repeats the oft-told tale of the execution of Mary Stuart. It is the counterpart of his celebrated description of the murder at Kirk o' field; nor does the spectacle of that tremendous passion, borne, as he admits, with a majestic dignity and faith not unworthy of the martyr's crown, elicit from him one line of compassion or regret. The associations awakened in the mind of Mr. Froude by this scene are those of the stage. 'It was the most brilliant acting throughout.' But there is one touch in this passage peculiarly his own. Queen Mary, as is well known, was not allowed in that supreme hour of her fate to have access to her chaplain and confessor. The last sacraments of her Church were denied her. As she approached the block 'she kissed Melville, and 'turning, asked for her chaplain Du Preau. He was not 'present. *There had been a fear of some religious melodrama, which it was thought well to avoid.*' When it is remembered what the office of the Catholic priest is to the departing soul, we cannot call to mind any sentence more pregnant with a painful meaning than this is.

'Vae victis' might be the motto of Mr. Froude's history, as it is of all the writers of the school of Mr. Carlyle. The chivalrous sympathy for weakness and sorrow, which holds that great sufferings may mitigate the judgment of history on great offences, finds no favour in their eyes. Mr. Froude's opinion of the execution of Mary Stuart is simply that 'the 'political wisdom of a critical and difficult act has never in the 'world's history been more signally justified.' Be it so, if he will. Let all mercy, forbearance, kindness, and moderation be blown to the winds. Let every one have their deserts, and the fight be fought out by these poor half-blind mortals to the bitter end. But if these things are to be done with impunity on the one side, are they to be condemned without appeal on the other? Mr. Froude does not appear to remember that the same contempt of the rights of humanity, the same unrelenting intolerance of the adverse cause, was precisely the

plea used by Philip II. and the Spanish inquisitors to justify their barbarous policy, their secret assassinations, their judicial murders, and their sanguinary wars. They, too, were sincere. They, too, held that no faith was to be kept and no measure observed in dealing with the heretic. However else they might differ, both parties in this fierce struggle agreed in this, that no falsehood was too base, no artifice too subtle, no act of authority too sanguinary to be used against their respective enemies. There is some inconsistency in judging the crimes of one party with so much severity and the crimes of the other party with so much forbearance.

For ourselves, we confess that we feel more confidence in writers less highly gifted with dramatic power, who judge men by their motives, rather than by their success. Weighed by the eternal laws of truth, humanity, and tolerance, both parties must be equally condemned; and we are not disposed to extenuate their guilt, either by contrasting it with that of their respective antagonists, or by exulting in the successful termination of their policy. But no doubt Mr. Froude has caught in a very high degree the spirit of the present age. He presents the narrative of these events in a form pre-eminently calculated to excite interest, to rouse sympathy, and to revive the passions of the times in which they occurred. And he deserves the highest credit for the minuteness and extent of his researches, which have enabled him to add a large amount of detail to the record of events which have been incessantly canvassed for the last three hundred years. Upon the whole, we think these volumes are the most successful and elaborate portion of his whole work, with the exception of the volume devoted to Edward VI. and Queen Mary, which we still regard as his masterpiece. The difficulties of historical composition are enormously increased by the profuse disclosures of contemporary evidence which have recently taken place. To hunt down a fact amidst the intricacies of diplomatic correspondence, between agents, who were as often employed in concealing the truth as in imparting it, is no easy task; and there is a perpetual danger of being misled by apparent discoveries, which more complete investigation shows to be delusions. In those portions of this history which concern the trial and execution of Mary Stuart and the Spanish Armada, Mr. Froude has been to a considerable extent anticipated by the researches of Mr. Tytler for his history of Scotland, and of Mr. Motley for his history of the United Provinces. These were the crowning incidents of a conflict of twenty years' duration; but the infinite details of that protracted struggle

have never before been investigated with the minuteness, or combined with the skill, which Mr. Froude has brought to bear upon them.

The person and the figure of Queen Elizabeth are, as might be expected, the most prominent and striking objects in these volumes. Mr. Froude has drawn the Queen, as she is still represented in some of the fanciful portraits of her time, without shadow and, we might add, without a veil. However severe he may be to those personages who are opposed to his own political creed, he has not treated the worst of them more harshly than he has treated Elizabeth. The result is that whilst he is an ardent advocate of her cause, and triumphs in her success, every page, every line of these volumes seems written to show how ill she deserved it. He denies her political ability, by showing that on every occasion the lesser and meaner motive outweighed the public and generous end; so that opportunities without number were allowed to slip by which, fitly used, would have relieved her at once from her difficulties and made her the greatest Princess in Europe. He denies her Protestantism, maintaining that all her own sympathies were with the old religion; that she preferred to be surrounded by Catholics, in spite of their never-ending conspiracies against her; that she refused or neglected to put the laws in force against them; that she scorned and abhorred the Church of England and her own bishops; and that the only tie which bound her to the Reformation was that of her own birth. To deny the lawfulness of her father's divorce from Catherine and the Church, was to bastardise herself. On the great questions of religion the Queen is believed by Mr. Froude to have been purely indifferent: 'despising fanatics, Puritan or Papist, with Erasmian heartiness;' content 'with outward order and conformity, with liberty to every man to think in private as he pleased;' altogether free from dogmatic preferences and convictions, and cherishing in fact a theory of absolute toleration and indifference which was 'two centuries before its time.' This view of the Queen's policy and opinions is, the reader will observe, to a great extent a novel one.

Of her personal character Mr. Froude has drawn a frightful picture, but one which we fear is less open to controversy. 'Sir Francis Walsingham,' he says, 'not once only, but at every trying crisis of her life, had to describe her conduct as "dishonourable and dangerous:" dishonourable, because she never hesitated to break a promise when to keep it was inconvenient; and dangerous, from the universal distrust

‘ which she had inspired in those who had once relied upon ‘ her.’ Her reign and her life were one long tissue of deceit, practised alike on her friends and on her foes. She never had an ally whom she did not abandon or betray in the hour of need ; she never had an enemy whom she did not seek to cajole rather than to brave. ‘ Todo,’ said Philip II., ‘ es embuste y ‘ entretenimiento.’

No sovereign was ever served by wiser or more devoted Ministers ; no Ministers were ever used with more ingratitude, avarice, and deceit by their sovereign. Yet men like Cecil, Walsingham, Paulet, and Drake would have risked not only their lives, but their souls in her service ; while she gave at least an equal share of her confidence and favour to creatures like the hireling Crofts, who betrayed every secret of the Court to his employer the Spanish Ambassador, or the fop Hatton — a butterfly of the presence-chamber. The ladies of her household were friends of Mary and sometimes pensioners of Spain.

Oddly enough, Queen Elizabeth enjoys in popular estimation the glory and the fame of having done precisely what she refused to do. She might have placed herself at the head of a Protestant League of invincible power in Europe—she might by a small effort have terminated the contest in the Low Countries—she might at one time have turned the scale in favour of the Protestants of France—she might have given an immediate ascendancy to the Kirk of Scotland and its champions, which would have decided the vacillating character of James and fitted him to be her declared successor on the English throne—she might as Queen of England have encountered and defeated the fleets of Spain on the ocean and in either hemisphere, as in fact they were encountered by the private adventurers, who slipped away from her shores, and brought back with them, almost unawares, the treasures of the New World and the maritime supremacy of England. During great part of her reign, and in the crisis of her fate, her own safety and the existence of the kingdom depended on its naval power, and in Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher Elizabeth had the best seamen in the world. Yet nothing was done to support the fleet. The navy did not exist as a profession. The entire force of the Queen’s ships in 1588 consisted of thirteen ships of 400 tons, and of only thirty-eight vessels, including pinnaces, carrying the Queen’s flag. The sailors who defeated the Armada were famished for want of rations, killed by sour beer, which the Queen compelled them to drink, and sent to sea with so little ammunition that they

depended to serve their guns on what they took from the enemy. Even after the victory, the base and niggardly conduct of the Queen broke the hearts of her captains, and ruined in fortune the men who had equipped and commanded the fleet. Not a dollar would she spend, not a jewel would she part with, though the fate of her crown and kingdom depended on the sacrifice.

In point of fact not one of these things was done by Elizabeth, although the opportunities of action continually forced themselves upon her. Some of these results were actually accomplished—but without her countenance, and perhaps against her wishes. That which indeed was the darling object of her heart and of her policy was to avoid an open rupture with Philip, to remain at least nominally at peace with Spain, and to escape the charges and perils of open war, even though private war was incessantly carried on between the subjects of the two Crowns. In this peculiar respect the policy of Philip resembled her own. A Spanish expedition with a banner blessed by the Pope landed on the western coast of Ireland—abandoned and disavowed by the King of Spain, they were surrounded, captured, and executed, every man of them, as pirates. English volunteers in large numbers served under Orange in the Low Countries: it is true, some Catholic Englishmen were to be found serving on the other side. The crews of English merchantmen were carried off to the dungeons of the Inquisition on the charge of introducing the book of Common Prayer into Spain. Drake swept the ocean, pillaged Lima and Cartagena, and brought home the treasures of an empire in the hold of a smack. Every species of clandestine hostility was carried on by both parties. No redress was ever afforded though often asked, by either of them. Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, remained at the Court of England during the whole period, although it was notorious that he was the centre of countless plots, some aimed at the Queen's life. The British ambassador sent to Madrid had, on the contrary, been received with insult and compelled to depart. This strange situation lasted for upwards of twenty years. During the whole of this time peace was in name preserved—peace above all with Spain—and Elizabeth was satisfied. It was not until the Spanish Armada had entered the Channel that war could be said to be declared. A sovereign of true determination and energy would not have endured to lead a life of practices and fetches, served by spies, encompassed by conspiracies, when a single bold stroke would have shattered the spell and delivered her from bondage. According to



Mr. Froude, Elizabeth entirely lacked that energy and determination. He represents her as vacillating and irresolute whenever a great decision was to be taken—credulous when a lure was offered to her avarice or her hopes of peace—covetous whenever it was possible to increase her private hoards of jewels and of gold, and reluctant to give out a stiver of this accumulated wealth to save her soldiers from want, or to enable her servants to execute her orders, which they were frequently compelled to do at their own cost. The only virtue popularly ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, which Mr. Froude does not contest, is her undaunted courage; but even her courage arose rather from an apparent insensibility to danger than from the resolution to meet it. When danger arrived all was confusion and hesitation. Nothing was done to-day that could be done to-morrow. And we are more inclined to wonder at the amazing good fortune which dissipated so many conspiracies and perils, than at her own dauntless bravery in face of them. To this quality Mr. Froude adds others with which Elizabeth has not before been credited. He ascribes to her 'a constant 'personal desire for moderation and forbearance'—a spirit of toleration foreign alike to her age and her position—a readiness to forget injuries and 'lack of gall'—and a determination to 'make men loyal in spite of themselves by persistently trusting 'them.' We shall have occasion to discuss some of the instances given by Mr. Froude of these mild and gentle qualities; but for the present we can only say that we have failed to discover them in any passage of her life. In another place he has more accurately described her, when he says, 'she talked of mercy, 'and she made violence inevitable.'

One of her peculiarities was her eagerness to shift upon others the blame which properly attached to her own mistakes. Mr. Froude stretches a point to assimilate this artifice to the non-responsibility of the Sovereign under a limited constitution. 'The principle,' he says, 'is inherent in the conditions 'of a limited monarchy, it was latent before it was avowed; 'and Elizabeth anticipating awkwardly the authorised theory 'of a later age, permitted measures to be taken which the 'safety of the State rendered necessary, which at the same 'time she declared loudly, and often without hypocrisy, not to 'be her own.' We can admit of no such plea of incompetence in favour of Elizabeth. If ever there was a sovereign whose will was law paramount, and who treated with scorn every attempt to direct or control it, she was that sovereign; and in the attempt to exonerate her, at the expense of her Ministers, we should commit the supreme injustice of holding them re-

sponsible for measures they opposed but were unable to resist. The doctrine of the Tudors was not that of ministerial responsibility, but of implicit obedience: and no statesman would have served Elizabeth long, or lived long to serve her, who presumed to thwart her will, or even to resist her ever-varying caprices. On these terms alone, Cecil and Walsingham held office; and they knew it. But if the Queen is to be held responsible for the crimes and errors committed in her name, so also she is entitled to a higher degree of praise than Mr. Froude is disposed to award to her successes. If she had been no more than the prevaricating hypocrite whom he describes, those successes would have been impossible, for she would present the incredible example of a woman, disfigured by the most odious and contemptible qualities, who reigned nevertheless for half a century, to be enshrined in the grateful memory of her people and feared by the rest of the world. We agree therefore rather with the larger view of her character taken by Lord Macaulay in the pages of this Journal when he said, 'Yet surely she was a great woman. Of all the sovereigns who exercised a power, which was seemingly absolute, but which in fact depended for support on the love and confidence of her subjects, she was by far the most illustrious. It was not by looking at the particular measures which Elizabeth had adopted, but by looking at the general principles of her government, that those who followed her were likely to learn the art of managing intractable subjects. Firm, haughty—sometimes cruel and unjust in her proceedings towards individuals and towards small parties—she avoided with care, or retracted with speed, any measure which seemed likely to alienate the great mass of the people.' With that fine instinct of the national will and the national interest which is the most rare and precious quality of great rulers of men, her heart beat in unison with the heart of England: and even her personal weaknesses never weakened her hold on the country.

Mr. Froude takes a far lower view of her character; but he describes in the following striking passage the perils, which in the year 1580 surrounded her throne:—

'Incurably convinced of her own supreme intelligence she would take no more of Cecil's counsel than such fragments as necessity enforced upon her, and these fragments, backed by the energy of a splendid nation, carried England, and Elizabeth with it, clear at last of the threatening breakers. The calamities of unprosperous reigns are charged upon sovereigns; and sovereigns therefore, it is but just, should be credited with their people's successes; but the personal contribution of Elizabeth to the final victory of Protestantism, was but in yielding at

last to a stream which she had struggled against for thirty years. She believed in kings and she possessed skill to hoodwink kings less able than herself; but there was a volcanic energy in Europe, as she was about to feel, beyond the reach of her diplomacy, passions deep as the hell which the Popes mistook for heaven, which were proof against paltry artifices, and could be encountered only with other passions preternatural as themselves. Philip might "loiter in the ford" or halt upon his foot of lead. The Valois Princes and their mother might play with Huguenot and Papist, and fish for fortune or safety in the troubled waters; but the European Catholics were no longer to be trifled with.

'Acute as Cecil was, he did not see the precise form in which the danger was approaching. He expected political coalitions; he had to encounter an invisible influence stealing into the heart of the realm; a power which, when it took earthly form, appeared in the shape of pale ascetics armed but with their breviaries, yet more terrible than the galleons of Philip, or the threatened legions of the Duke of Guise. England was considered on the continent to be the heart of heresy. It was in England that French, Flemings, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, fugitives for religion, found home and shelter. It was in England that the patriot armies recruited themselves; and the English Protestant congregations supplied the money that supported them. So long as England was unconquered, the Reformation was felt to be unconquerable, and it was the more exasperating because the English Catholics believed that, had they received the smallest practical assistance at Elizabeth's accession, they could have compelled her to remain in the Roman communion. Every year that had been allowed to pass had made recovery more difficult. Of the Catholic nobles some were dead, some were landless fugitives. The creed survived as a tradition, but the exercise of it was dying out. The more impetuous of the priests had gone abroad. Many had conformed; many had adhered to the faith, and said mass with the connivance of the Government in private houses. But they were dropping off, and the vacancies were not replenished. The old ceremonial was not yet forgotten, but was more and more faintly remembered. The longer the invasion was delayed the fainter the support which could be looked for in England itself, and the refugees, sick of pleading with Philip, had appealed with more success to the Pope and the Church. A new and passionate impulse had been given to the Catholic creed by St. Teresa and Ignatius Loyola. The Carmelite and Jesuit orders had revived something of the fervour of ancient Christendom, and personal and family ambition came to the help of religious enthusiasm. The Guises, as the leaders of the French Catholic aristocracy, intended, if the house of Valois failed, to snatch the crown from heretic Bourbons. The Guises' chance of success would be multiplied a hundred fold if they could revolutionise England in the interests of Mary Stuart; while the singular fortune of that world-famed lady, her wild story, her exile, her imprisonment, her constancy to the faith of which she was the supposed martyr, set on fire the imaginations of half the youths in Europe. Philip it seemed would do nothing till the ground had first been broken by others. Well then, others should break it. The refugees at Rheims were in the

closest intercourse with Guise. Sanders and many others of them were for ever on the road between Brussels, Paris, Madrid, and the Vatican. A beginning had been made in Scotland. It had failed, but it could be attempted again, and the secret Catholic correspondence of the time reveals henceforward a connected and organised scheme, in which many different constituents were part of a single movement, the last issue of which was to be the entrance of the Duke of Guise into England over the Scotch Border.' (Vol. v. pp. 167-9.)

The triple attack thus directed against her was marked by the successful efforts of the Guises to secure their ascendancy in Scotland over the mind of the youthful James, in which they were marvellously served by the influence and intrigues of Esmé d'Aubigny, afterwards Duke of Lennox, which cost the Regent Morton his life; by an incursion of Popish priests and Spanish and Italian adventurers on the coast of Ireland; and by a systematic attempt of the Jesuits to reconquer England to the Catholic faith.

No English historian has written of Ireland and the Irish in a more kindly and sympathising spirit than Mr. Froude. He evidently likes that country and loves its warm-hearted inhabitants. Accordingly many of his most glowing pages are devoted to the wrongs of that unhappy people, and he denounces them with a severity he does not always inflict on deeds of bloodshed. In 1575 the Earl of Essex was reluctantly engaged in the harassing and cruel work of crushing Irish disturbances. He did his task with the same species of unrelenting indifference to life which has been exhibited in our own days by French commanders against the tribes of Kabylia, and may have been shown against insurgent Sepoys or New Zealand savages—a detestable service detestably performed, which leads men to forget that their enemies are their fellow-creatures. One scene of this fearful warfare we must extract, for it is a masterpiece of tragic narrative:—

‘On the coast of Antrim, not far from the Giant’s Causeway, lies the singular Island of Rathlin. It is formed of basaltic rock, encircled with precipices, and is accessible only at a single spot. It contains an area of about 4,000 acres, of which a thousand are sheltered and capable of cultivation, the rest being heather and rock. The approach is at all times dangerous; the tide sets fiercely through the strait which divides the island from the mainland, and when the wind is from the west, the Atlantic swell renders it impossible to land. The situation and the difficulty of access had thus long marked Rathlin as a place of refuge for Scotch or Irish fugitives, and besides its natural strength it was respected as a sanctuary, having been the abode at one time of St. Columba. A mass of broken masonry on a cliff overhanging the sea, is a remnant of the castle, in which Robert Bruce watched the leap of the

legendary spider. To this island, when Essex entered Antrim, Macconnell and the other Scots had sent their wives and children, their aged, and their sick for safety. On his way through Carrickfergus, when returning to Dublin, the Earl ascertained that they had not yet been brought back to their homes. The officer in command of the English garrison (it is painful to mention the name either of him or of any man concerned in what ensued) was John Norris, Lord Norris's second son, so famous afterwards in the Low Countries, grandson of Sir Henry Norris executed for adultery with Anne Boleyn. Three small frigates were in the harbour. The summer had been dry, hot, and windless. The sea was smooth; there was a light and favourable air from the east; and Essex directed Norris to take a company of soldiers with him, cross over and kill whatever he could find. The run up the Antrim coast was rapidly and quietly accomplished. Before an alarm could be given the English had landed, close to the ruins of the church which bears St. Columba's name. Bruce's castle was then standing, and was occupied by a score or two of Scots, who were in charge of the women. But Norris had brought cannon with him. The weak defences were speedily destroyed, and after a fierce assault, in which several of the garrison were killed, the chief who was in command offered to surrender, if he and his people were allowed to return to Scotland. The conditions were rejected; the Scots yielded at discretion, and every living creature in the place except the chief and his family, who were probably reserved for ransom, was immediately put to the sword. Two hundred were killed in the castle. It was then discovered that several hundred more, chiefly mothers and their little ones, were hidden in the caves about the shore. There was no remorse, not even the faintest shadow of perception that the occasion called for it. They were hunted out as if they had been seals or otters, and all destroyed. Surleyboy and the other chiefs, Essex coolly wrote, had sent their wives and children into the island, "which be all taken and executed to the number of six hundred." Surleyboy himself, he continued, "stood upon the mainland of the Glynnnes and saw the taking of the island, and was likely to have run mad for sorrow, tearing and tormenting himself, and saying that he there lost all that ever he had."

The impression left upon the mind by this horrible story is increased by the composure with which even the news of it was received. "Yellow-haired Charley" might tear himself for "his pretty little ones and their dam," but in Ireland itself the massacre was not specially distinguished in the general system of atrocity. Essex described it himself as one of the exploits with which he was most satisfied, and Elizabeth in answer to his letters bade him tell John Norris, "the executioner of his well designed enterprise, that she would not be unmindful of his services." But though passed over and unheeded at the time, and lying buried for three hundred years, the bloody stain comes back to light again, not in myth and legend, but in the original account of the nobleman by whose command the deed was done; and when the history of England's dealings with Ireland settles at last into

its final shape, that hunt among the caves at Rathlin will not be forgotten.' (Vol. xi. pp. 184-6.)\*

There is a ring of hatred, in these last words which makes us wish they had not been written. For the welfare of Ireland it is far more to be desired that such deeds as 'the hunt among the caves at Rathlin' *should* be forgotten. If blood is to call for blood, who is to sum up the dreadful account? On which side would the balance lie? We care not to inquire. But certainly, in Mr. Froude's own pages, the most active and treacherous agents of Irish strife are the Irish chieftains themselves. A Desmond and a Geraldine were enemies as fierce as ever Saxon and Celt; and in justice to the Government of Ireland by Elizabeth during this part of her reign, it should be remembered that after the deliberate invasion of the country by Sanders had been defeated in Smerwick Bay, the rebellion was crushed and the country enjoyed comparative peace under the government of Sir John Perrot for many years. In the following passage Mr. Froude does justice to the conquerors and to the conquered.

'So ended a rebellion which a mere handful of English had sufficed to suppress, though three-quarters of Ireland had been heart and soul concerned in it, and though the Irish themselves man for man were no less hardy and brave than their conquerors. The victory was terribly purchased. The entire province of Munster was utterly depopulated. Hecatombs of helpless creatures, the aged, and the sick, and the blind, the young mother and the babe at the breast, had fallen under the English sword, and though the authentic details of the struggle have been forgotten, the memory of a vague horror remains imprinted in the national traditions.

'Had no Saxon set foot on Irish shores, the tale of slaughter would have been as large or larger. To plunder and to kill, to massacre families of enemies, and to return to their dens with the spoil, while bards and harpers celebrated their triumphs, was the one occupation held in honour by the Celtic chiefs, and the Irish as a nation only began to exist when English rule at last made life and property secure. But England still pays the penalty in the hearts of an alienated race for the means by which it forced them into obedience. Millions upon millions of Celts have been enabled to exist, who, but for England, would never have been born—but those millions, not wholly without

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\* The only authority for this touching story is to be found in Essex's own despatches to Walsingham and to the Queen—the latter in the Carew Papers. They are written in a dry soldier-like manner, with entire unconsciousness that anything more had happened than the usual fate of a place taken by assault. The graphic skill of the historian has given to these dead bones life, and added one more pang to the sorrows of Ireland.

justice, treasure up the bitter memories of the wrongs of their ancestors.' (Vol. v. pp. 259, 260.)

After this painful contest the name of Ireland appears no more in this history until the wrecks of the Armada were scattered along the coasts of Sligo and Connemara.

We now approach a transaction which raises a very interesting question as to the fundamental principles of the policy of Elizabeth towards the Catholic Church, and here Mr. Froude takes a view opposed to that of some of the best modern authorities, though consistent with the declarations of her own agents. As we have already remarked, he starts from the position that Elizabeth was in religious matters essentially latitudinarian and tolerant of speculative differences as long as the laws of the realm were obeyed. Such, he thinks, was her spirit; it showed that 'even in the sixteenth century there were minds which theology had failed to calcine.' She declared to the Spanish ambassador that 'in spiritual matters she believed as they did.' Barring the supremacy of the Pope, which interfered with her own, Mr. Froude conceives that her sympathies were Catholic rather than Protestant. Thus he affirms:—

'Elizabeth boasted with justice that no Catholic had as yet suffered in England for his religious opinions. The laws against the Catholic services were technically severe; but for twenty years they had been evaded with the frank connivance of the authorities. The Queen had repressed sternly the persecuting zeal of her own bishops. Priests of the old sort were still to be found in every part of England, though in diminished numbers, saying mass in private houses, while justices of the peace looked away or were present themselves. Nuns were left unmolested under the roofs of Catholic ladies, pursuing their own devotions in their own way, and were denied nothing but a publicity of worship which might have provoked a riot. Whatever had been the Queen's motive, she had refused to let the succession be determined, and the Catholics could look forward to seeing again a sovereign of their own creed. She required nothing but political obedience and outward submission to the law, and with the average Englishmen of native growth and temperament, loyalty was an article of faith which the ex-communication had failed to shake.' (Vol. v. p. 306.)

If these were her real opinions, she obtained but little credit for them among the Catholics either at home or abroad; and, in fact, Mr. Froude overlooks in this passage some of the most important measures for the establishment of Protestant uniformity which he has previously recorded. It was a frequent boast of the Queen and of Burghley (who wrote two very disingenuous pamphlets in support of the assertion) that no Catholic had suffered persecution in her reign for his religious

faith, apart from political disaffection. \*This statement has been repeated by Camden, and in our own time by Southey ('Book of the Church,' vol. ii. p. 285), and it is accepted by Mr. Froude. Yet we are convinced that it is substantially untrue, and we oppose to these assertions the weighty argument of Mr. Hallam, who discusses and disposes of the question.\* Nor is the plea of much avail even if it were true: to persecute from religious zeal is a misconception of the law of God and an outrage on the rights of conscience; but to feign religious zeal where none exists, for the purpose of justifying and arming political persecution with religious pretences, is yet more odious and criminal. Yet if Elizabeth were, as Mr. Froude supposes, cased in a philosophical indifference to creeds and points of faith, this would be her real offence.

It is true that the Act of 1562, which imposed on all the Queen's subjects the oath of supremacy, subject in the event of refusal to the penalties of high treason, was not rigorously enforced for several years. The massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Bull of Pius V. against the Queen provoked a more active hostility to the Catholics, and the Act 13 Eliz. cap. 2, extended the penalties of high treason to any person reconciling another to the Romish Church or concealing such offender. To hear mass was made the subject of inquisition, and sometimes punished even by torture. In 1581 the course of legislation grew more intolerant: the penalties of recusancy, that is, of absenting oneself from church, were made more severe. But already, in 1577, one Mayne was hanged at Launceston without any charge against him except his religion, and there are other examples of direct persecution.† The State Papers are full of warrants for the investigation of theological opinions of all sorts and conditions of men; in the inns of court, at the universities, and amongst the common people.

Such was the state of the law and the policy of the Government when, in 1581, a party of youthful Catholic zealots, originally trained at Oxford, but subsequently removed to

\* Constitutional History, chap. iii.

† Mr. Froude alluding to this case states that Cuthbert Mayne was taken with copies of the Bull of Pope Pius about him, and therefore hanged for high treason. To which he adds the following remark:— 'This and similar executions are now held to have been needless cruelties. But were a Brahmin to be found in the quarters of a Sepoy regiment scattering incendiary addresses from Nana Sahib, he would be hanged also.' Does this illustration imply that the state of the kingdom of England under Elizabeth in 1578 was as the state of India in the mutiny of 1857?



Rheims, and professed Jesuits, formed the design of a spiritual incursion or mission into the hot-bed of the Reformation.

It deserves observation that Mr. Froude has prefixed to the narrative on which he is now about to enter with his wonted fervour, a short account of a visit made to the Vatican by *two other* young English Jesuits, Tyrrell and Ballard, towards the end of the pontificate of Gregory XIII., which he conceives to be 'a fit introduction to the invasion of Parsons and Campian.' Tyrrell and Ballard desired to learn from the lips of the Pope himself whether anyone who, for the benefit of the Church, attempted to destroy the Queen of England, should have for the fact his pardon. They saw Pope Gregory, and if Tyrrell's subsequent confession (probably given under torture) is to be believed, the Pope assured them that, as for the taking away of that impious Jezebel, the act would be not only worthy of approval, but the doer of it would deserve canonisation. Tyrrell and Ballard lived to apply these precepts and to suffer for them, for they were implicated in the Babington conspiracy and put to death on that occasion.

But, as Mr. Froude goes on to inform us, the 'fit introduction' took place '*four years later* than the events now to be detailed : ' that is to say, that whereas a plot against the life of the Queen was organised in 1586 by Tyrrell and Ballard, who were Jesuits, with the consent of the then Pope, it may be inferred that other Jesuits who came to England several years before for a different purpose, were really intent upon the same design, or in other words, that Campian and Parsons were no less justly executed for high treason than Tyrrell and Ballard. A most unusual and illogical inference, which begs the whole question in dispute.

The Catholic priests who founded the English seminaries of Douay and Rheims had been persons in authority at Oxford in the reign of Queen Mary. They were not hastily driven out by her successor, but after Leicester became Chancellor of the University it assumed a more Protestant character; the oath of allegiance and subscription to the Articles was exacted from them, and they withdrew for conscience's sake to the Continent. Mr. Froude says 'they preferred their creed to their country,' as if that were an offence. But when the Pilgrim Fathers of America preferred their creed to their country, it was held to be, as it is, a title to glory.

Among these fathers Edmund Campian and Robert Parsons found a congenial refuge. They were young men of singular talent and ardent faith, with courage to encounter death in the cause of their Church and of their Catholic fellow-countrymen.

In entering the Order of Jesus they dedicated their lives to a work of which they perfectly knew the cost. If the soldiers of the army of Loyola were to live up to their profession and to wage continual war on heresy, nowhere more than in England had they adversaries to encounter, friends to support, and a cause to save. The conversion of England was the eager object of their ambition: but it was some time before the superior of the Order, aware of the certain destruction which awaited them, would allow any Jesuit missionaries at all to be sent to this country. Yet the call of the Church was urgent, for Mendoza reports to Philip in 1578, that 'till lately there were but few 'priests left in England, and religion was dying out for want 'of teachers.' These young men, disguised as laymen, threw themselves into the breach, travelled about, administered the sacraments, preached, and accepted martyrdom with cheerful fortitude when it was required of them. The immediate result was such a revival of Catholic zeal as had not been witnessed since the accession of Elizabeth. If as Mr. Froude admits, about half the population of England was at this time Catholic, by what other means than by such missions as these could Catholics be admitted to the rites of their Church? To proscribe an entire priesthood was a strange mode of tolerating a creed. It was the duty of the Church abroad to supply at all risks ministers to this deserted flock; and to their eternal honour, men have never been wanting to tread the fiery path of duty, when they conceive that the cause they have in hand is the cause of God. Mr. Froude says that these ex-students, of Oxford were 'saturated with sentimental devotionism,' that 'the poison of asps was under their lips;' and that 'though 'there was something lamblike in the disposition of more than 'one of them, even the lamb, when infected by theological 'fanaticism, secretes a virus in his teeth, and his bite is 'deadly as a rattlesnake's.' These metaphorical illustrations (which are not in good taste) only prove how differently men may judge of human motives and actions. We have as little sympathy as Mr. Froude with the Jesuits or the doctrines of the Romish Church. But when we are told that these priests were eager and resolute to lay down their lives in the service of their Church and their order, for the purpose of rescuing the souls of their countrymen from what they believed to be a mortal error—when we see them following, not figuratively but really, in the steps of their Divine Master to a painful and ignominious death, rather than forego one tittle of the faith they professed, we feel that whatever may have been their errors or delusions, the

sincerity of their lives and the heroism of their deaths might at least save them from insult. 'My soul,' said Campian in a letter still preserved in our Records, 'is in my own hands ever. Let such as you send take count of this always: the solaces that are intermeddled with the miseries are so great that they not only countervail the fear of what temporal government soever, but by infinite sweetness make all worldly pains seem nothing.' The object of many an action may be mistaken or unworthy, yet the inward impulse of the soul—the spirit of self-sacrifice—the passionate desire to do the will of God, which seem to dictate that action, still dignify the life of man, and shed an imperishable glory round the head of the martyrs. Judged by human laws alone, not a few of those who have laid down their lives for mankind and for the faith which was in them, may have committed treasons. Weighed by its results, the sum total of human action is often very small, false, and miserable; judged by the lofty spirit in which such actions may be undertaken, there is, even in the worst of them, something divine.

But it is now time to put the question, which, as it appears to us, Mr. Froude does not answer—Were these Catholic emissaries guilty of any crime or offence whatever, beyond an infraction of that monstrous Statute of the 13 Elizabeth above referred to, which visited a reconciliation with Rome with the penalties of high treason, and virtually drove the priests out of the country? They were tried, however, not under that Statute, but under the Statute of Treasons of Edward III., and the charge against Campian and fourteen others was for having conspired to deprive the Queen of her style and dignity, with having come to England to seduce her subjects from their allegiance, and with having attempted to induce strangers to invade the realm. The offence charged against them was therefore purely political; the acts they had committed were purely religious; and because they were falsely convicted on the political charge, we are told that they were not persecuted for religion's sake. Mr. Froude has with perfect candour and truth stated the true object of Campian's mission:—

'It was essential that the mission should bear the character of a purely religious crusade, that those who became martyrs should appear as martyrs for their faith, without note or taint of treason on them. To make converts would be entirely sufficient for the purposes of the intended insurrection. Enthusiastic Catholics (and converts were always enthusiastic) could be relied on with confidence when the army of liberation should appear. Campian, therefore, was directed to keep strictly to the work of conversion, not to mix himself with politics, to

avoid all mention of public matters in his letters to the General, and never to speak against the Queen except in the presence of persons of known and tried orthodoxy.' (Vol. v. p. 314.)

His conduct in England was answerable to this design. He preached, he argued on matters of faith, whenever the occasion was vouchsafed to him; he sought to confirm the weak—to convert the doubtful. His success was considerable. His 'Ten Reasons' threw Oxford and the Catholic world into enthusiasm. Popularity attached itself to this mysterious apostle of Rome. Elizabeth herself was anxious, after his arrest, to see him.

'Neither the Queen nor Leicester had forgotten the brilliant youth who had flattered them at Oxford. The Earl sent for him; and being introduced into a private room, he found himself in the presence of Elizabeth herself. She wished to give him a chance of saving himself. She asked whether he regarded her as his lawful sovereign. The relaxation of the Bull allowed him to say that he did. She asked whether he thought that the Bishop of Rome could lawfully excommunicate her. A distinct declaration of loyalty, a frank repudiation of the temporal pretensions of the Pope, were all that was required of him. He would not make either. He said that he was no umpire between parties so far above him, he could not decide a question on which the learned were divided. He would pay her Majesty what was hers, but he must pay to God what was God's. He was returned to the Tower with directions that he should be kindly treated; but Burghley's determination prevailed over Elizabeth's goodnature.' (Vol. v. p. 316.) \*

Elizabeth's goodnature, however, consigned him six days afterwards to the rack; and when the rack failed to extort a confession of political plots, of which we have just been told he was wholly ignorant, needles were run under the nails of his toes and fingers. The wounds were visible on his broken bleeding corpse after his death. A few weeks afterwards he and his companions were arraigned. Campian was unable to raise his arm to plead, for it was broken at the joints. A verdict of guilty followed, and as the Duc d'Alençon had just returned to England to marry the Queen, 'it was considered

\* Campian's singularly elegant and interesting 'History of Ireland,' written in 1571, was dedicated to Leicester as High Chancellor of Oxford, and he refers particularly to the kindness he had received from his patron. 'How often at Oxford, how often at the Court, how at Rycot, how at Windsor, how by letter, how by reports, you have not ceased to furnish with advice and to countenance with authority, the hope and expectation of me a single student.' Campian was therefore well-known to Leicester and doubtless to the Queen.

‘that the punishment of the Jesuits during his stay in London would quiet the apprehensions of the country.’ Campian was the first to suffer. Criers were employed to bawl in his dying ears that the crime for which he was about to die was not religion but treason. He replied in his last moments on the scaffold, ‘We are come here to die, but we are no traitors. I am a Catholic man and a priest. In that faith I have lived. In that faith I mean to die. If you consider my religion treason, then I am guilty. Other treason I never committed any, as God is my judge.’

A bystander exclaimed—and Mr. Froude says *justly*—‘In your Catholicism all treason is contained!’ and he further adds:—

‘The mere execution of these Jesuits, if political executions can be defended at all, was as justifiable as that of the meanest villain or wildest enthusiast who ever died upon the scaffold. Treason is a crime for which personal virtue is neither protection nor excuse. To plead in condemnation of severity, either the general innocence or the saintly intentions of the sufferers, is beside the issue; and if it be lawful in defence of national independence to kill open enemies in war, it is more lawful to execute the secret conspirator who is teaching doctrines, in the name of God, which are certain to be fatal to it.’ (Vol. v. p. 360.)

But if the religion of these priests was not held to be a crime meriting death, there is not a shadow of proof that they deserved to be regarded as ‘secret conspirators’ at all. All the spies of Burghley and Walsingham, backed by all the terrors of the torture-room in the Tower, had failed to bring home to them one single action more reprehensible than their defence of the tenets of their Church. Mr. Hallam, who reviews the case with his wonted impartiality, declares that ‘nothing I have read affords the slightest proof of Campian’s concern in treasonable practices, though his connexions as a Jesuit render it by no means unlikely.’ But are men to be tortured and put to death because suspicion attaches to their order and their creed? or is it any justification of this judicial murder that Philip was intriguing against the Queen; that the last Pope had deposed her by a powerless Bull; that the Guises had recovered their influence in Scotland, and sent Morton to the scaffold; or that the Duc d’Alençon had obtained from Elizabeth a false promise of her hand? We have entered in some detail upon the particulars of this dreadful case, because it is eminently characteristic of the spirit which pervades this history. To argue, in the words of Mr. Froude, that ‘it is *more* lawful to execute the secret conspirator who is teaching doctrines fatal to national independence than it is

‘to kill open enemies in war,’ is to subvert the very foundations of law and justice. Nay, that is the very doctrine by which the Inquisition attempted to justify its most abominable crimes, and by which every act of lawless tyranny committed in the world might be defended. The facts, as related by Mr. Froude, appear to us to dispose conclusively of the monstrous pretension that Catholics under Elizabeth did not suffer for their creed, but for their political crimes. The truth is that under her reign about 200 Catholics were put to death: fifteen for denying the Queen’s supremacy, 126 for exercising their ministry, and the rest for being reconciled to the Romish Church.

It is a relief to turn from these scenes of bigotry and bloodshed to the matrimonial adventures of the Queen with the Duc d’Alençon. The farce comes after the tragedy, and the humours of Elizabeth are related by Mr. Froude with great spirit and hilarity. The time was past when it could be hoped that the marriage of the Queen would secure the succession by giving a direct heir to the English throne. A union between a Princess of forty-six and a Catholic Prince young enough to have been her son was odious and offensive to the nation. Alençon himself was ‘a small, brown creature, deeply ‘pock-marked, with a large head, a knobbed nose, and a ‘hoarse croaking voice, but whether in contradiction, or from ‘whatever cause, she ‘professed to be enchanted with him.’ She called him her ‘frog’—a frog-prince beneath whose hideousness lay enchanted, visible only to a lover’s eye, a form of preternatural beauty.

Whatever may have been Elizabeth’s real intentions, and we believe she always intended to make a dupe of him, the project of this marriage suited her political convenience. In spite of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the duplicity of Catherine de Medicis, and the profligacy of Henry III., she had contrived to remain on good terms with the Court of France. Common enemies made them friends. The Guises and Philip II. were dreaded and detested alike at Greenwich and at Blois. The fixed policy of Elizabeth was to play off the French against the Spaniards, and, if possible, to engage them in war with each other, without herself taking part in it. The vision of a marriage with herself was the lure she used, with indifferent success, for this purpose. Henry III. had refused to give active assistance to the insurgents in the Low Countries, but Alençon, hoping to turn the Netherlands into a kingdom for himself, or to annex them to France if he succeeded his brother, proposed to assist Orange for two months

with 12,000 men, at his own charge. The expedition was one of the strange volunteer enterprises of the time—but stranger still, Elizabeth privately sent word to Alençon that she would in a sort consent to his enterprise and concur in it, if he would act with herself and under her direction. It would be too long to trace the innumerable windings of these intrigues, in which the Queen betrayed every one in turn; but she had thus made herself a partner in Alençon's speculations, to an extent which eventually cost her large sums of money, and the marriage treaty with which she flattered his vanity and ambition, was probably only a part of the scheme to keep him in her power. In November 1581—

Alençon was again in England without the knowledge and against the wishes of his brother, who did not wish to be made increasingly ridiculous. He slipped across in disguise from Dieppe. An escort waited for him at Rye, and at the beginning of November he appeared in London. The enchanted frog of the fairy tale was present in all its hideousness, and the lovely lady was to decide if she would consent to be his bride. Walsingham, who detested the whole business, concluded now, like Burghley, that having gone so far she must carry it to the end. He praised Monsieur to the Queen. He said that he had an excellent understanding; his ugly face was the worst part of him. "Then thou knave," she said, "why hast thou so many times said ill of him? Thou art as changeable as a weathercock." The analogy suited better with herself. On his first arrival little seems to have been said about the marriage, the Queen trying to lay him under obligations to her in other ways, which could not be spoken of in treaties. He was heir to the French crown. The Guises and the enemies of religion interfered with his legitimate influence and threatened to obstruct his succession. If he would maintain the edicts, "her Highness" promised all her power to support him and impugn his contraries." He had "taken on him the protection of the Low Countries." "Her Majesty would aid and succour him as far as she might with the contributions of her realm and people." But if this would satisfy Alençon it would not satisfy France. Since the Duke had chosen to come to England, the French Government desired to be informed of the probable results of his visit, and three weeks after his arrival Mauvissière waited on the Queen to learn what he might write to his master.

'It was the 22nd of November. She had settled for the winter at Greenwich. She was taking her morning walk in the gallery with Alençon at her side, and Leicester and Walsingham behind, when Mauvissière was introduced. He put his question with a Frenchman's politeness. "Write this to your master," she answered: "the Duke will be my husband." With a sudden impulse she turned upon Monsieur, kissed his brown lips, took a ring from her finger and placed it herself on his hand. She sent for the ladies and gentlemen of the household and presented Monsieur to them as their future master. She

despatched a messenger to tell Burghley, who was confined to his bed with the gout. He drew a long breath of satisfied relief. "Blessed be God," he exclaimed; "her Majesty has done her part; the realm must complete the rest." Letters were sent out to summon Parliament immediately. Couriers flew to Paris with the news, and for a few days every one believed that the subject of such weary negotiations was settled at last.

'But Burghley and all others were once more deceived. Not only was nothing settled, but Elizabeth neither meant anything to be settled nor even believed at the time that she meant it. Hatton, her "sheep," as Mendoza ascertained, came to her afterwards with tears running down his cheeks: well as he knew her, the gift of the ring had frightened him, and he bleated about the grief of her people. Leicester asked her sarcastically whether they were to consider her as betrothed. She assured them both tenderly that they had nothing to fear. She meant to demand concessions to which the French King would not consent. Leicester thought she had gone dangerously far. Hatton asked how she would extricate herself if the King did consent. "With words," she answered, "the coin most current with the French: when the field is large and the soldiers cowards there are always means of creeping out." (Vol. v. pp. 415-7.)

Having gone thus far, the next thing was to get rid of so importunate a lover.

'But how to shake off Alençon? The Queen had brought him over, and now both with herself and the Council the first object was to rid the realm of him. It was represented to him that his honour was suffering through Parna's conquests, that the marriage at all events could not take place immediately, and that his presence was required at Antwerp. The Queen promised him unlimited supplies of money, a promise however which, if Simier was to be believed, she hoped to escape from keeping. In public she affected the deepest sorrow at the Duke's compelled departure. In private she danced for joy at the thought that she would see him no more. Struggling and complaining, the victim of her caprices submitted to be pushed along. He said it was but too clear that she did not love him, and that his own devotion deserved a better return. She swore that her desire that he should go rose only from her anxiety for his welfare. He said he could not go. He had her word, her letter, and her ring, and he would not leave her till she was his wife. She set Cecil upon him, who for very shame was as earnest for his departure as herself. She availed herself of the Spanish leanings of the Council. She thought, according to Simier, of declaring publicly that she was going over to the Spanish side in the hope that Alençon would be recalled at once by the French Court. He was told that he had better go before the 1st of January or he would have to make a New Year's present to the Queen. Anything to be quit of him. That was the necessity of the present hour; the next might care for itself.

'Her changes had been so many and so violent that Burghley once more asked her if she was really and finally decided. She said she



would not be Alençon's wife to be empress of the universe. If this was true, the longer he remained the greater the danger; and Burghley again urged him to begone. He said he had only meddled with the Provinces in the hope of marrying the Queen; if she would not have him, he would concern himself no further with them; he would complain to every prince in Christendom of the wrong which he had suffered, and his brother would see him avenged. Burghley could prevail nothing. The Queen took him in hand herself. She said she could not marry a Catholic. He swore he loved her so that he would turn Protestant for her sake. She told him she could not conquer her disinclination; she was sorry, but such was the fact. Might she not be a friend and sister to him? In a tumult of agitation he declared that he had suffered anguish from his passion for her. He had dared the ill opinion of all the Catholics in Europe. He had run a thousand risks for her, and sooner than leave England without her, he would rather they both perished.

'The Queen, agitated or professing to be agitated in turn, exclaimed "that he must not threaten a poor old woman in her own kingdom; "passion not reason spoke in him," she said, "or she would think him "mad. She begged him not to use such dreadful words."

"No, no, Madame," croaked the poor Prince, "you mistake; I meant no hurt to your blessed person. I meant only that I would sooner be cut in pieces than not marry you and so be laughed at by "the world."

'With these words he burst into tears. The Queen gave him her handkerchief to wipe his eyes with, and in this charming situation the curtain drops over the scene.' (Vol. v. pp. 149-51.)

Yet this was not all.

'Alternately worried and cajoled, the unfortunate Prince at last consented to go, on condition that the Queen would so far compromise herself as to give him money to pay an army of Germans; that Leicester and Howard should accompany him to Holland, and that he might look forward to returning in a few months to claim her hand. Words cost her nothing. She promised faithfully to marry him as soon as circumstances allowed. To part with money was a hard trial, but she dared not refuse. She gave him thirty thousand pounds, with bills for twenty thousand more; the bills, however, were not to be immediately cashed, and she left herself time to cancel them if she altered her mind.

'She accompanied him to Canterbury, lavishing freely, as he was really going, her oaths and protestations that she would be his wife, Lord Sussex listening with disgust to what he knew to be falsehood and absurdity. She bade him write to her, and address his letters as to his wife the Queen of England; while to France she sung the same tune, swearing that she would do anything that Henry wished when immediate fulfilment could be no longer demanded of her. The English lords conveyed their charge to Flushing, where they left him, as Leicester scornfully said, stranded like a hulk upon a sandbank. He was installed as Duke of Brabant, and the States took an oath of alle-

giance to him, Leicester jesting at the ceremony as a pageant and idle illusion. The Prince of Orange intimated that he was accepted by the States only as a pledge that England would support them; if England failed them, they would not trust their fortunes to so vain an idiot; while in affected agony at his loss, she declared that she could not bear to think of her poor Frog suffering in those stagnant marshes, and that she would give a million to have him swimming in the Thames again.' (Vol. v. pp. 453, 454.)

The Babington conspiracy was the last and the most formidable of the great plots intended to overthrow the Protestant throne of England by foreign invasion, by restoring Mary Stuart to power and liberty, and as a preliminary step, by the murder of Elizabeth. The principal persons implicated in this audacious attempt were convicted on the clearest evidence, which was confirmed by their own mutual denunciations and confessions, and is now further corroborated by the correspondence preserved in the archives of Spain. The plan was to despatch the Queen first, and afterwards Cecil, Walsingham, Hunsdon, and Knollys. This being done the sanguine Mendoza, who was then in Paris, cognisant of all, thought the revolution would be accomplished on the spot. Philip II., delighted that Mary had bequeathed to himself her right of succession to the crown, to the exclusion of her heretical son, authorised Mendoza to give the Catholics the most positive assurances of his active support, and even ordered the Prince of Parma to sail instantly for the shores of England on hearing that Babington had accomplished his object. Within a few months of this time the Prince of Orange had been 'taken off' by similar means, no doubt the danger of Elizabeth was extreme, and the ruffians and fanatics who had contrived the plot richly deserved the fate which overtook them.

But the principal interest of the Babington conspiracy lies in the fact that it cost, not Queen Elizabeth, but Queen Mary, her life: that it was deliberately and designedly used by the Ministers of Elizabeth to bring her rival to destruction, and that although Walsingham certainly did not originate the plot of Babington, he encouraged, directed, and even assisted it for the purpose of turning it to the total ruin of its authors. Mr. Froude calls this counterplot of Walsingham's 'an ingenious plan to obtain political information;' whilst he reserves for his opponents the remark, 'that human obligations are but 'as straws before the fascinations of theology; but there is no 'villainy which religious temptation will not sometimes elevate 'into the counterfeit of virtue.' But the fact is that theology and religion have nothing to do with the matter. Walsingham

acted no doubt from patriotism and loyalty to his sovereign. But high motives sometimes render men only the more insensible to the wickedness and infamy of the means they employ. That was the accursed doctrine of the Jesuits, which hurried them into a thousand crimes. But we are at a loss, on grounds of truth and morality, to distinguish from the worst of their practices the final practices of Walsingham and Elizabeth against Mary Stuart.

The scheme was to obtain such a command over the secret correspondence of the imprisoned Queen, without her suspecting it, that she might gradually be led on to furnish under her own hand evidence of a conspiracy sufficient to bring her within the provisions of the Statutes of Treason. We shall describe the method taken to effect this object in Mr. Froude's words :—

‘There was one way, and perhaps only one, by which all these questions could be answered. The Queen of Scots must be again enabled to open a correspondence which she and her friends could believe to be perfectly safe, and her letters and theirs must be passed through the hands of Walsingham. Round her so long as she lived, conspiracy whether European or English necessarily gathered. Nothing had been done in the past, and nothing had been projected, on which her advice had not been first asked and taken. She had agents at every Court, who took pains that at least to her every fibre of the truth should be known. Political correspondence throughout her residence in England had been the occupation of her life. So long as she resided with Lord Shrewsbury her servants had been under loose surveillance. They walked and rode where they pleased. They visited their neighbours and received visits in return. Both they and their mistress required their wardrobes to be replenished, their libraries to be supplied with fresh volumes from London and Paris. Luxuries and necessities came continually to Sheffield, and sometimes letters were inclosed in the frames of the boxes, or concealed beneath the linings or between the planks. Sometimes a small roll of paper was sewn into the hollowed heel of a new shoe or boot. Sometimes a set of handkerchiefs from the milliner would be written over with invisible ink, or again, ciphers intelligible to herself or her secretary were noted on the margins of new books.’ (Vol. vi. pp. 210, 211.)

After her removal to Tutbury under the stricter gaolership of Sir Amyas Paulet, the control over her correspondence was more severe. It was therefore necessary to afford to the Queen a special mode of carrying it on, which she should deem impregnable secret, but which should all the time place her most private thoughts in the hands of her accusers.

‘Delicate contrivance was necessary. It would be unsafe to admit the castle officers into the secret, and the usual inspection therefore

would have to continue, and he in some way evaded. Her own suspicions, also, would be excited if access to her was suddenly made easy. One letter or one packet would not be enough. What Walsingham wanted was a sustained, varied correspondence with many persons, protracted for an indefinite time—with the Pope, with Philip, with her son, with the Archbishop of Glasgow, with Guise, Mendoza, and the English refugees. In possession of this, he could either convince his mistress of her own unwisdom, or satisfy himself that she was right, and that the treaty might safely go forward. But the problem was an extremely difficult one. He must find some one who could obtain the confidence of all these persons, and induce them to trust him with their letters. He must in some way or other enable this person to convey the letters to the Queen of Scots and convey back her answers. He dared not venture the experiment without Elizabeth's permission. She gave it, and she kept the secret to herself. (Vol. vi. p. 212.)

The plan was this. A double-dyed scoundrel was found by Walsingham, who, whilst he belonged to the honourable Catholic family of Gifford, and had been brought up a seminary priest, nevertheless offered his services to the English Government to betray the party to which he belonged. He had every qualification to inspire confidence to his victims, and every gift of baseness to adapt him to the purpose of his employers. Even his father's house had the advantage of adjoining the estates of Chartley to which Mary had now been removed, and he knew the locality like a school-boy.

'At once there dropped upon her, as if from an invisible hand, a ciphered letter from her faithful Morgan. Pualet had been taken into confidence, with Phillipps, Walsingham's secretary, an accomplished master of the art of cipher, and one other person whose assistance Phillipps had secured—a brewer at Burton who supplied Chartley with ale. A separate cask was furnished for the Queen of Scots' ladies and secretaries; a hint was in some way conveyed to Nau to examine it closely, and when the ale was drawn off there was found at the bottom a small watertight box of wood, in which was Morgan's packet. It contained an introduction of Gilbert Gifford, as "a Catholic gentleman, well brought up in learning," on whom the Queen of Scots might thoroughly depend, and with whose assistance she might correspond with himself and with her other friends in England and elsewhere. The cask came in weekly. The box reenclosed in the empty barrel would carry out her answers, and the chain of communication was at once complete.

'The brewer had been purchased by high and complicated bribes. He was first paid by Walsingham; next, he was assured of lavish rewards from the Queen of Scots, which to secure her confidence it was necessary to permit him to receive. Lastly, like a true English scoundrel, he used the possession of a State secret to exact a higher price for his beer. Phillipps came to reside at Chartley under the pretence of assisting Pualet in the management of the household. Every letter

conveyed to the Queen of Scots and every letter which she sent in return was examined and copied by him before it was forwarded to its destination, and Morgan's introduction of Gifford, which betrayed her into Walsingham's hands, was the first on which he had to exercise his skill.' (Vol. vi. pp. 218, 219.)

Thus accredited and introduced Gifford became master of the Queen's correspondence, and other agents skilled in the base arts of deciphering and unscaling letters were sent down to Chartley to avoid all suspicious delay in the transmission of the papers. The copies of these deciphered letters which were made for Burghley, Walsingham, and Elizabeth, are still in the State Paper Office.

It must be remembered that at the time this detestable expedient was invented to entrap Mary into dangerous disclosures, no conspiracy was in existence. Mary was removed to Chartley in September 1585. Gifford was introduced to her as a trustworthy agent in October. No doubt Mary corresponded with the Catholic Powers: she was eagerly intent on the recovery of her freedom and on the interests of her party throughout Europe. But was there anything criminal or treasonable in her correspondence? That was the question. It was fully six months after the letters of Mary were systematically stolen, broken open, and re-copied by the agents of Walsingham, that the Babington conspiracy first gave signs of its existence in England. Ballard, the prime mover in it, was one of those fanatics, mentioned by Mr. Froude for another purpose, who had obtained the sanction of Gregory XIII. to the crime of regicide. Six young men of family were associated with him, and bound themselves by vows and oaths to commit the murder.

Mr. Froude justly remarks that 'if there was a person from whom the conspiracy ought most carefully to have been concealed, that person was Mary Stuart,' except as regarded her own deliverance from captivity. Nevertheless Morgan, her agent in Paris, had the folly to introduce Babington to her as a person who might be trusted, and to place them in communication by sending them copies of the same cipher. Babington addressed letters to Mary full of mysterious hints, and Morgan himself had the imprudence to tell her in a post-script, 'There be many means in hand to remove *the beast that troubles all the world*.' Elizabeth, too, read the words, and endured the danger, in order, says Mr. Froude, 'to test her kinswoman to the bottom.' But as yet Mary had only vouchsafed to Babington a few lines of courteous recognition. On the  $\frac{1}{2}$  July Babington wrote again to the Queen, giving

her full details of the intended plot, and adding: 'For the dispatch of the usurper from the obedience of whom they were by the excommunication of his Holiness made free, there were six gentlemen, his private friends, who for the zeal they bore to the cause and her Majesty's service, were ready to undertake that tragical execution.'

'The interest grew deeper. Babington's letter was given immediately to Gifford; it was examined by Walsingham before it left London, and was forwarded by the usual road; and Phillipps, who had been in London and had there deciphered it, returned to Paulet at Chartley to watch the effects. Mary Stuart knew Phillipps by sight; a spare, pockmarked, impassive, red-haired man, something over thirty. She had been already struck by his appearance. Morgan had suggested that he might not be proof against a bribe. She had tried him gently and without success, but she had no particular suspicion of him. He knew the moment when the letter reached her. He knew that she had read it. When she drove out in her carriage afterwards she passed him and he bowed respectfully.

"I had a smiling countenance," he said, "but I thought of the verse—

"Cum tibi dicit Ave, sicut ab hoste cave."

Some remorse he could not choose but feel. She was in his toils, and he was too certain that she would be meshed in them. Another letter from her and the work would be done.

"We attend," he wrote, "her very heart at the next." (Vol. vi. p. 238.)

To this letter, five days afterwards, Queen Mary's answer was returned. It was written, as afterwards appeared by the confessions of her secretaries, in the usual manner in which she conducted her secret correspondence. She dictated in French to Nau the substance of what she wished to say; Curle translated it into English and ciphered it. On this occasion she wrote to Charles Paget, to Mendoza, to the French ambassador in London, to Madrid, letters expressing her conviction that arrangements had been made for her own escape, and that, with the aid of Spain, the rebellion which would ensue must succeed. Lastly, she answered the letter of Babington in a manner which showed her entire knowledge of the plot. 'When all is ready,' she said, 'the six gentlemen must be set to work, and *you will provide that on their design being accomplished, I may be rescued from this place, &c.*' That letter, which was written and sent in spite of an express remonstrance from her own secretaries, cost Mary her life. The arrest of the conspirators, the transfer of Mary to Tixall, the seizure of all her papers at Chartley, the resolution

to bring her to trial on this evidence, and her condemnation, immediately followed.

Looking at this question judicially, it is to be regretted that in this, as in the former instance of the inquiry into the murder of Darnley, the most decisive points of the evidence against the Queen do not exist, and were not produced, in an incontrovertible form, but as copies.\* The Queen's letter to Babington of the  $\frac{1}{2}$  July was perhaps burnt, as she enjoined on him: at any rate it was not produced at the trial. The document which was produced was the deciphered copy in the possession of Walsingham. But the secondary evidence in support of it is very strong. It was admitted by Nau and Curle, the Queen's two secretaries, to be the letter they had ciphered by the Queen's command. Nau's minutes of it were found, and the letter was also acknowledged by Babington to be the same he had received. The Queen herself denied it—but she denied having written to Babington at all or received a letter from him. When the copies were produced, she said they were the work of her secretaries, but that nothing proved they were dictated by herself: they might have been composed by Walsingham. That reproach was probably false, but after the course Walsingham had taken, his conduct is obnoxious to the worst suspicions. He had surrounded Mary with double-faced agents, spies, false means of correspondence, and every engine to tempt her on to her destruction; he was eagerly watching for the success of his nefarious plot, which was but too probable: and certainly a man who would go these lengths to obtain evidence against a suspected person, before the offence was committed, is himself open to the suspicion of tampering with the evidence so treacherously obtained.† It is impossible

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\* The same remark applies to the Casket letters, which were the most damnatory portion of the evidence produced against Queen Mary before the Commissioners at York and at Westminster, and the doubt attached to their authenticity is still the great argument used by Mary's defenders. This argument has been revived with considerable ability by Mr. Hosack in a volume lately published under the title 'Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Accusers,' which we have read with much interest. Mr. Hosack's theory is that the Glasgow letters, written in English or Scotch, and undoubtedly addressed to Bothwell, were forgeries, and that the French letters in the same collection are genuine, but were in fact addressed not to Bothwell, but to her husband. We confess, however, that we think this ingenious mode of dealing with the evidence is unsubstantial, and that it is rebutted by the overwhelming and undoubted fact that Mary knew Bothwell to be the murderer of her husband, and yet immediately afterwards married him.

† The alternative of Mary's ignorance of the intention of Babington

to doubt that Walsingham's deliberate intention was not only to save Elizabeth, but to render the destruction of Mary inevitable; and though he had the sanction of his own sovereign for what he did, perhaps she did not foresee as clearly as her wary Minister the point to which he was leading her. Mary Stuart might have been proceeded against capitally—at least in Scotland—for the murder of Darnley; she might have been brought to trial in England for high treason for the part she undoubtedly took in the Northern rising and in the Duke of Norfolk's rebellion. These offences were condoned. When, after nineteen years' captivity, she was condemned to die, the acts which brought her to that pass were the acts of others rather than her own—she had no power to originate or prevent them—the conspirators, on the contrary, intended to use her for their own purposes—her crime was an assent given to a scheme she had not framed, and that assent was obtained by the diabolical ingenuity of the man who accused her. Even Burghley was ignorant of the plot. It was Walsingham who struck the blow; but having struck it, and having laid bare the dangers that surrounded the throne and the country, it was undoubtedly very difficult to stop short of the execution of Mary and the completion of his design. Great as we believe the guilt of Mary Stuart to have been in many passages of her life, there are incidents in the life of her great rival which may be not unfairly compared with her own offences; and the transactions for which she laid her head on the block were neither the most clearly proved nor the most criminal of her practices. We cannot by any means acquit her; but neither can we accept, with Mr. Froude, the means which were employed to bring her to her end. It was not for the particular offence, but on the general charge of popery and hostility to England, that the voice of the nation was loud against her.

to kill the Queen, on the supposition that her own secretaries had used her cipher without her knowledge, or that Walsingham had contrived to forge the letter received by Babington from Mary, is discussed with great fairness and sagacity by Hume in a note to the chapter xlii. of his history. He arrives at the conclusion that these suppositions are in the highest degree improbable, but he suspects Walsingham of forging the postscript to the letter in which Mary asks to be told the names of the conspirators. We see no ground to support this accusation. Mr. Froude has followed the course of the narrative given by all preceding historians, from Camden; and he has added little to it. The only additional point in the evidence is the avowal of Mendoza to Philip II., that the Queen of Scots had told him in a letter that 'she well knew 'the whole business.' This is to be found in Teulet's collection, vol. v.



'She was poisoned with popery,' said the address of the Lords and Commons, 'and was burning to destroy the Gospel in England and everywhere. She was a canker corrupting the minds of the people.' In this popular cry of 'Execute her! execute her!' there was also not a little of those 'fascinations of theology and religious temptations which sometimes counterfeit virtue.'

If then the legal view of the question is adverse to Mary, what are we to think of the policy of her execution? Are we to agree with Mr. Froude that 'the political wisdom of a critical and difficult act has never in the world's history been more signally justified'? It cannot be said that the execution of Mary diminished the dangers which surrounded the throne of Elizabeth at that moment, by removing any of the causes which threatened to embroil the Queen in war—that war which she so long dreaded and deferred, but which was now inevitable. It deserves to be remarked that the measures taken by Walsingham to entrap Mary into the avowal of some fatal design, coincided exactly in point of time with a decided change in the foreign policy of Elizabeth. In September 1585 measures were taken for the removal of Mary to Chartley, which was an indispensable preliminary to Walsingham's scheme; and before Christmas in that year she was established in the trap. In August 1585 the Queen of England had agreed to the treaty with the Low Countries which caused some thousand English troops to be sent under Leicester to their relief, and she occupied Flushing. In September 1585 Drake sailed on his second expedition to the Spanish main, in which he plundered Vigo, attacked Cartagena and St. Iago, and again brought back the spoils of the western hemisphere. These were acts of war. In spite of the hesitation and prevarication of Elizabeth, it was impossible to dissemble their meaning and effect: and it is probable that the certainty of the impending struggle disposed both herself and her Ministers to deal more harshly with the Queen of Scots than they had hitherto done. Philip, on his part, was equally aware that the time for action was come. The preparations of the Armada were almost completed. Negotiations were opened at Rome to obtain pecuniary aid from the Pope, which was promised but never given. On both sides the conflict was felt to be inevitable. It may therefore have been a stroke of sound policy to crush the hopes of the Catholic party in England by the destruction of the Catholic heir to the crown, and by binding Scotland more closely to the Protestant cause. But certainly the death of Mary did nothing to avert the danger of war. On the con-

trary, it rendered it more inevitable by the blood of the Catholic hostage Elizabeth had so long held in her power. The failure of the Spanish Armada and the deliverance of England were brought about by totally different causes, over which the life and death of Mary Queen of Scots had no perceptible influence.

Mary was beheaded on the 1<sup>st</sup> February 1587; and Philip, if he had kept to his purpose, would have invaded England before the close of the same year. He was already to a great extent prepared; England was totally disarmed.

'The crusade against England' had been preached from pulpit and platform, and the chivalrous Castilians, whose creed was not yet a cant, and in whom the ardour of the crusade had been kept alive by the wars of the Moors, had come forward with enthusiasm to draw their swords for God and for the Virgin Lady of their devotion. Every noble family in Spain had selected one or more of its sons to represent it. Country hidalgos, of whom Cervantes was only the finest type, whose great-grandfathers had fought in Grenada and Naples, and whose fathers had brought home scars from Lepanto, had volunteered as if for the war against the Saracens.

'The damage done by Drake, enormous as it was, had been repaired swiftly by the enthusiasm of the country, and by the beginning of the winter the most powerful fleet ever seen in Europe was floating ready for sea in the Tagus. Twenty thousand Spanish soldiers, and as many seamen and galley slaves, were collected in and about Lisbon, and at their head was the veteran Don Alvarez de Baçan, Marquis of Santa Cruz, whose boyhood went back into the wars of Charles V., who had destroyed Strozzi and the French privateers at Terceira, and had won Lepanto for Don John.

'The army of the Prince of Parma had been simultaneously reinforced. The gaps made in it by the siege of Sluys had been filled. In the November following he had thirty thousand Spaniards, Italians, and Germans disposed at various points along the coast. He had collected an infinite number of the large flat-bottomed river barges for transports, and had taken them down to Dunkirk and Nieupoort. He had a few armed hoys besides, and large boats for landing, and in addition, but unfortunately in the enemy's hands, "thirty-one brave ships of war," carrying each twenty or thirty brass guns. The army was kept together, apparently threatening Ostend, and the Prince reported that he was ready at any moment to transport the entire force to England if the fleet could hold the Channel while he crossed.

'Delayed as he had been by Drake, Philip had not parted with the hope that he might try the great experiment in the present year. He had arranged his plans in September, and had prepared Parma for the immediate arrival of the fleet. He was then, he said, waiting only for the arrival of a few ships from the Mediterranean to send orders to Santa Cruz to sail. God, it was to be hoped, would take care of the

weather; but the Channel being a dangerous place, and there being no harbour on the French or Flemish coast where large ships could ride in safety, the Armada was to proceed immediately to the mouth of the Thames and anchor off Margate. In that position they would hold perfect command of the Straits. No English vessels could show upon the water, and Parma could pass in safety and land in Thanet. Santa Cruz would bring with him sixteen thousand Spanish infantry, six thousand of the best of which Parma was to select and take with him, and he and the Marquis must then arrange their future plans. No time was to be lost, for the deeper the winter the more difficult would be the voyage; and the King therefore told him to expect to see Santa Cruz within a few days of the arrival of his letter. He was to hold himself ready to embark at a few hours' notice; every day that the fleet lay exposed would be an additional and unnecessary peril, and the consequences of a disaster might be most serious. He professed unbounded confidence, however, in Parma's prudence and judgment, and he did not doubt that with God's help all would go well.

'At that particular moment all conditions had been favourable. Henry III. and Guise were on the Loire, occupied with the Reiters. Elizabeth was obstinately refusing to hear of anything but peace, and was dreaming that she might tempt Parma to disavow his allegiance and set himself up as Duke of Burgundy. Her army in Flanders was falling to pieces, and shiploads of starving wretches were flocking back to England to clamour at the Council doors. No danger was anticipated from Spain, at soonest, before the following summer. The few ships which had been held in commission after Drake's return could no longer keep the seas without repair. The rest were lying unrigged in the Medway. Had Santa Cruz sailed before the end of September as Philip intended, not a ship could have been brought out to encounter him. Parma, beyond question, would have crossed the Channel, and the battle of English liberty would have been fought not at sea but on shore.' (Vol. vi. pp. 394-7.)

This first delay was in truth fatal. Before the next year Santa Cruz, the only seaman of Spain capable of commanding so great a fleet, had died. The forces of Parma had dwindled away on the sandhills of Dunkirk. Above all, the enemy was no longer unprepared.

The story of the Spanish Armada has in countless forms been told. In the exquisite terseness of Hume's narrative, in the polished prose of Mignet, in the glowing pages of Motley, in the heroic strains of Macaulay. It will be told again in countless forms to every English child, as long as the sea beats upon these cliffs or the English language is spoken in the world, the tale will stir the heart like the blast of a trumpet. But it has never been told with greater splendour of language, with a more majestic rhythm, or with more patriotic fervour than by Mr. Froude. Take as a mere example of his style, and as

a living picture of the scene, the following exquisite sentences :—

‘ The scene as the fleet passed out of the harbour must have been singularly beautiful. It was a treacherous interval of real summer. The early sun was lighting the long chain of the Gallician mountains, marking with shadows the cleft defiles, and shining softly on the white walls and vineyards of Coruña. The wind was light, and falling towards a calm; the great galleons drifted slowly with the tide on the purple water, the long streamers trailing from the trucks, the red crosses, the emblem of the crusade, showing bright upon the hanging sails. The fruit boats were bringing off the last fresh supplies, and the pinnaces hastening to the ships with the last loiterers on shore. Out of thirty thousand men who that morning stood upon the decks of the proud Armada, twenty thousand and more were never again to see the hills of Spain. Of the remnant who in two short months crept back ragged and torn, all but a few hundred returned only to die.’ (Vol. xii. pp. 454–5.)

But the large draughts we have already made from his pages forbid us to extend these citations, and the narrative must be read as a whole.

Meanwhile, to whomsoever the glory of the defeat of the Armada may belong, it cannot belong to Queen Elizabeth. The wonder is that her marvellous fortune and the heroic gallantry of her servants prevailed over dire neglect, inexorable avarice, stupid incredulity, habitual irresolution, and the choice of an incompetent favourite, Leicester, to command the land forces of Britain. Had Parma landed at the head of his Spanish veterans, then the best infantry in Europe, we doubt not the native courage of the land would at last have hurled back the invaders; but it would have gone hard with the raw bands of English volunteers under such a general as Leicester, who must first have encountered him. Mr. Froude says that ‘ 100,000 men, well officered and appointed, were ready at a day’s notice to fall into companies and move wherever they were wanted.’ We wish we could think so. But if the men existed, what supplies were prepared to maintain them? how were they armed? where was their ammunition? what was the plan of the campaign? To judge by the state of the fleet, everything was wanting. In September 1587, when Philip first sent orders to Santa Cruz to sail, there was not a vessel in the Channel carrying the Queen’s flag larger than a pinnace. Drake’s ships had been paid off and dismantled at Chatham. The Queen hoped that in six weeks peace would be re-established. Drake was ordered to lie at Portsmouth with three small vessels, and Lord Henry Seymour

to cruise in the Channel short-handed. No victuals were in store. When the fleet again collected in Plymouth Roads, four weeks' food were served out and no more. The ships went to sea on half-rations. Drake and Howard ordered wine for the sick sailors, and had to pay for it out of their own purses. Powder there was—in the Tower; but it was not allowed to be used, and after a day's heavy firing into the Spanish galleons, the British ships were compelled to haul off, unless they had the good fortune to capture a few barrels of Spanish ammunition.

Nevertheless, who knows not with what consummate valour and seamanship the battle was fought? The mighty vessels of the Armada slowly ploughed their way up Channel, infested by a swarm of light antagonists, which poured into them torrents of fire and disabled many of them; and when they reached Calais roads, and were in direct communication with Parma, the daring tactics of Drake and Howard cut them off from the shore with fireships, and drove them forth in the teeth of the storm and the enemy to brave the terrors of the Northern Ocean. Nothing was wanting to complete their discomfiture: and when the baffled and shattered squadron endeavoured to force its way round the Orkneys and to regain the Atlantic by the west, their ruin was completed by shipwreck on the wild coast of Connemara and Donegal, where the wretched fugitives were wrecked, and robbed, and slain by their former allies, the 'Irish wolves,' who hurried down from their mountains to feast upon their spoils. On Philip II. the effect of these calamitous tidings, which came in day by day, was for the time crushing: 'He shut himself up in the Escorial, and no one dared to speak to him.' The game was played out, and he had lost it past redemption.\*

At this point, then, Mr. Froude, somewhat abruptly, terminates his history. The dramatic interest of the period he has

\* In a recent number of 'Notes and Queries' (November 20, 1869), Mr. Russell Martineau relates a curious tradition of which he has discovered traces in the Shetland Isles that the Duke of Medina Sidonia, commander-in-chief of the Armada, was wrecked on the east coast of Fair Isle, and spent the following winter there. Very probably some such accident befell one of the Spanish vessels, but there is abundant evidence that the Duke returned to Santander with his ship, that he shut himself up in his room, and as soon as he could move fled and hid himself in his country house. The tradition of his wintering in the Shetland Isles no doubt exists there still, but it is a mistake; some other Spanish officer of rank was probably mistaken for the commander-in-chief.

described is here, as we remarked at the commencement of this article, complete. The gallant and the free triumph, the wicked die like Mary and the Guise by the axe or the dagger, and the arch-plotter of all mischief shrinks back confounded in his gloomy cell. History, however, in reality knows of no such sudden breaks. The catastrophe of to-day is the parent of a new birth to-morrow; and no sooner does one actor vanish from the scene than another replaces him. The judgments of history are to be read, not so much in the fate of individuals as in the growth or fall of nations and in the long course of time.

We have not concealed some differences of opinion which separate us from Mr. Froude, and indeed it would be a bad compliment to so great a work to abstain from a critical examination of it. It breathes, to our mind, too fiery a spirit of partisanship, and justice and truth must sometimes suffer when they are exposed to so fierce a heat. But this quality only renders the work more interesting and attractive to the reader; and if Mr. Froude is indeed resolved to lay down his pen for the present, and to leave the remaining years of the reign of Elizabeth untold by him, we hope it will not be long before he resumes his labours in some other branch of English history or English literature; and we beg to offer him our best thanks for the industry, the eloquence, and the power which he has devoted to the task he has now accomplished.

ART. II. — 1. *Address of Professor T. H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S., President to the Geological Society of London.* Feb. 19, 1869.

2. *Expériences synthétiques relatives aux Météorites.* Par M. A. DAUBRÉE. 8vo. Paris: 1868.

3. *Spectrum Analysis.* By H. E. ROSCOE, B. A., Ph. D., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in Owen's College, Manchester. 8vo. London: 1869.

THE presidential address for the current year, delivered by Professor Huxley to the Geological Society, demands a careful attention, not merely because of its ability and incisiveness, but especially on account of the importance of the issues involved. We propose to follow up some of the lines of inquiry therein suggested, and to test the present condition of geological theory in Britain by bringing to bear upon it the light derived from discoveries in other fields of investigation.

Geology, indeed, the youngest born of the sciences, has suffered much, as well as gained much, from the special character of the labours of her followers. If during the last thirty years she has gained enormously by the strictness with which one section of her votaries have interpreted the past history of the earth by their own experience of its present condition, she has also lost greatly by isolation from other sciences. The light thrown on the ancient constitution of the earth by the present state of extra-terrestrial matter has been persistently ignored in this country, and geologists of the more popular school have practically assumed that our orb has ever been and will ever be very much as it is now. Are we to believe, with the poet Ovid, that although changes are continually going on, the whole order of nature remains constant? or is there evidence of a never-ending cycle of change? or, again, is there any proof of a definite progress somewhere, somewhere? These weighty questions are involved in the discussion of geological theory.

Professor Huxley tells us that he comes forward as the geological attorney-general for the time being, to plead against the charge made by the eminent physicist Sir William Thomson,\* 'that a great reform in geological speculation seems now to have become necessary.' 'It is quite certain that a great mistake has been made, that British popular geology at the present time is in direct opposition to the principles of natural philosophy.' These grave charges are based on the assumption that the geologist demands unlimited time for the explanation of the phenomena manifested by the rocks, while, on the other hand, the tidal retardation of the earth, by which its revolution on its axis is checked by the attraction of the sun and moon, renders it impossible for life to have existed on the earth more than some such period of time as one hundred million years. According to the observed rate of retardation, the earth must then have been revolving so fast that no life could have existed on its surface. A second argument is found in a calculation of the age of the solar heat, in which, according to the present rate of emission, the sun could not have illuminated the earth for more than from one million to five hundred million years; and a third, on a secular cooling of the earth, from which the conclusion is drawn that from fifty to three hundred millions of years ago the earth was sufficiently heated to become molten at the surface. Such are the grounds on which Sir William Thomson founds his attack.

\* On Geological Time, *Trans. Geol. Glasgow*, vol. iii.

It is undoubtedly true that from the loose way in which some eminent writers speak of geological time, Sir William Thomson is justified in recording his protest. Mr. Darwin, for instance, demands no less than three hundred million years for the erosion of the Wealden area between the chalk ranges of the North and South Downs; while the late Professor Jukes thought that it is just as likely that Mr. Darwin's estimate, multiplied by ten, may be true. Professor Phillips, on the other hand, is contented with three hundred thousand years for the production of the same results, assuming that the rate of erosion is one inch per annum. Sir William Thomson is right, in our opinion, in attacking speculations such as these, and the idea of boundless time in the past, but he errs in assuming that there is any necessary connexion between his limit of years and any geological theory whatever.

Professor Huxley pleads for his clients at the bar of public opinion with remarkable force and ability. He first of all takes for granted that the earth has only been habitable during either 100,000,000 or 500,000,000 years, and then admits that the smaller estimate is quite sufficient to account for all geological phenomena by the operation of the present natural causes.

'I presume that 100,000 feet may be taken as a full allowance for the total thickness of stratified rocks containing traces of life; 100,000, divided by 100,000,000 = 0.001. Consequently the deposit of 100,000 feet of stratified rock in 100,000,000 years means that the deposit has taken place at the rate of  $\frac{1}{1000000}$  of a foot, or say,  $\frac{1}{3}$  of an inch, per annum.

'Well, I do not know that anyone is prepared to maintain that, even making all needful allowances, the stratified rocks may not have been formed, on the average, at the rate of  $\frac{1}{3}$  of an inch per annum. I suppose that if such could be shown to be the limit of world-growth, we could put up with the allowance without feeling that our speculations had undergone any revolution. And perhaps after all, the qualifying phrase, "some such period," may not necessitate the assumption of more than  $\frac{1}{100}$ , or  $\frac{1}{25}$ , or  $\frac{1}{12}$  of an inch of deposit per year, which of course would give us still more ease and comfort.

'But it may be said that it is biology, and not geology, which asks for so much time—that the succession of life demands vast intervals; but this appears to me to be reasoning in a circle. Biology takes her time from geology. The only reason we have for believing in the slow rate of the change in living forms is the fact that they persist through a series of deposits which geology informs us have taken a long while to make. If the geological clock is wrong, all the naturalist will have to do is to modify his notions of the rapidity of change accordingly. And I venture to point out, that when we are told that the limitation of the period during which living beings have inhabited the planet to



one, two, or three hundred million years requires a complete revolution in geological speculation, the *onus probandi* rests on the maker of the assertion, who brings forward not a shadow of evidence in its support.'

This reasoning is clear and crushing so far as it goes, but it involves an assumption which cannot fairly be granted. Professor Huxley speaks as if the deposition of  $\frac{1}{8\frac{1}{2}}$  or  $\frac{1}{3\frac{1}{2}}$  of rock could be said to have been deposited year after year, without break and without intermission. If there be one thing proved more than another, it is that there is an interval of time between any two strata in juxtaposition. That rocks are deposited in different strata implies a break of continuity. The same fact is brought more vividly to notice by the presence of one rock on the upturned waveworn edges of another, such as may be seen in many Silurian localities, and especially in the Coal Measures and overlying strata in Somersetshire. These breaks have been proved by Professor Ramsay to represent an indefinite lapse of time, which in some cases must have been very considerable. The rocks, moreover, as we find them now are confessedly the mere rags and tatters of those that have been, and do not represent in any sense whatever a perfect and unbroken sequence. To what extent the present strata are representatives of the entire series we do not know, and until accurate knowledge on this point can be gained, it is idle to divide their total thickness by any hypothetical number of years. The breaks in the succession may or may not represent a lapse of time as great as that during which the existing strata were formed. Sir William Thomson's limit of years therefore cannot be tested by a mere sum in division. So far as the geological evidence goes we are in profound ignorance of the lapse of time represented by the stratified rocks; they are as likely to have been deposited in one million as in five hundred millions of years. Sir William Thomson has not proved that his allowance of time is too small for the geologists, nor has Professor Huxley proved it to be sufficient for them in his argument which we have quoted.

Professor Huxley, however, carries the war successfully into his opponent's camp, by showing that the eminent mathematicians and physicists are by no means agreed as to the cause of tidal retardation, or that the sun is a mere cooling body, like a hot brick, without the power of renovation, or that the cooling of the earth may not have been retarded by an atmosphere containing more aqueous vapour than our own. Until all these questions are finally settled, it seems to us that any speculation as to the age of the earth based on purely mathe-

mathematical considerations must be worthless. At present there are no data for their solution.

The principal ground of difference between Sir William Thomson and the geologists is the relation of geological time to our unit of years. If we use the term Silurian epoch, we merely refer to that indefinite interval between the Cambrian and the Devonian periods, during which, or a portion of which, the Silurian rocks were being deposited, not to an exact and well-defined period, like the reign of William the Conqueror. The geological 'when' simply means before and after certain observed phenomena, while the historical involves also the idea of how long before and how long after. The use of years as a means of reckoning the past, therefore, is merely co-extensive with the range of history. Who, for example, would dream of fixing the date of the arrival of the stone or bronze folk in Europe? If, then, years cannot be made use of in the computation of events that happened in the period immediately outside history, how can they be used in estimating the lapse of time between even the latest geological epoch and the present day? Sir William Thomson, in his attempt to limit the duration of life on the earth to a maximum of five hundred million years, errs precisely in the same way as Mr. James Croll,\* in his calculation of the date of the glacial period. All such attempts to gauge the geological past by years can only end in vanity and vexation of spirit.

We will now pass to the examination of Professor Huxley's definition of the present state of geological theory. There are three great schools of geological thought, each of which is more or less antagonistic to the other two—Catastrophism, Uniformitarianism, and Evolutionism. The first of these accounts for all geological phenomena by 'the operation of forces different in their nature or immeasurably different in power, from those that we see in action in the universe. The doctrine of violent upheavals of mountains, of the sudden depression of continents, of universal cataclysms, and the like, is catastrophic, in so much as it assumes that the forces by which they were brought about were more intense than, or different from, any of those which we now experience. The Hindoo, the Egyptian, and the Mosaic cosmogonies may be quoted as examples as well as that of the Stoics. During the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries this method of accounting for geological phenomena was almost universal, and at the present time it is undoubtedly the most popular on

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\* *Phil. Mag.* 1865-6.

the continent of Europe. Among the most eminent of its exponents in modern times may be reckoned Baron Humboldt, M. Elie de Beaumont, Professor Sedgwick, and Sir Roderick Murchison.

'The crust and outline of the earth' (writes the latter, in the last edition of his *Siluria*), 'are full of evidences that many of the ruptures and overthrows of the strata, as well as great denudations, could not even in millions of years have been produced by agencies like these of our own times . . . We further maintain that no amount of time (of which no true geologist is ever parsimonious when recording the history of bygone accumulations of sediment, or of the different races of animals they contain) will enable us to account for the signs of many great breaks and convulsions which are visible in every mountain chain, and which the miner encounters in all underground workings.'

This may be taken as a fair exposition of the catastrophic creed.

The second, or the uniformitarian, is the doctrine of Hutton and Lyell, by which all phenomena in the past history of the earth are ascribed to forces identical in nature with, and not more energetic than, those now active on the face of the earth. From this point of view the forces that are now bringing about changes so gradually that they almost escape observation, are adequate to produce the most stupendous geological results in unlimited time. Things have remained during the remote past very much as we have known them during the last two or three thousand years, and the equilibrium of nature has not been destroyed, although local changes have taken place. According to Hutton, there is no physical evidence 'of a beginning—no prospect of an end.' And in this he is followed by the great apostle of the Uniformitarian school, Sir Charles Lyell.

'As geologists, we learn that it is not only the present condition of the globe which has been suited to the accommodation of myriads of living creatures, but that many former states also have been adapted to the organisation and habits of prior races of beings; the disposition of the seas, continents, and islands, and the climates have varied; species likewise have been changed; and yet they have been so modelled on types analogous to those of existing plants and animals so as to indicate throughout a perfect harmony of design and unity of purpose. To assume that the evidence of beginning or end of so vast a scheme lies within the reach of our philosophical inquiries, or even of our speculations, appears to be inconsistent with a just estimate of the relations which subsist between the finite powers of man and the attribute of an infinite and eternal Being.\*'

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\* *Principles of Geology*, 10th edit. vol. ii. p. 613.]

We fully endorse Professor Huxley's criticism on this passage:—

'Why for all time must the geologists be content to regard the oldest fossiliferous rocks as the ultima thule of his science, or what is there inconsistent with the relations between the finite and the infinite mind, in the assumption that we may discern somewhat of the beginning, or of the end, of this speck and space we call our earth? . . . This attempt to limit at a particular point the progress of inductive and deductive reasoning from the things which are to those which were—this faithlessness to its own logic, seems to me to have cost uniformitarianism the place, as the permanent form of geological speculation, which it might otherwise have held.'

There can be no doubt that this doctrine has been mainly instrumental in raising geology to the rank which it now occupies among the sciences, and that the law of rigid induction which it inculcates has led to most important results; but it seems to us that the time during which we have been able to observe existing phenomena is too short for a sweeping generalisation as to those which have happened in the immeasurable past. As catastrophism has erred in not exhausting the known causes, before flying to the unknown, so uniformitarianism has erred in another direction in ignoring all speculation of a state of things on this earth different from that which we experience at the present day. Both Sir Charles Lyell and Hutton have fixed their eyes so intently on the stratified rocks that they have omitted to notice any condition of things which existed before those rocks were formed:—

'The astronomer,' writes the former, 'may find good reasons for ascribing the earth's form to the original fluidity of the mass in times long antecedent to the first introduction of living beings into the planet; but the geologist must be content to regard the earliest monuments which it is his task to interpret as belonging to a period when the crust had already acquired great solidity and thickness, probably as great as it now possesses, and when volcanic rocks, not essentially differing from those now produced, were formed from time to time, the intensity of volcanic heat being neither greater nor less than it is now.' \*

In another passage, however, he seems to admit that the earth was at one time fluid, and thus he accounts for its present internal heat; but he merely devotes one short paragraph in the last edition of the *Principles* † to this most important subject. He seems moreover to trust to the renovating powers of nature for the restoration of the heat which is radiated from the earth, and he throws out the suggestion that it may be

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\* *Principles*, vol. ii. p. 211. \*

† Vol. ii. p. 227.

restored by electrical forces—a suggestion which is equivalent to saying that the earth's loss by radiation is made up by the access of heat from without, since by Mr. Grove's experiments it has been shown that light, heat, electricity, and motion are convertible terms. Sir Charles Lyell himself would, we are sure, be very unwilling to maintain this last proposition. If the original molten condition of the earth be admitted, as we believe it must be, the uniformitarian doctrine cannot be maintained in its entirety. If, on the other hand, we refuse to recognise any condition of things existing on this earth different from that in which we now live, we not only shut ourselves off from all considerations of the origin of our planet, but also from some of the more interesting and valuable deductions of modern physics. 'Inasmuch,' argues Sir William Thomson, 'as energy is being continually lost from the earth by conduction through the upper strata, the whole quantity of plutonic energy must have been greater in past times than in the present.'\* The uniformitarian critic, in the 'Quarterly Review,'† gets over this difficulty by the device of comparing the earth to a man-of-war, and its store of potential energy to the magazine, and he proceeds to show that the gun loaded with the last charge of powder in the ship may possibly be as effective as that fired with the first. It is undoubtedly true, that the quantity of powder in store does not influence the fire of the guns, but we fail to see how that fact bears on the energy stored up in the earth. Were the actual terrestrial energy as completely isolated from the potential as the charge in the gun from the powder in the magazine, the analogy might hold good. Since, however, we have no reason for believing that this is the case, we must look upon the argument as an ingenious attempt to kick a stumbling-block out of the uniformitarian path. We shall adduce geological evidence that the terrestrial energy was greater in the past than it is now, in discussing the third great geological school, although in the survey of the stratified rocks there be no direct proof of its diminution.

Catastrophism is, according to Professor Huxley, the doctrine of a past era in geological inquiry; uniformitarianism, that of the present; while to the third, or evolutionism, he assigns the high honour of being that of the future. The evolutionists of the present day are few in number but eminent in reputation. Dr. Tyndall, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professor

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\* Of Geological Dynamics, p. 21. (Trans. Geol. Soc. Glasgow.)

† No. 249, July 1868, p. 204.

Huxley, and Sir William Thomson may be quoted as the most prominent leaders in England. The doctrine of the origin of species is indeed merely evolutionism applied to biology, and so far Mr. Charles Darwin may also be considered to belong to this school. Its founder was the great Emanuel Kant, whose work in physical science is only now beginning to be duly recognised:—

‘Kant (writes Prof. Huxley) expounds a complete cosmogony, in the shape of a theory of the causes which have led to the development of the universe from diffused atoms of matter endowed with simple attractive and repulsive forces.

“Give me matter,” says Kant, “and I will build the world;” and he proceeds to deduce from the simple data from which he starts, a doctrine in all essential respects similar to the well-known “Nebular Hypothesis” of Laplace. He accounts for the relation of the masses and the densities of the planets to their distances from the sun, for the eccentricities of their orbits, for their rotations, for their satellites, for the general agreement in the direction of rotation among the celestial bodies, for Saturn’s ring, and for the zodiacal light. He finds in each system of worlds indications that the attractive force of the central mass will eventually destroy its organisation by concentrating upon itself the matter of the whole system; but, as the result of this concentration, he argues for the development of an amount of heat which will dissipate the mass once more into a molecular chaos such as that in which it began.

‘Kant pictures to himself the universe as once an infinite expansion of formless and diffused matter. At one point of this he supposes a single centre of attraction set up, and by strict deductions from admitted dynamical principles shows how this must result in the development of a prodigious central body surrounded by systems of solar and planetary worlds in all stages of development. In vivid language he depicts the great world-maelstrom widening the margins of its prodigious eddy in the slow progress of millions of ages, gradually reclaiming more and more of the molecular waste, and converting chaos into cosmos. But what is gained at the margin is lost in the centre; the attractions of the central systems bring their constituents together, which then by the heat evolved are converted once more into molecular chaos. Thus the worlds that are, lie between the ruins of the worlds that have been and the chaotic materials of the worlds that shall be; and in spite of all waste and destruction Cosmos is extending his borders at the expense of Chaos.’

Kant then proceeds to apply his views to the earth by an appeal to the ‘gradual changes now taking place,’ by earthquakes, by marine and fresh-water action, by the winds and frosts, and finally by the operations of man. In common with Lyell and Hutton, he argued from the present order of things to the past, using, so far as the knowledge of his day would allow, the uniformitarian doctrine:—

'With as much truth as Hutton, Kant could say, "I take things just as I find them at present, and from these I reason with regard to that which must have been." Like Hutton, he is never tired of pointing out that "in nature there is wisdom, system, and constancy." And as in these great principles, so in believing that the cosmos has a reproductive operation "by which a ruined constitution may be repaired" he forestalls Hutton; while, on the other hand, Kant is true to science. He knows no bounds to geological speculation but those of the intellect. He reasons back to a beginning of the present state of things; he admits the possibility of an end.'

Professor Huxley is perfectly justified in his high estimate of Kant as the founder of the system of evolution, although the advance of modern science renders some of the views of the latter untenable.

These three schools of geological speculation are not necessarily antagonistic:—

'Catastrophism has insisted upon the existence of a practically unlimited bank of force, on which the theorist might draw; and it has cherished the idea of the development of the earth from a state in which its form, and the forces which it exerted, were very different from those we now know. That such difference of form and power once existed is a necessary part of the doctrine of evolution.

'Uniformitarianism, on the other hand, has with equal justice insisted upon a practically unlimited bank of time, ready to discount any quantity of hypothetical paper. It has kept before our eyes the power of the infinitely little, time being granted, and has compelled us to exhaust known causes before flying to the unknown.

'To my mind there appears to be no sort of necessary theoretical antagonism between Catastrophism and Uniformitarianism. On the contrary, it is very conceivable that catastrophes may be part and parcel of uniformity. Let me illustrate my case by analogy. The working of a clock is a model of uniform action; good time-keeping means uniformity of action. But the striking of the clock is essentially a catastrophe; the hammer might be made to blow up a barrel of gunpowder, or turn on a deluge of water; and, by proper arrangement, the clock, instead of marking the hours, might strike at all sorts of irregular intervals, never twice alike in the intervals, force, or number of its blows. Nevertheless all these irregular and apparently lawless catastrophes would be the result of an absolutely uniformitarian action; and we might have two schools of clock-theorists, one studying the hammer and the other the pendulum.

'Still less is there any necessary antagonism between either of these doctrines and that of Evolution, which embraces all that is sound in both Catastrophism and Uniformitarianism, while it rejects the arbitrary assumptions of the one and the as arbitrary limitations of the other. Nor is the value of the doctrine of evolution to the philosophic thinker diminished by the fact that it applies the same method to the living and not-living world, and embraces in one stupendous analogy the

growth of a solar system from molecular chaos, the shaping of the earth from the nebulous cubhood of its youth, through innumerable changes and immeasurable ages, to its present form, and the development of a living being from the shapeless mass of protoplasm we term a germ.'

The doctrine of Evolution thus eloquently advocated by Professor Huxley is remarkable for its simple explanation of the complex phenomena of the outer world. We shall proceed to test its value by an appeal to well-ascertained geological, physical, and astronomical facts, throwing aside all cosmogonies as mere matters of speculation which may or may not be true.

What do we actually know of the condition of the interior of the earth at the present day? After passing down through 'the veil of the stratified rocks' more than ten miles in thickness, we suddenly arrive at the crystalline granites and granitoid series, that bear unequivocal traces of having been once in a molten state. These are found all over the earth at the base of the sedimentary series, and present everywhere, as the great Humboldt observes, the same essential mineralogical forms, and therefore the conditions under which they originated must have been the same universally. They are proved not only by the cavities filled with vitrified matter, found in their component crystals by Mr. Sorby, to have been formerly heated to a high degree, but also by the metamorphism of the strata immediately overlying them, such as the change of shale into mica schist, and of limestone into marble. The increase of temperature universally observed in the descent of mines, as well as the phenomena manifested by volcanos and hot-springs (that of Bath is 118 degrees), testify to a continual flow of caloric from the centre towards the circumference of the earth, and prove that at some point deep down the heat is sufficiently intense to fuse all known substances. According to Sir Charles Lyell, the increase of one degree for every sixty-five feet of descent would be sufficient to boil water at a depth of two, and melt iron at a depth of thirty-four, miles. If then we follow Professors Phillips and Bischoff in ignoring the effect of pressure on the fusing points of the different elements, a greater thickness than thirty or forty miles cannot be assigned to the solid crust of the earth, which must rest everywhere on matter kept fluid by intense heat. But we have no right to do this, since it has been proved by actual experiment that some substances, such as water and sulphur, can absorb an enormous quantity of heat under pressure without passing into the liquid or gaseous condition. Now the gravitating force exerted by thirty or forty miles of solid rock must be



enormous, and the deeper we go the greater it will be; and therefore unless it can be proved that the increase of the expansive power of the heat preponderates over the compressing power of gravitation, the existence of a molten zone everywhere supporting a solid crust cannot be inferred. If the pressure preponderate as Mr. Scrope believes, the earth may be solid to its very core. By this line of inquiry therefore we can only safely infer that the interior of the earth is heated to an inconceivable degree, and as we do not know the relation of heat to pressure we cannot tell whether or no the surface of the earth be supported by a chaos of molten rock. If at any point the heated matter be kept solid by pressure it will start into fluidity if the pressure be lessened. Hence Mr. Scrope argues rightly, that the outpouring of lava from volcanos has no necessary bearing on the thickness of the earth's crust.

Nor can we obtain any light on this point from the consideration of the phenomena of precession and nutation, from which Mr. Hopkins ingeniously argued some thirty years ago, that the solid crust of the earth must be at least from 800 to 1,000 miles thick. Sir William Thomson has lately inferred from the same premises that 'no continuous liquid vesicle at all approaching to the dimensions of a spheroid 6,000 miles in diameter can possibly exist in the earth's interior without rendering the phenomena of precession and nutation sensibly different from what they are;' and that the earth, as a whole, must be far more rigid than glass and probably even more rigid than steel, 'while the interior must be on the whole more rigid, probably many times more rigid, than the upper crust.' These conclusions, drawn by two men of such eminence, clash with two well-ascertained geological facts. If the earth be a solid mass, pockets and isolated seas of lava may remain here and there at different depths, to be the foci of the volcanic and seismic energy, and thermal springs may be the result of the percolation of water down to the igneous reservoirs. This ingenious application of the theory of precession and nutation to the analysis of the thickness of the earth's crust might indeed be considered decisive had not M. Delaunay lately demonstrated before the French Academy by actual experiment that it had no bearing whatever on the problem. Both Mr. Hopkins and Sir William Thomson assumed in their calculation that the molten rock would be absolutely fluid and altogether devoid of viscosity. The eminent French mathematician proved that this latter property, inherent in all matter, would be sufficient to cause the earth, whether fluid or not in the interior, to behave precisely as if it were one homogeneous

solid body. By imparting a slow revolving motion to a glass globe filled with water, he showed that both water and glass revolved precisely as if the whole had been frozen into one solid mass. The light therefore thrown by these researches on the condition of the interior of the earth is but darkness. The mathematicians of the present day for the most part accept the views of Mr. Hopkins and Sir William Thomson, while the geologists either maintain the existence of a fluid zone underneath the earth's crust, or pass by the problem altogether.

But if mathematics fail to tell us anything about the constitution of the interior of the earth, we do not appeal in vain to chemistry. We are indebted to M. Durocher\* for a satisfactory classification not only of the crystalline rocks that underlie the sedimentary deposits, but also for absolute proof that the earth was an incandescent molten sphere before atmospheric and aqueous agencies had clothed it with the strata so familiar to our eyes. His researches, strange to say, are almost unknown in England, and have been noticed in but one of the many geological manuals that have been published during the last few years. They have, however, been endorsed by the high authority of Professor Haughton,† and have been approved by the most eminent mineralogist in Britain in his presidential address to the Geological Society.‡ M. Durocher divides all crystalline rocks into distinct classes, the one containing a mean proportion of 71·0 of silica, which he therefore terms siliceous, the other containing but 51·5, and being characterised by large percentages of lime, magnesia, manganese, and iron. To the first of these belong the granites, porphyries, and trachytes that underlie the stratified rocks, and occur also in all the older volcanic outbursts. They gradually become rarer and rarer from the palæozoic age to the present day. It is undoubtedly true that they are represented by the modern silicated trachytes and obsidians of the volcanos of the Andes and of Iceland; but these are poorer in silica and richer in earthy bases than the more ancient silicated outbursts, and are, moreover, now extremely rare. This group of rocks has a mean specific gravity of 2·4. To the second, which, from the predominance of earthy bases, he terms basic, belong all the trap and greenstone rocks, basalts, dolerites, and augitic lavas, that are rarely met with among the

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\* *Essai de Pétrologie comparée*, Annales des Mines, 5 série, tom. xi. (1857).

† *Manual of Geology*, 1866, 8vo. 2nd ed. Lecture 1.

‡ *Quart. Geol. Journ.* 1867.

older products of subterranean energy, but which become more and more abundant through the palæozoic and mesozoic epochs, until at the present day they are the staple produce of volcanos. They possess a mean specific gravity of 2·72, being heavier than the siliceous group, in a ratio greater than that of water to oil. They have never been found in a position underneath the oldest sedimentary strata. Thus it is recognised that the silicated group of rocks which is the lighter is the older of the two, while the heavier is that which appeared later in time, and gradually became prominent, manifesting itself in greater and greater force down to the present day. From these premises it follows that heavier basic rocks lie underneath the lighter granitic, whether fluid or not we cannot tell, and that the latter, from their rare occurrence in the products of existing volcanos, have for the most part cooled sufficiently to be solidified. It also follows from this arrangement, according to specific gravities, that at one remote epoch of the earth's history there were two continuous zones of molten matter, as clearly defined from each other as water from oil, and that the lighter was the first to form a thin pellicle on the surface of the incandescent globe. It is worthy also of note that nearly the whole of the earliest, or palæozoic strata, is formed of the detritus of the granitic layer, and is remarkable for its poverty in limestones, while the comparatively large development of the latter during the carboniferous, mesozoic, and cainozoic periods may be ascribed to the large percentages of lime furnished by the basic layer, which was then making itself felt more and more at the surface. The granitic rocks, moreover, must be very thin as compared with the earth's radius, for if at the present day they were sunk sufficiently deep to be heated up to their fusing points in the earth they would more often be found among volcanic ejecta. There are no means of estimating the thickness of the basic layer. These deductions from M. Durocher's admirable essay may be assumed to be true in proportion as they explain the complicated phenomena presented by the igneous rocks. It is not too much to say that his theory reduces the chaos which is to be found in all geological manuals, except that of Professor Haughton, to an admirable Cosmos.

But our knowledge of the interior of the earth does not stop here. There is reason for the belief that under the heavy basic matter there are those elemental substances which are either sparingly or never found in a state of combination in either of the two layers of igneous rock, such as arsenic, antimony, selenium, gold, copper, and the heavy metals, which

occur in a great many of our mines uncombined with a particle of oxygen. 'The metallic ores,' writes Professor Haughton, 'whatever be the condition in which they are found in our mines, originally came from below sublimed from the interior of the earth as sulphur salts.' The fact that mineral veins occur both in siliceous and basic rocks, in such a manner as to show that they are of later origin than either, points also in the same direction. The process may still be studied at the crater of any active volcano. The high specific gravity also of the earth tends strongly to corroborate this inference, for it is more than twice as great as either of the two kinds of igneous rocks; and when we take into consideration the comparatively low specific gravities of the latter, of water, and of the sedimentary rocks which are included in the estimate of 5·5 of the whole mass, it follows of necessity that the subjacent matter must be specifically heavier than 5·5. How much heavier we do not know, because of our ignorance of the thickness of the siliceous and basic layers; but it may fairly be assumed to be at least as heavy as the heavy bases and metals that range from 6·0 and upwards. Sir William Thomson throws out a speculation that it consists of a mass of magnetic iron, like that of some of the meteorites.

This evidence which we have adduced as to the ancient physical condition of the earth, is wholly inconsistent with the uniformitarian doctrine, because it points back to a time when the condition of the earth differed from that which it now presents. The arrangement according to density implies not only the igneous origin of the earth, but that in the time of its being in a molten state down to the present day it has been gradually cooling. The ignoring of this change of state constitutes, as Professor Huxley writes, the logical weakness of the uniformitarian doctrine. And just in proportion as the evidence is incompatible with the latter doctrine does it agree with Evolutionism, of which the chief corner-stone is the recognition of a change of state. The evidence points to change in a definite direction, it traces back the history of this earth to a time before the present order of things had been instituted, to a time before the molten sphere was cooled sufficiently to admit of the detrital action of water or of its accumulation in rivers, lakes, and seas. •

Can we trace the earth's history further back than this? Are we justified in looking on our orb as a thing *sui generis*, united by no links with its fellow wanderers in space? If so, then we can never hope to gain any other idea of its early condition than that which has been sketched out. Fortunately

the united labours of the chemist and the astronomer show that it is united with the planets and meteorites by a bond of the closest possible kind. Its present outward conditions now have been proved by Professor Phillips and others to be repeated in a most remarkable way in the planet Mars. The Martial surface is diversified by sea and land, and even is subject to the same climatal changes as our own. As the winter comes on the snows gradually creep over the ruddy surface towards the equator, until they cover an area round the poles extending as far as the forty-fifth degree of latitude with a shining mantle of white. When the spring comes round they retreat again, until at midsummer they form an arctic barrier extending ten degrees round the poles. Mars therefore has a polar and a temperate region, and probably also an equatorial, just like that which we enjoy. It presents precisely the same phenomena to our eyes that would be seen were an observer on its surface to direct his telescope at our earth. We are therefore justified in concluding that in all essential features Mars is a mere repetition of the earth. So far as heat and cold, summer and winter, land and water, and atmospheric conditions generally, are concerned, there is every reason for believing that it is as fitted for the maintenance of life as our own planet. Unfortunately the rest of the planets are so concealed by thick cloud-envelopes that their true surfaces cannot be determined, but they have been proved by the researches of Father Secchi and M. Jannsen to possess atmospheres containing aqueous vapour. It is, then, by no mere guess-work that the earth is brought into correlation with other planets, but by the testimony of our own eyes. The singular identity of outward condition in the only planet in which the external surface can be properly examined, implies an affinity not only with it, but with the others. To suppose that the resemblance is a mere accident is to ignore the reign of law.

The meteoric evidence also is of the highest value in the correlation of the earth with extra-terrestrial matter. The astronomical discoveries of modern days have increased the number of planets from seven to eighty-eight.

‘The smallest of these’ (Mr. Grove writes\*) ‘is only twenty or thirty miles in diameter, indeed, cannot be accurately measured, and if we were to apply the same scrutiny to other parts of the heavens as has been applied to the zone between Mars and Jupiter, it is no far-fetched speculation to suppose that, in addition to asteroids and meteorites, many other bodies exist until the space occupied by our solar system

becomes filled up with planetary bodies varying in size from that of Jupiter (1,240 times larger in volume than the earth) to that of a cannon-bull, or even a pistol-bullet.'

And as from time to time some of these smaller bodies become drawn within the influence of the earth's attraction, and fall to the ground as meteorites, we have the means of judging by chemical analysis of the constitution of what may be called planetary matter. It has long been known that they have never yielded any new elemental substance, and that they revolve round the sun in a cold state, the thin glaze on their surfaces being derived from the enormous friction which they undergo when they penetrate the earth's atmosphere. We are indebted to M. Daubrée for the admirable manner in which they have been classified, and in which their evidence has been brought to bear on our earth's structure. They consist of nickeliferous iron, combined with various proportions of stony matter; sometimes the iron is perfectly pure, and capable of being turned to the ordinary purposes of manufacture, at others it is represented by an extremely small percentage in combination with sulphur or oxygen. The number of meteoric elements, established by the results of more than one hundred analyses, amounts altogether to twenty-seven, or to considerably more than one-third of those discovered in the earth, and these are for the most part abundant. Oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and chlorine, iron, magnesium, lithium, silicium, manganese, aluminium, potassium, sodium, calcium, sulphur, and carbon, nickel, zinc, copper, arsenic, phosphorus, antimony, lead, and tin, are common terrestrial substances. Of the remaining four, cobalt, chromium, titanium, and selenium, the latter is the only one rarely met with on our earth, and it has been furnished only by the meteorite that fell at Bitbourg. If an equal weight of the earth's crust taken at haphazard were analysed, it would hardly furnish a longer list of elements than this.

But the meteorites have a yet stronger bond of union with the earth than that of a mere elemental identity. They present precisely similar combinations of the elements to the number of over forty. The beautiful iridescent Labrador spar, for instance, is comparatively abundant. Serpentine also exists similar to that of Cornwall, and gypsum, while, if we believe in the doctrine of final causation, we may add sal-ammoniac for those that faint, and Epsom salts for those that require them. M. Daubrée has even succeeded in manufacturing meteoric matter from melted rock of the basic layer. His experiments show that they were consolidated in an atmosphere containing very little oxygen, since the oxydes are

but rarely met with; and thus he accounts for the large percentage of metallic iron, which in our earth is represented by the almost universally distributed oxyde. This poverty of oxygen exists also in the heavy or basic layer of crystalline rocks.

The specific gravities also of meteorites illustrate forcibly those presented by the earth, for those which contain a large percentage of alumina have a density of 3·0, which corresponds very nearly with one of the heavier basic rocks (Iherzolite), while those which contain large percentages of the unoxydised metals range from 6·5 to 8. Thus the latter present a density nearly identical with that which from our previous argument has been assigned to the unoxydised terrestrial nucleus. Indeed, it is only reasonable to infer that the heavy meteorites are fair samples of the earth's nucleus, since the lighter ones represent exactly some varieties of the basic layer above. In a word, some meteorites repeat so remarkably the structure of some terrestrial rocks, that no hard and fast line can be drawn between them. Moreover, there is a greater elemental difference to be observed between some meteorites and others, than between their whole mass and the earth. And therefore we may fairly conclude that both were formed out of the same elementary matter, which in the former has become perfectly cold, while in the latter it is gradually cooling. This view of M. Daubrée's has been accepted in this country by no less authorities than Professor Warrington Smythe and Mr. Grove.

We will now pass on to the investigation of extra-terrestrial matter in a state of combustion, by the aid of spectrum analysis, by which 'two German philosophers quietly working in 'their laboratories at Heidelberg' have obtained results almost challenging belief from their novelty and wonder. The light of sun, stars, nebulae, and comets is made to unfold the constitution of the bodies whence it emanates. 'It does indeed 'appear marvellous,' says Professor Roscoe, "that we are now 'able to state with certainty, as the logical sequence of 'exact observations, that bodies common enough on this earth 'are present in the atmosphere of the sun at a distance of 'ninety-one millions of miles, and still more extraordinary, 'that in the stars the existence of such metals as iron and 'sodium should be ascertained beyond a doubt.' Truth in this case, as in many others, is stranger than the wildest fiction. For a clear and attractive account of spectrum analysis we would refer to Professor Roscoe's work, above quoted, which consists of six lectures delivered in 1868 before the Society of Apothecaries, together with appendices that

almost exhaust the subject. The history of the discovery of this remarkable means of acquiring knowledge of matter dates as far back as the year 1675, when Sir Isaac Newton succeeded in decomposing light into the six colours of the spectrum by passing it through a round hole in a shutter and a triangular prism of glass. In the beginning of this century, Dr. Wollaston modified the experiment by making the light pass through a fine slit instead of a round hole, and was consequently enabled to detect the fine black lines in the solar spectrum, which have led to such wonderful discoveries during the last ten years. The careful examination of these lines was the work of a German optician, Fraunhofer, by whom no less than five hundred and seventy-six were mapped in 1814. Their presence in every kind of sunlight, whether reflected as in the moon and planets or not, and their fixity of position in the spectrum, was ascertained by that acute philosopher.

‘Another important observation was made by Fraunhofer, namely, that the light from the fixed stars, which are self-luminous, also contains dark lines, but different lines from those which characterise the sun light, the light of the planets, and that of the moon; and hence, in 1814, Fraunhofer came to this remarkable conclusion: that whatever produced these dark lines—and he had no idea of the cause—was something which was acting beyond and outside our atmosphere, and not anything produced by the sunlight passing through the air. This conclusion of Fraunhofer has been borne out by subsequent investigation, and the observations upon which it was based may truly be said to have laid the foundation-stone of solar and stellar chemistry.’ (*Roscoe’s Spectrum.*)

While these discoveries were being made in the spectra of the sun and the stars, there was a corresponding advance in the knowledge of those of different terrestrial substances. Thomas Melville in 1752 first observed the yellow flame of sodium, while Sir John Herschel, after investigating the spectra of many coloured flames, wrote in 1827, ‘that the colours thus contributed by different objects to flame afford in many cases a ready and neat way of detecting extremely minute quantities of them.’ Fox Talbot, a name eminent in the annals of photography, describes the spectrum of the red fire of the theatres as being possessed of ‘many light lines or maxima of light.’ He then goes on to say that there are marked differences between the red, orange, yellow, and green fire, and throws out the probability ‘that a glance at the prismatic spectrum of a flame might show it to contain certain substances which would otherwise require a laborious chemical analysis to detect.’ He followed up the inquiry, and in 1836,



after pointing out the differences between the spectra of lithium and strontium, he wrote, 'that optical analysis can distinguish the minutest portion of these two substances from each other with as much certainty, if not more, than any known method.' Faraday's discovery that the electric spark 'consists solely of the material particles of the poles and the medium through which it passes,' was used by Sir Charles Wheatstone in 1834 for producing the spectra of incandescent metals; he was the first to attempt to represent them in a map. In 1845 Professor William Allen Miller experimented on the spectra of coloured flames produced by the metals of the alkaline earths, and represented his results by diagrams which approximated closely to the great discovery which Professors Bunsen and Kirchhoff arrived at in 1861; he would have anticipated the latter had he not used a luminous flame. Twelve years after this, Professor Swan pointed out the characteristic of the soda flame, and discovered the great sensitiveness of the sodium reaction, which had led previous observers astray, because they could not believe in the almost universal distribution of that element.

'There is not a speck of dust,' writes Professor Roscoe, 'or a mote in the sunbeam, which does not contain chloride of sodium. Sodium is a prevailing element in the atmosphere; we are constantly breathing in portions of this elementary substance together with the air which we inhale. Two-thirds of the earth's surface is covered with salt water, and the fine spray which is continually being carried up into the air evaporates, leaving the minute specks of salt which we see dancing in the sunbeam. If I clap my hands, or if I shake my coat, or if I knock this dusty book, I think you will observe that this flame becomes yellow. This is not because it is the hand or coat of a chemist, but simply because the dust which everybody carries about with him is mixed with sodium compounds. If I place in the colourless flame this piece of platinum wire, which has been lying on the table for a few minutes since I heated it red hot, you see there is sodium in it; there, we have for one moment the glimpse of a yellow flame. If I heat the wire in the flame the sodium salts will all volatilise, and the yellow flame will quite disappear; but if I now draw this wire once through my fingers, you observe the sodium flame will on heating again appear. If I heat it again and draw it through my mouth, it will be evident that the saliva contains a very considerable quantity of sodium salts. If I leave the wire exposed here, tied round this rod, so that the end does not touch anything, for ten minutes or a quarter-of-an-hour, I shall obtain the sodium reaction again, even if the wire be now perfectly free. This is because sodium salts pervade the atmosphere, and some particles of sodium dust flying about in the air of the room settle on the wire, and show their presence in the flame.'

Thus it was that the value of the bright lines in the different spectra in chemical analysis gradually became realised, until

in 1860 Professor Bunsen employed them in his memorable discovery of two new elements—caesium and rubidium.

‘Shortly after he made his first experiments on the subject of spectrum analysis, Bunsen happened to be examining the alkalies left from the evaporation of a large quantity of mineral water from Dürkheim in the Palatinate. Having separated out all other bodies he took some of these alkalies, and found, by examining by the spectroscope the flame which this particular salt or mixture of salts gave off, that some bright lines were visible which he had never observed before, and which he knew were not produced either by potash or soda. So much reliance did he place in this new method of spectrum analysis that he at once set to work to evaporate so large a quantity as forty-four tons of this water in which these new metals, which he termed caesium and rubidium, were contained in extremely minute quantities.

‘In short, he succeeded in detecting and separating the two new alkaline substances from all other bodies, and the complete examination of the properties of their compounds which he made with the very small quantity at his disposal remains a permanent monument of the skill of this great chemist. Both these metals occur in the water of the Dürkheim springs. I have here the numbers giving Bunsen’s analysis, in thousand parts, of the mineral water of Dürkheim and Baden-Baden.

‘The quantity of the new substance contained in the water from the Dürkheim springs is excessively small, amounting in one ton to about 3 grains of the chloride of caesium and about 4 grains of the chloride of rubidium; whilst in the Baden-Baden spring we have only traces of the caesium chloride, and a still smaller quantity than in the other spring of the rubidium chloride. From the forty-four tons of water which he evaporated down Bunsen obtained only about 200 grains of the mixed metals.’

The delicacy of this kind of test was firmly established by this wonderful result. Two years previously its importance as a means of recognising extra-terrestrial matter was shown by the great physicist, Kirschhoff. ‘So long ago as 1814 Fraunhofer discovered that the dark lines in the sunlight were coincident with the bright sodium lines. The fact of the coincidence of these lines is easily rendered visible if the solar spectrum is allowed to fall into the upper half of the field of our telescope, while the sodium spectrum occupies the lower half. The bright lines produced by the metal, as fine as the finest spider’s web, are then seen to be exact prolongations, as it were, of the corresponding solar lines.’

These facts, however, remained altogether barren of consequences, so far as regards the explanation of the phenomena, except to the bold minds of Angström, Stokes, and William Thomson; the last two of whom, combining the facts with an ill-understood experiment of Foucault’s made in 1849, foresaw

the conclusion to which they must lead, and expressed an opinion which subsequent investigations have fully borne out. Clear light was, however, thrown upon the subject by Kirschhoff in the autumn of 1859. Wishing to test the accuracy of this asserted coincidence of the bright sodium line and the dark solar lines with his very delicate instrument, Professor Kirschhoff made the following very remarkable experiment, which is memorable as giving the key to the solution of the problem concerning the presence of sodium and other metals in the sun:—

‘In order,’ says Kirschhoff, for I will now give his own words, ‘to test in the most direct manner possible the frequently asserted fact of the coincidence of the sodium lines with the lines D, I obtained a tolerably bright solar spectrum, and brought a flame coloured by sodium vapours in front of the slit. I then saw the dark lines D change into bright ones. The flame of a Bunsen’s lamp threw the bright sodium lines upon the solar spectrum with unexpected brilliancy. In order to find out the extent to which the intensity of the solar spectrum could be increased, without impairing the distinctness of the sodium lines, I allowed the full sunlight to shine through the sodium flame, and to my astonishment I saw that the dark lines D appeared with an extraordinary degree of clearness. I then exchanged the sunlight for the Drummond’s or oxhydrogen lime-light, which, like that of all incandescent solid or liquid bodies, gives a spectrum containing no dark lines. When this light was allowed to fall through a suitable flame coloured by common salt, *dark* lines were seen in the spectrum in the position of the sodium lines. The same phenomenon was observed if, instead of the incandescent lime, a platinum wire was used, which being heated in a flame was brought to a temperature near its melting point by passing an electric current through it. The phenomenon in question is easily explained upon the supposition that the sodium flame absorbs rays of the same degree of refrangibility as those it emits, whilst it is perfectly transparent for all other rays.’

Thus it was that the problem of the dark lines in the solar spectrum was solved. The delicacy with which Bunsen detected the infinitely small quantities of strange elements in the spring of Dürkheim was subsequently brought to bear on the analysis of the heavenly bodies by Huggins, Norman, Lockyer, Dr. Miller, and others.\* The discovery was the result of co-operation, and the fruit of the seed sown by Sir Isaac Newton. By its means we can acquire a knowledge of the condition of matter at the most stupendous distances from our earth. The sun will first of all engage our attention.

Whence spring the light and the heat of the great centre of our system, the life-sustainer, our fount of energy, our

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\* *Philos. Trans.*, 1861–9. *Proceed. Roy. Soc.*, 1861–9.

glorious sun? The wonderful results of spectrum analysis coupled with the progress of astronomical inquiries during the last few years yield no doubtful or hesitating answer. The sun is proved to be a great fiery globe surrounded by an atmosphere of intensely heated gases and vapours that are continually rising or falling like our clouds, according to their change of temperature. The willow leaf-shaped bodies which constitute the dazzling envelope or photosphere are probably foreshortened views of such clouds. During the last total eclipse the red flames, which flare out in some cases as much as from seventy to ninety thousand miles in height above the photosphere, were found to consist of burning hydrogen. The photosphere itself has yielded on analysis no less than thirteen of the elements—namely, hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, calcium, titanium, chromium, manganese, iron, nickel, cobalt, copper, zinc, and beryllium, to pass over others of which there is some doubt. Whether carbon, oxygen, or nitrogen can be added must remain doubtful, according to Dr. Ångström and Professor Roscoe, because these constituents of our atmosphere yield a spectrum that is not visible ‘even between the carbon poles of a battery of fifty cells.’ Every one of these elements has been found in the meteorites as well as in the earth. That is to say, that the matter from which our light and heat proceed in the sun is identical with that which falls to the earth cold and solid in the meteorite. There is also another important fact to be noted—that in the sun the elements seem to be arranged according to their vapour densities. The red flaming hydrogen, for instance, far out-reaches the atmosphere of the other gases, and apparently does not obey the law of gaseous diffusion which is invariable on the earth. This may possibly be brought about by the intensely heated state of the solar elements.

From this brief sketch of the sun all details foreign to the present argument are omitted, such as the different layers of luminous vapour, the solar spots, and the wonderful fiery storms that sweep over the photosphere more swiftly than the wildest terrestrial hurricane. The two facts which have a most important bearing on the ancient history of the earth are that the solar elements are identical with the terrestrial and the meteoric, and that the sun gives light and heat literally because it is on fire. Now we have adduced geological evidence that the earth was at one time molten; is it unfair to illustrate its history from its elemental identity with the sun? May we not look upon it as having passed through precisely the same stage of being as the sun, and as having been a centre of light

and heat to its tributary satellites? The analogy rises almost to the dignity of an induction. On the one hand, geology points to a molten globe, which from its very heat must have been clothed with the gases of the metals and other elements not now found in our atmosphere; on the other, astronomy and chemistry show us a globe composed so far as we know it of terrestrial elements, incandescent, and a centre of light and heat. To put the two ideas together seems to us to be no forced union; they are the elements of a concept that transgresses no known physical law, and that agrees with every chemical, astronomical, and geological fact that has a bearing on the question.

• If this view be accepted we must look upon the sun as picturing to our eyes what may be called the sun-stage in the genesis of the earth, and we may consider that the present state of the earth is in some degree prophetic of the time when the solar light will be quenched, and its superficial heat so reduced as to admit of those chemical combinations now common on the earth—prophetic of a time when the molten surface will become solid, the fiery clouds be replaced by aqueous vapour, and rain, river, and sea gradually cover up the igneous crystalline surface with sedimentary rocks, and the earth-stage of development be initiated. This argument from sun to earth and earth to sun is founded on premises which are admitted on all sides to be true, while they are scattered through the pages of various writers; they can scarcely be termed false when they are placed side by side and compared. The conclusion is altogether inconsistent with the teaching of the uniformitarians that the only key to the past history of the earth is afforded by its present condition. They expect too much when they tell us to shut our eyes to the truths of astronomy and physics.

The stars also have been proved by spectrum analysis to be constituted very much as our sun, each consisting of 'a white hot nucleus giving off a continuous spectrum, surrounded by an incandescent atmosphere in which exist the absorbent vapours of the particular metals.' In the star Aldebaran nine elements have been detected by Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller—hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, antimony, mercury, bismuth, and tellurium. It is worthy of note that these three latter have not been detected in the sun. In most of the other stars hydrogen has been discovered, and to its conflagration was owing the sudden splendour of a small star in the Northern Crown, which blazed out in 1866, and as suddenly relapsed into its normal insignificance. The nebulae consist,

some of gaseous matter containing hydrogen and nitrogen, while others give a continuous spectrum which implies that they are composed of solid matter.

In fine, the inevitable conclusion derived from the study of the heavenly bodies—of sun, earth, stars, meteorites, and nebulae—is that the immeasurable space is full of matter of the same kind, but aggregated in different fashions; sometimes being gaseous, at other times solid, sometimes in a state of the most intense heat, at other times cooled sufficiently to admit of the presence of life, as in the earth and Mars, or lastly cold, barren, and lifeless, as in the meteorites. Whether the gaseous condition of matter preceded in any particular case the solid we cannot tell. So far as our earth is concerned, the only idea that we can grasp of its origin is that it was a fiery body like the sun, and that it has been gradually cooling from that time down to the present day. This realisation of a steady change is the fundamental doctrine of Evolutionism.

Moreover, if we have sufficient hardihood with Sir William Thomson to look out into the earth's future, the rate of its present loss of heat by radiation implies that the time will arrive, when, like a meteorite, it will become cold to its very core, and when life will cease to be found upon it on account of the low temperature; provided that no collisions with other bodies happen to restore the heat which has been lost. And this exception leads to a mystery. Arrested motion, as Mr. Grove showed long ago, takes the form of light and heat. The motion of the train is visible in the sparks that fly from the break, and the impact of a cannon-ball on an iron target is seen in the dazzling flash, and felt in the heat of both ball and target. In like manner the heat and light of the sun are supposed by Sir William Thomson to have originated in the arrested motion of cosmical bodies which have fallen into it, and are considered by Dr. Meyer and other eminent physicists to be maintained by the constant gravitation into it of asteroids, meteorites, and planets.

‘If the planet Mercury’ (writes Professor Tyndall) ‘were to strike the sun, the quantity of heat generated would cover the solar emission for nearly seven years; while the shock of Jupiter would cover the loss of 32,240 years; our earth would furnish a supply for 95 years.’

Whether this mode of accounting for the solar heat be accepted or not, it is absolutely certain that all planetary matter is inevitably gravitating towards the sun, which will be the common bourne of our system. ‘As surely,’ eloquently writes Sir William Thomson, ‘as the weights of a clock run down to

‘ their lowest position, from which they can never rise again, unless fresh energy is communicated to them from some source not yet exhausted, so surely must planet after planet creep in, age by age, towards the sun;’ not one can escape its fiery end. In like manner the satellites of the planets must inevitably fall into their respective planets.

As then it has been proved by geology that our earth had a fiery beginning, so it is shown by an appeal to the law of gravitation that it will have a fiery end. Nor are we justified in viewing this as a never-ending cycle of change, or as a kind of phoenix life. For if we believe that the sun—the immediate goal of our planetary system—derives its light and heat from the impact of cosmical bodies, there must come a time when it will absorb all these into its own mass, unless we suppose with Kant that fresh matter be eternally drawn within the influence of its attraction, or, in other words, that the ‘ Kosmos of our own system is continually being enlarged at the expense of ‘ Chaos,’—a supposition that is full of poetry, but not based on any known facts. When this comes to pass it must inevitably gradually lose its light and gradually pass into the earth-stage of development. In all this a progress is clearly shown. The earth passed from the incandescent into the habitable state, and will have its individuality annihilated by falling into the sun, and the same fate will ultimately overtake the sun if it be true that it also is revolving round some enormously distant centre of attraction.

Such as these are the results of modern inquiry in widely diverse fields, in physics, astronomy, and geology. They prove that the earth is united by the closest bonds to the heavenly bodies, and that terrestrial change is one in a definite direction, in a straight line, so to speak, and not in a circle. We have thrown aside all speculative cosmogony and reduced the reasoning as far as possible to the law of a rigid induction. The facts adduced confirm most remarkably the truth of the doctrine of evolution first taught by the great philosopher Kant, and held by some of the ablest thinkers of the present day. It is impossible, in the face of rapidly increasing discoveries in spectrum analysis, any longer to shut our eyes to the condition of extra-terrestrial matter, in considering the past, and the probable future of the earth.

ART. III.—*Aus dem Leben des Generals (Dr.) Heinrich von Brandt.* Berlin: 1868-9.

IN 1806 Prussia had enjoyed ten years of the ignoble peace purchased by the Treaty of Basle. Her king, though entering warmly at first into the coalition against revolutionary France, soon tired of a war in which defeat would fall heavily on Prussia and success would but strengthen her German rival by the re-establishment of Austrian dominion in Belgium. The campaigns of '1792-3 had added no lustre to Prussian arms. Long disuse of the practice of war had unfitted for the field the stiff machines which in outward show alone represented the warriors of the Great Frederic. Battalions in which each captain bought recruits for his company from crimps at the cheapest rate had proved as unequal to the proof of a campaign as the untrained staff and commissariat which attempted with them the invasion of France. Military pedantry had long had sway in the service, and combined with bad administration to cause the soldier's trade to be shunned by all who could choose a trade of their own; nor had a war undertaken nominally to restore the Bourbons awakened the latent patriotism of the Northern German. Peace, therefore, was popular with all classes, and prince and people were alike content to withdraw from the inglorious struggle to a not less inglorious neutrality, leaving Austria to defend single-handed the integrity of the Empire over which she nominally presided.

Whilst the unequal contest went on from year to year between revolutionary ardour and Hapsburg obstinacy; whilst worn-out veterans, failing on either side, gave way to abler men; whilst modern strategy from the feeble warfare of 1792-3 rose suddenly, under Napoleon and the Archduke Charles, to the highest stage the art reached before the days of steam; Prussia, tranquil in her avoidance of the storm which shook her neighbours, applied all her power to consolidate the acquisitions made not long before as her share of the partition of Poland. The struggle carried on for centuries along the lower Vistula between the Teuton and the Slave had ended in the triumph of the former. German capital flowed over to fertilise Polish territory; to farm a Polish estate was at once the most profitable and aristocratic of employments for the Prussian noblesse; and the process of amalgamation and absorption had fairly set in which has continued steadily down to the present day, disturbed only for a short season by the era of Napoleonic conquest of which we are presently to speak. The



old university of Königsberg in East Prussia was frequented by the youth of both races alike in the first years of this century. Among these was our autobiographer, Henry von Brandt, one of a large and wealthy family of noble race who had cast their lot in the new territories acquired by the House of Brandenburg; and so little, he tells us, was independence sought by the Polish students of 1805, that it was the fashion for them to mix freely with the Germans in classroom and in sport, and to call themselves 'South-Prussians,' as the others were Brandenburgers or East-Prussians. .

This tranquil process of amalgamation was not to last long. Events were at hand which would shake the foundations of prescriptive authority throughout Europe, and change for a season the aspirations, fashions, and even the names, of doubtful nationalities. Napoleon in his camp at Boulogne was already the object of attention to the whole civilised world; and young Brandt, like most of his fellow-students, paid more attention to French than to his proper study of law, and read the journals more diligently than the works on jurisprudence which his professor recommended. Bonaparte (for by his family name the Emperor of the French was then universally known), unmatched as administrator and general, elected sovereign of a mighty people, yet not many years before a friendless collegian, an unknown subaltern, was the object of romantic admiration on the part of the simple students of Königsberg. Some of these would have made an actual idol of their favourite hero, but that the sudden execution of the Duc d'Enghien just before the coronation of his slayer, threw a damp over the ardour of many who, until that dark deed, had counted Napoleon as good as great, and had regarded his self-exaltation to supreme power as the truest act of patriotism to a distracted country.

Germany and her people were soon to be undeceived as to the purity of his motives. Foiled in his designs upon England, Napoleon turned his arms eastward, seeking to fix a quarrel first upon the hereditary enemy of France. A war with Austria was easy to provoke, certain to be popular, and gave promise of further results than a mere fresh humiliation of the twice-vanquished Court of Vienna. The word was given to pass the Rhine, and that campaign of Ulm began in which (as De Fézensac has clearly shown \*) the shortcomings of the grand army proved to be great, even after all its Boulogne training; but which led to successes so vast that all shortcomings were

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\* See *Edin. Rev.* Jan. 1868.

forgotten. Russia came late to the aid of her threatened neighbour, only to add to the triumph of the victor on the decisive field of Austerlitz. Prussia, on the other hand, had long been trained to look coolly at the defeats of Austria, and would have regarded this fresh reverse with complacency but for the sudden violation of her own territory made for French advantage by Bernadotte's corps at the outset of the campaign. This outrage first raised her spirit against Napoleon, and made all Northern Germany doubt the wisdom of the policy of isolation which had given the French their recent advantage. Like the rest of the Prussian youth, the Königsberg students cried out for satisfaction; but, like others, were easily appeased by the annexation of Hanover, offered their country as a sop by the wily invader, who thus sought to gain time to concentrate his army on his new base on the Main. He had gathered 190,000 men there ready to crush their independence, whilst they were yet, as Brandt honestly tells us, blindly rejoicing over the new addition to the 'strength of their fatherland.' Then, indeed, the mask was thrown off, and the struggle for the national life they held dear was seen to have been but deferred at the invader's pleasure.

'I can still most vividly remember,' says our writer, 'the astonishment which fell upon all when the news of our defeats reached Königsberg.' Citizens and students had shared to the full the singular delusion entertained by high officers of the army, and even published by General Rüchel to his corps at the outset of the campaign, that the French successes of which they had heard had been won against inferior enemies in spite of a bad system, such as must inevitably fail when tested against the better-trained battalions of Prussia. Jena has been usually looked upon as the crucial shock in which the old tactics handed down by Frederic were suddenly found wanting; but, in truth, the proof of their inadequacy to meet the more rapid and lighter movements of the enemy, was furnished abundantly at the very first collision of the armies four days before on the little plain of Saalfeld. On the one side came Lannes, Napoleon's own favourite marshal, the best handler of troops in action, according to his master's judgment, of all the quick tacticians that followed the Imperial Eagles. On the other was Prince Louis of Prussia, chief of the war party in the Berlin Councils, 'a man,' says the greatest of all German military writers, 'now thirty-three years of age, of vehement courage but dissipated habits, burning for military fame but unversed in the practice of war, and counting on his own personal valour to redeem every error of

‘judgment.’ Lannes had with him Suchet’s division, veterans long trained to war on the light method bequeathed by the Revolutionary armies, and perfected by practice: and these officered by men who had all won their posts in real service. The Prussians opposed to them were not much fewer in number, drilled with an exact pedantry now unknown, confident in the hereditary reputation of their army, but slow and unready in movement, and led by officers of little but parade-ground practice. The French division, pouring through a pass into the plain in which the Prussians were drawn up, extended swiftly to its left till it embraced the whole front of the enemy, and then prepared to advance in columns covered by the usual swarm of skirmishers thrown out around the head of each. These the Prussian troops at once began to fire heavily on, either mistaking them for an attack in force, or irritated by their boldness; but the well-dressed lines and serried ranks of Louis were vain against the crouching scattered foe, whose deadly dropping shots his battalions returned in vain. The Prussians fell thick and fast, until Lannes observing his foe already shaken, and having placed his columns so as to seize readily each point of vantage offered by the ground, threw them on swiftly to the attack. Before the Prussian lines could change front, they found the enemy penetrating between them and gaining their unprotected flanks. In vain did Louis ride from side to side encouraging his men; in vain did he try too late to use the slow infantry of the line to support his few riflemen against the skirmishers whose fire was mowing down his close formation. In an hour from the time of the attack his force was in flight, and he himself lay weltering in his blood in the track of the fugitives, cut down by a French sergeant after a brief summons to surrender, a vain sacrifice to the long-cherished notion of the invincibility of the tactics of a bygone age.

Such, though in lesser detail, was the first intelligence from the field of war that rang through Prussia. Then came the fearful news of the defeats of Jena and Auerstadt. The army had been all but destroyed, three of the four chiefs taken or slain, the King was in hasty flight. The defeat by Bernadotte of the last reserves upon the Saal soon followed, the investment of Magdeburg, the defection of the Saxons, the fall of Berlin, the capture of Blücher and his flying cavalry. The evil now thickened day by day, and accusations of rashness, of treachery, of imbecility, of cowardice, were repeated whenever civilians spoke of the once admired national army. At Königsberg, and wherever the German and Slavonic

clements had met closely, there was a sudden division of sentiment and separation of society. The Polish fellow-students of Brandt had naturally but little sympathy for the sufferings of Prussia. They felt not the shame of her defeats; they looked with curious and not unfriendly eyes to the great conqueror who already turned his arms towards their enslaved country. After the first positive news of the course of the campaign, they withdrew from mixing with the Germans; and forgetting their former assumption of Teutonism, called themselves Poles or Lithuanians. Even those from Dantsic, Brandt tells us, kept apart from the real Prussians, amongst whom the misfortunes of their country awoke a warlike spirit which foreshadowed the glorious rising of 1813. All were crying out for arms; and when a royal aide-de-camp reached the city with orders to form new corps of provisional battalions, a crowd of students came forward to offer their services. Brandt was one of those accepted for an ensign's duty in one of eighteen battalions to be raised in East Prussia, the ranks of which were to be filled by conscripts or discharged soldiers called back to service. Little but misery could be expected in such quarters as he now found himself, placed in a semi-Polish village for winter training, under a Government whose warlike means were exhausted or in the enemy's hands, and with small knowledge on the part of most of the officers and men, of the profession they had suddenly adopted. Cold, dirt, and scanty rations were the chief features of the life of the new ensign and his brother-soldiers, and the only military necessary of which there was abundance was the drill, which went on unceasingly. The training was at first by companies, but these were soon formed into battalions, and the latter before long were completed and tolerably instructed. Probably the Prussian Government had not the means of putting them into the field, for through the long spring of 1807 they were left unemployed, not without murmuring on the part of the officers, who envied the brave deeds of their comrades at Eylau, and believed that a reinforcement to Lestocq's corps before the battle might have made of the indecisive struggle a glorious victory. Young Brandt meanwhile did not waste his leisure, but gave his spare hours to the study of the small library he had brought with him, and almost learnt by heart Cæsar's 'Commentaries,' the 'Seven Years' War,' and Voltaire's 'Charles XII.,' in the intervals of drill, finding this easier, he says, than to command his squad with the full confidence necessary in an efficient officer. At length an order reached the battalion to march upon Tilsit, which was received with joy until news came of the

cause. Prussia's hitherto faithful ally, the Czar Alexander, had seen his chosen general Benningsen throw away the whole advantage of a long and able defensive campaign by the one morning of rashness that brought on the battle of Friedland. Hoping vainly to surprise a French detachment, he risked an army, inferior in numbers and less easily moved than the French, in face of the enemy and with a deep river in its rear. Napoleon seized on his advantage with a readiness worthy of his young days of Italy, and the victory which followed, though more easily won than those of Marengo and Austerlitz, was as striking and decisive as either. Russia abandoned her ally a few days later, and the victor was able to dictate his own terms to the prostrate monarchy of the Hohenzollerns. Prussia came out of the struggle shorn of half her territories, and a mere helpless vassal of the French Empire. Among her losses were the recent acquisitions of Polish soil, and her boundaries were so freely clipped to make the new Grand Duchy of Warsaw formidable, that some hundreds of thousands of pure Germans were transferred to the latter, and became in all but name subjects of France. Among those thus abruptly handed over was the family of Brandt, and the young ensign was ordered forthwith to lay aside his Prussian commission and repair to his home. His discharge bore on its face the official endorsement of its purpose, being 'granted in order 'not to withdraw the bearer from the service of the new 'authorities of his country.'

Following out the instructions handed him, the ex-ensign made his way to Warsaw and presenting himself to the commandant, was sent on to appear personally before Davoust, who held a sway, almost absolute at that period of military rule, over the newly-formed Grand Duchy, of which he was Governor-General. The young Prussian, after some waiting, was ushered suddenly into the presence of the redoubtable Marshal. He found leaning against a doorpost a middle-sized strongly-built man, somewhat under forty years old, of stern hard features and thoroughly military bearing, dressed in a simple uniform, with jackboots and a plain officer's sword, his rank being denoted only by the silver baton embroidered on his epaulets. 'You are from the 'Memel,' he asked at once of Brandt; 'did you see the 'Queen there?' 'Yes, your Excellency, I saw her but the 'day before I came away.' 'Was she in trouble? Did she 'look sorrowful?' were the next questions put rapidly by the interrogator. 'I only saw her walking on the beach 'with the two eldest princes,' was the reply, which produced

a sharp 'Answer me my question; did she look as if she 'were in trouble?' 'Yes, indeed,' replied Brandt. more boldly; 'and she had good cause, for they have taken half 'his country away from the King.' 'And whose fault is 'that?' went on the Marshal, without showing any anger at the Prussian sympathies of his hearer, but seeking apparently to work up his own feelings of hostility to the injured royal house; 'was it not she who forced the poor King into danger? 'Did not she compel him to throw down the glove to the 'Emperor? Was not she herself at Jena, haranguing the 'regiments in uniform? But for her intrigues and the bluster 'of the officers of the guard, the King would have now been 'in alliance with us, and the monarchy of the Great Frederic 'not have been dashed to pieces. However,' he suddenly added, recollecting himself, 'all this is no business of yours. 'Go back to your own home, and be henceforward a faithful 'subject of your new lord.'

Brandt went, but only to find that all the comfort and prosperity of his father's house was destroyed by the waste of war. The exactions of the French commissariat had almost ruined his own family, while all around them there reigned the confusion of revolution, for the Prussian functionaries had been removed and their places were not yet supplied. Feeling his presence at home to be but an additional burden on means already overtaxed, and burning to put his lately acquired knowledge to some use, Brandt resolved, in spite of Davoust's warning, to seek entrance once more into the Prussian army. His father had once been acquainted with Blücher, who was at that time stationed near the Polish frontier of Prussia; and armed with a letter to the veteran, even then a distinguished officer, young Brandt made his way to his quarters. The general read carelessly the introduction handed him, and roughly told the applicant that he knew already of too many in the same case, and could do nothing for him. The coarse sharp manner with which Brandt's suit was rejected, struck him all the more after a visit made on quitting Blücher to the heroic and ill-fated Schill, whose personal courage and warm patriotism had made him known in Prussia far better than most officers of higher rank. He had already come to be looked upon by many as the future champion of their suffering country, and Brandt's friends had advised him to try what an interview there would do for him in case he failed to find aid in Blücher. Schill, though already the centre of a movement which gave birth afterwards to the famous *Tugend-bund*, could promise nothing for the young man who sought his interest; but his

manner was in pleasing contrast to that of the old general, and the writer pays our nation the compliment of finding no word so suited to express his admiration of it as that of *gentlemanlike*, borrowed into his text from our tongue.

Heartsick with disappointments and weary with his journey, Brandt once more gained the Polish town of Sochaczew, near which his parents lived. He found here an ex-Prussian officer and friend of his father's, who had been appointed to the nominal command, merely for the purpose of making him responsible for the supplies of a French division which was in camp not far off. French officials in the characters of town-major and government secretary ruled the district through the Commandant, and led the poor man, who knew but little of their tongue, a life of misery; while he dared not resign his post for fear some successor should be appointed, less reluctant than himself to spare the inhabitants as much as possible from further exactions. Brandt offered his assistance in the Commandant's office, and was gladly accepted, being appointed, as the only equivalent his friend could give, to the rank of corporal unattached. Two months passed away in this fashion, the young man's zeal and attention making him more and more useful, when there reached the place a Polish major employed in gathering recruits for the troops then being raised for French use on the banks of the Vistula. He applied to the Commandant for the aid of a temporary adjutant, and obtained the loan of the services of young Brandt, who received his warm thanks, when he left the place a few days later, for the assiduity and activity which had enabled him to finish his business with unhopèd-for speed. But this officer, it soon appeared, had not contented himself with empty praise. Though he held out no promise of helping Brandt to a better position, he remembered him to some purpose when he reached Warsaw. Three weeks after his departure, a French gendarme reached the Commandant's office at Sochaczew, with a despatch addressed to 'Mr. Brandt, late ensign in the Prussian service.' Opening it, he found, to his astonishment, that Marshal Davoust had appointed him sub-lieutenant in the 'Legion of the Vistula,' under authority from the Emperor to fill up the vacant commissions in the new corps, and now directed him to proceed to the dépôt of the regiment, which was to be located at Sédan, in France. The young Prussian was too well trained in submission to local authority and too desirous of employment to do more than cast one glance of regret at his lost chance of fighting for his native country. In a few days more he was on his march through it with 500 Polish recruits, and ere long, traversing

the great road by which Napoleon was to flee ruined from Leipsic six years later, arrived upon the Rhine at Mayence, and crossed the river into France.

Marching in that country he found more pleasant than in Germany, where the political circumstances of the time made the Poles peculiarly obnoxious. 'They left off calling us 'barbarians, and rascally' Chinese,' he says, 'though our village 'quarters were still rough and unpleasant enough.' Arrived at Sédan, the new recruits were properly shod, dressed, and after a very brief delay, ordered forward to join the armies gathering at the gate of the Pyrenees. Napoleon's first Spanish adventure had disastrously failed, through the incompetency of Dupont, hitherto a favourite and distinguished general. Europe had heard with astonishment of 20,000 disciplined French troops laying down their arms to a mere mob of hasty levies. All Spain had risen. English gold and arms were pouring in to the aid of the insurgent Juntas. Moreover, the French in Portugal had been completely defeated about the same time by a young British general; one Arthur Wellesley, hitherto unknown to European fame, and had evacuated that country altogether. A small corner only of the Peninsula was left to the king whom Napoleon had named to the throne of which he had laid treacherous hold under guise of friendly intervention. Europe had witnessed the new turn of events with astonishment, and there were not wanting prophets to declare that the hour of Napoleon's fall was near, and that Fortune had for ever abandoned the man who had used her favours so ill. But the Emperor took better measure of the calibre of his enemies and the immediate circumstances of the time, and prepared deliberately to enter Spain in person with resistless strength, little dreaming of the tenacity of the national resistance which was before him, or the fatal wound to his strength which 'the Spanish ulcer' was little by little hereafter to inflict. A quarter of a million soldiers were passing the Pyrenees to avenge the disaster of Baylen, and among them young Brandt, with his squad of Polish recruits, left Bordeaux after a brief halt to take their part in the great Peninsular campaign of the autumn of 1808. He had time to mark the true Southern looseness of manners which showed itself in forms repulsive to his stricter sentiment, as his detachment made its last marches in France; to observe the strange likeness of the sandy wastes and fireclad heaths of the Landes to the Polish plains in which his childhood had been passed; to gaze wonderingly at the building at Bayonne, where the Emperor had meditated on and fixed the fate of the Spanish princes who



had trusted themselves to his keeping; to glance at the baths of Biarritz lately used by Napoleon himself, while the cavalry of the guard formed a chain of videttes from sea to sea, circling round the bathing-place for the protection of his sacred person; to call up to memory the mysterious legends of the stony pass of Fuenterrabia into which the column next plunged; to see at every stage the individuality of the Polish depôt melted away in the gathering military stream in which it formed but a drop: and so the young subaltern found himself in Spain, marching as already in the enemy's presence, with van and rear guard, and side patrols searching closely every lurking place, and his illusions as to the romance of the country vanishing as the promised land of beauty resolved itself into a succession of paltry villages of closely fastened houses, tenanted chiefly by hideous old women, with here and there a few peasants dirty and degraded, but still defiant of the invaders.

Brandt's first Spanish quarters proved more agreeable than the outer aspect of the house, a closely-barred decayed mansion, had promised. The host, a genuine hidalgo in birth and manners, did his best to converse with his unbidden guests, 'which, as he did not understand either French or German, and spoke chiefly on religious subjects,' was not at first an easy matter. Having made out the tenor of his questions to concern the faith of the strangers, Brandt wrote out for him in Latin the Apostles' Creed, which not only satisfied the Spaniard of the soundness of their tenets, but led to his raking up, for present use, the stock of that language he had brought many years before from the University of Huesca, where he had studied with intent to take orders. A conversation in this medium followed, turning on the politics of the crisis, the host declining to give Napoleon the rank of 'Cæsar' or 'Imperator,' and allowing him no more honour than was implied in the title of 'Supremus dux Franco-Gal-lorum.' When on further questioning, the guest declared himself not a Catholic but a Lutheran, and assured the host that in Germany people of the two churches could meet together, live together, and even marry one another, the good Spaniard declined to give ear to such wondrous stories, and declared that for him anyone who used the Apostles' Creed was a good Catholic and no heretic, and as such he would welcome him. 'The conversation,' adds the memoir, 'affords such an excellent illustration of the state of the land in which I was to pass the next few years, that I have purposely dwelt on its details.' The next stage brought him to Pampeluna, where

he found leisure to visit the works of the citadel and examine the entrance where a party of French soldiers, from an encampment outside, had surprised the place in the preceding winter under cover of a pretended snowball match, the players and spectators having their arms at hand in a bread-cart. St. Sebastian and Barcelona, with other lesser places, had been occupied in a like treacherous manner, and their seizure by a pretended ally, according to our writer, had much to do with the hatred which brought on the subsequent insurrection.

The campaign had fairly opened when Brandt reached Pampluna. It is not necessary for us to follow out in detail the childish strategy with which the Spanish leaders, intoxicated by the success of Baylen, sought to surround and cut off Napoleon's concentrated masses. Against such imbecility the Emperor would have triumphed with ease, even had he not wielded armies superior in numbers as well as training to the ill-organised bodies which were scattered on his front and flanks. An English reader may well take comfort in the thought that the only exception to the faults of Napoleon's enemies in that fatal autumn, was the gallant blow by which Moore, striking on the conqueror's communications, released Madrid for a while from pressure, and gave the remnant of the Spanish forces time to recover from their first disasters. When Brandt came on the scene, and joined his regiment, the armies of Estremadura and Galicia had been already scattered by the French, and Lannes was marching against those of Andalusia and Arragon, which formed the western part of the great arc which the Spanish had formed round their enemy. Despite the misfortunes of their comrades, the two commanders, Castanos and Palafox, had too much jealousy or over-confidence to unite, although both were close to Tudela and within sight of each other. Lannes paused, according to his orders, for a day or two, to give Ney, who was co-operating to the westward, time to cut the foe off from Madrid, and then moved his columns against them. He was suffering at the time from a severe accident, yet exerted himself personally to reconnoitre the Spanish positions, and discovered the two armies just so far apart as to give him the opportunity, which he eagerly seized, of beating them in detail. Turning first against Palafox, whose troops were drawn up in a line so long as to be far beyond their commander's power to manœuvre, he rapidly attacked the Spanish centre with the division of Mathieu, supported by the brigade of Habert, of which Brandt's regiment formed part. The Spanish regiments menaced gave way at once, and Lannes pouring his cavalry through the opening, the whole army of

Arragon was soon in ignominious confusion and retreat. Lannes then executed a rapid change of front to his right to move against Castanos; but the troops of the latter were so intimidated by the spectacle of the defeat of their comrades, that they moved off without even waiting to receive the attack, bringing on their commander by this conduct the vulgar charge of treason, with which the generals of revolutionary armies are for ever assailed when unsuccessful. Brandt relates but briefly the events of this important day, in which the imaginary strength of Spain finally collapsed; and his account of it is chiefly given from notes made long after, partaking thus rather of the historical than the personal view. In fact, his own battalion being held in reserve, never approached the enemy at all, and but that a cannon-shot or two went over his head, he could with difficulty believe he had shared in a great action, in which the enemy left behind them 4,000 killed (including many drowned in the attempt to escape over the Ebro), and thirty guns. The whole event seemed like a dream to the young subaltern, who never saw the Spaniards distinctly, and though continually advancing with his regiment, only heard the shots getting more and more faint in the distance, as the retreat changed into rapid and unresisting flight. His corps, the 3rd, which had done most of the work, had apparently reason enough to despise their adversaries; but were soon to learn the old lesson, that troops contemptible in the field, may yet fight desperately under cover. The remains of Palafox's army sought refuge in Saragossa, and recovering heart when they found themselves unpursued by Moncey (who now commanded in Lannes's place), prepared for that defence which has made the city for ever famous in the history of patriotism. Moncey was thought but poorly of by his soldiers, who from the first instinctively felt him to be but a slow and feeble successor to the brilliant victor of Tudela. Although the battle was won on November 23rd, not two days' march from Saragossa, it was a week before the French commander came in sight of the city; and when fairly before it, want of means, or dread of repeating the failure made earlier in the war, held him back from any attempt to take the place by a coup-de-main: nor was it until he had received a regular park of heavy guns, and been reinforced by the whole corps of Mortier, that he commenced, about the middle of December, after several vain summonses to Palafox, the first operations of the memorable siege.

The story of that heroic struggle has never been so agreeably told as in the memoirs of the young German whose career we are following. Brandt was, indeed, unfortunate enough to

be detached at its opening to Alagon, where the hospitals of the army had been opened after the late victory, and to fall ill of an infectious fever which was fatal to hundreds of the wounded soldiers whose lives the Spanish bullets would have spared. But after looking closely at death in a form more frightful to the soldier than the worst to be met on a battlefield, after wandering from his quarters in a delirium, and unconsciously taking possession of a bed in a ward full of dying privates, the young Prussian fell into the hands of a rough but kind-hearted doctor of his own regiment, and speedily recovered. In January he was again at the camp, and soon afterwards ready to take his turn of the most severe duty that subaltern was ever taxed with; for Grandjean's division (to which Habert's brigade belonged), was charged with the principal attack, and no regiments were more distinguished than those of the Vistula Legion, whose chief, Colonel Chlopicki, here first earned the high name which he kept to the end of his career.

Brandt found his battalion regularly quartered with others in some former gardens of the suburbs. The field officers and staff were, for the most part, housed in the ruins of some sheltered building; but the bulk of officers and men alike were living in narrow excavations covered over with earth laid on branches, and supplied with slender rations, eked out chiefly by food purchased from certain adventurous suttlers of the French side of the Pyrenees, who had swarmed across the mountains—the roads into France being then tolerably safe—to trade on the wants of their countrymen. The soldiers would in general have been poor customers, but for irregular resources not recognised in the imperial pay-lists. The chief of these during the early part of the siege was the plunder of the pockets of the Spaniards slain in the continuous skirmishing by which the French carried the suburbs and olive-yards around the city after a contest of many days. At that time the defenders were frequently more numerous than the assailants, and among them were a large proportion of patriotic volunteers who had flocked into Saragossa from the country, bringing all their little worldly wealth upon their persons. There were in Brandt's regiment many gamekeepers and foresters from the woods of East Prussia, accustomed to shoot from their youth, who found the prospect of such human quarry so much to their taste, that they were never so pleased, during this part of the siege, as when it fell to the turn of their battalion to furnish picquets for the front.

The work became closer and more serious about the time that

Brandt resumed duty. Under the guidance of a veteran sergeant who had fought in former days in Italy, Austria, and Poland, he learned all the mysteries of loopholing to advantage, so as to keep his own men under cover, at the same time, as far as possible, observing the enemy. Attacks now went on unceasingly, and before long the besiegers made good a lodgement in the city: but their real work still remained to be done, for Saragossa was crowded with massive stone buildings, convents for the most part, with walls of such portentous thickness as to make of each a separate fortalice, while the narrow devious streets were so wholly commanded by the windows or loopholed openings used by the defenders, that they were almost useless for purposes of approach. The French were reduced to winning their way to the heart of the place by the slow process of mine and sap, varied by sharp assaults upon the strong buildings successively breached by their explosions, and in each case obstinately defended. Thus week passed after week, with constant losses, frequent displays of individual heroism, and a regular though often very slow advance; for Lannes had returned to take command of the army, and his energetic spirit breathed itself through all below him. Lacoste, the general of engineers, who had become known in person to every soldier of the attacking force, fell a sacrifice to a needless exposure of his person on a subaltern's duty; but Rogniat—in later days the severest critic of his imperial master's method of war—took up the work with zeal, and it went forward steadily, each lodgement in a building newly gained being thoroughly strengthened by Lannes' own orders before a new one was made; until, on the 18th February, the University buildings, which commanded the junction of the two principal streets, and had resisted all attempts at assault, were blown in with 1,500 lbs. of powder, and the column of attack that followed the explosion safely lodged within. Palafox then at once wisely treated, and three days afterwards the remains of his once formidable garrison defiled before the French army and laid down their weapons. The imperial soldiers viewed with some indignation the *cortége* of about 10,000 ill-clad irregulars who appeared. Their ranks were full of grey-bearded men and lads, their discipline was nominal, their uniform for the most part confined, except for the officers, to a grey cloak and red cockade, these volunteers being clad otherwise just as they had left their distant homes, in peasants' or artisans' dress. The French soldiers murmured audibly that they should be drawn up in parade order to receive so mean a set of prisoners; but the Spaniards (our writer judges) looked on their defenders

with very different eyes, and the spirit of earnest resistance which began at Saragossa, kindled at every opening, and made the subjugation of the Ebro provinces the hardest task a French marshal ever accomplished.

There is nothing novel in the admiration extorted from Brandt by the obstinacy of the defence: but he shows us that there is another less popular but equally true side to the story of Saragossa, which is that the resistance made by Palafox reflects not less credit to those who had to overcome it, and involved losses to the gallant Spaniards out of all proportion to their number. The glory, he says, which the world has bestowed upon the latter, should by right belong first to their conquerors. Deducting the divisions detached to watch against attempts made to relieve the place, Lannes had but about 15,000 men available for the actual attack. Of these nearly a third succumbed to the enemy's fire, or the more dreaded typhus; but they managed to hold within their works a fighting force estimated at the outset at 30,000 soldiers and irregulars, and to destroy or take the whole. The service was naturally unpopular as well as severe. 'Why did not I fall at Eylau or Friedland,' said a dying officer of grenadiers to Brandt, 'where we were fighting against a worthy enemy?' It was only the devotion of the higher staff which maintained in the soldiers for weary months the necessary zeal and fire. Brandt himself on various occasions saw not only his brigadier, Habert, but Junot and Lannes, take up a musket in the trenches, and exchange shots with the enemy's marksmen. The latter exposed himself repeatedly like the meanest soldier, and on one occasion Brandt watched him continuing to fire, until the enemy, annoyed at the persistence of the unknown skirmisher, deliberately trained a howitzer on the portion of parapet behind which he stood, the first shell from which killed a captain of engineers at the Marshal's side. Junot was more reckless still than his chief, fully justifying his reputation won at Toulon, where he first owed Napoleon's notice to this quality of daring. He delighted apparently in sitting coolly under a hot fire, discussing the proceedings round him in rough soldier's phrase with anyone who was near; and it was after such a conversation, at a time of special danger, that Brandt heard a veteran major near him grumble forth, 'Is it possible that this man, who is so hopelessly mad, can be kept at the head of a *corps d'armée*?'

At times it needed something more than cool conduct towards the enemy to preserve the sway of these rough leaders over the rougher elements they ruled. General Habert, a tall

powerful man, a type of the coarse but daring officer of the Republican era, was stooping one day to gain cover as he passed along a trench by a party of recruits who had just joined one of his French regiments. 'Ha! your generals are afraid sometimes, then,' cried one of the coarse jesters who are to be found in every company of common soldiers. Foaming with sudden anger, the Brigadier turned upon the daring speaker, seized him by the collar, and pulling him out of his cover, held him on the top of the parapet, standing himself by his side. A volley was poured on them at once by the enemy, and the unhappy joker fell dead, while the general escaped with a slight flesh wound in the arm. 'It serves the conscript right,' was the only comment made by the comrades of the slain soldier, 'for speaking like that of such a general as ours.' And to the end of the siege, the brigadier, despite other outbreaks of violence, was as popular as ever with those whose perils he shared.

For some months after the fall of Saragossa the campaign in Arragon languished. General Habert was unfortunate enough to fail—thanks partly to his own fierce temper—in the only operation of importance entrusted to his brigade; and the failure was a significant proof of the difficulties nature had placed in the way of the conquest of the rugged country. The general was engaged in crossing the Cinca river, which he had approached by a forced march, and was hurrying on the passage of the advance guard of his brigade in the only two skiffs available, when he was interrupted by one of the boatmen, who was seen by Brandt to rush up and hastily accost him, as though remonstrating at the continuance of the attempt. The Spaniard was repelled with a loud curse, accompanied by a kick, for his interference, and the passage went on for a brief space, until the eight flank companies of the brigade and a small detachment of horse were safely across. Then the wisdom of the warning became apparent. The river suddenly rose, as the boatman had predicted, and poured down its bed in a few seconds in a raging torrent, which at once forbade all thoughts of further crossing. The companies already sent over were cut off from the bulk of the force, and the noise of the stream prevented all attempts at communicating with them. The flood showing no signs of abating, and no orders from their chief being likely to reach them, they were seen to move off, and disappeared from the sight of their comrades, no one knew whither, whilst General Habert, after vainly trying to pass at other points, and waiting the whole day in hopes of communicating with them, returned the next morning to Barbastro,

from which he had marched. Two days later the lost cavalry suddenly appeared, but only to bring the ill news that the whole of the infantry that had passed, the picked troops of the brigade, had fallen into the enemy's hands. Their senior officer had formed the idea, on discovering his isolated condition, that his safest course was to march due eastward through the Pyrenees into France; but the Spanish garrison of Lerida, with the aid of the guerillas who swarmed in that district, had headed his column off on every side, until, worn out with fatigue and hunger, it had been compelled to surrender. Habert, who had forced them into peril, and been unable to devise means for their succour, was in despair over the loss of his favourite companies. The rough soldier was seen to burst into tears, exclaiming frantically, '*Oh ! mes pauvres grenadiers ! mes braves voltigeurs !*' with genuine self-reproach for his own want of precaution. Suchet has not omitted to note the disaster in his memoirs, nor to remark that for ages this river Cinca had been noted for the sudden and dangerous floods which sweep down its bed from the mountains without warning.

This failure, and some others less important, had seriously depressed the spirits of the 3rd corps, which had been left under Junot after Saragossa fell; but the advent of Suchet, who was appointed to the command in the summer of 1809, soon worked a wondrous change. Then was seen to the full how completely, in time of active service, the character of a chief is infused through the army placed under him, and influences even its lowest ranks. The new general won the respect of his troops at once by the practical skill with which he examined their appointments in his first inspection, and their affection by the praise he bestowed freely where officers and men deserved it. Each private felt from that time that he had over him a general who cared honestly for his wants, and exacted from him no unnecessary toil, though the enemy were to feel his activity against them to be unsparing when activity was of service. Discipline was rigidly enforced, and the country-people so fully protected from all individual exaction, that Brandt tells us of a soldier being sent before a court-martial for robbing a peasant of a few eggs. Hence trade forthwith resumed its natural course where not interrupted by the guerillas, and the presence of these became more dreaded than that of a French garrison. The regular taxes, aided by forced rations for troops on the march, sufficed for the fair wants of the army, and supplied means for the series of operations which the new chief soon began, and which was continued, with almost unvaried success, until his sway was



extended over a third of Spain. In these campaigns, of which Suchet himself has ably written, Brandt shared to the full. The young Prussian subaltern came to be personally known to the Marshal; had the command throughout the years 1810–11 of a picked company of skirmishers; and saw Blake's army driven out of the field, shut up in Valencia, and finally forced to surrender to a force but very little exceeding its own numbers. Two years and a half had passed by in the operations which caused Napoleon to declare Suchet the best general he possessed, and which left the Marshal, at the opening of 1812, in almost undisturbed possession of all that part of Spain which Wellington's operations could not reach. Brandt judges Suchet rather to have been a man of exceeding energy in action and carefulness in preparation, than a soldier of great genius. He lived with remarkable simplicity even when ruling absolutely three large provinces; and although his wife was with him whenever he halted, his table was invariably of the plainest description. 'Vegetables of the country and the inevitable mutton cutlet, the whole consumed in 'a quarter of an hour,' formed the simple entertainment, at which Brandt, in his capacity of officer on guard at headquarters, was often present. He had gained the Marshal's confidence by this time very specially for one of his rank, and had received from him the Cross of the Legion of Honour after a second wound, with a promise of the promotion which reached him not long after. He was therefore but little surprised when sent for by his chief, and told that he was selected to escort the captive Spanish general on the first stages of his journey towards France. At this his last interview with his renowned leader, Brandt could observe plainly a depression ill corresponding to the recent triumph that had rewarded such long toils, and believed it to be the consequence of the news which had just reached the army of a fresh outbreak of the insurrectionary spirit of Arragon, extending to the very gates of Saragossa. Possibly the Marshal, in the midst of his successes, foresaw the day when the faults of others would undo all the advantages he had won for France, and force her to abandon his hardly-won conquests. 'Marmont calls him a 'mediocre officer—not one of those special men who grow 'greater with danger,' observes our writer justly; 'but for all that, he was the only French general in Spain who uniformly 'succeeded in all his undertakings.' The Marshal gave his instructions as to Blake in the few significant words—'Treat 'him like a commander-in-chief, but watch him as you would 'a rascal;' renewed his promise of obtaining Brandt his early

promotion, and dismissed him to his new duty with the kindly-expressed hope of seeing him soon again in Valencia—a hope not destined to fulfilment, for the young lieutenant was never again to meet the chief under whose teaching he had been trained into a practised soldier.

The escort set out on its way, and Brandt, before his task was ended, found good reason to remember the Marshal's caution. The frontier of the province of Valencia had not long been passed when he found himself compelled to halt at Uldecona, a small place which had been vacated for some reason by the French garrison. This being the first time that he had been compelled to trust to his own detachment for security through the night, and the vicinity being thickly wooded, he spent the evening in placing his posts so carefully as if possible to guard against surprise from without or escape from within. Some steps from the balcony of General Blake's chamber led direct into the garden, and near this point the anxious lieutenant not only placed a special post, but visited it repeatedly after darkness came on. It was an hour after midnight that he was thus inspecting his watch, when he heard a door open quietly on the balcony, and saw the General appear full dressed. Finding himself, however, observed by Brandt, who now ascended from below, the Spaniard asked who was there, and receiving the reply, 'The commander of your Excellency's 'guard,' retired, either disconcerted from his attempt or annoyed at the appearance of suspicion. Although the exercise of this vigilance by Suchet's orders towards a high officer on his parole might seem at first unjustifiable, it must be remembered that Generals O'Donoghue and Renovales had just before disappeared from similar custody, violating their word of honour under pretence that these were made void by a guerilla attack upon their escort.

Next day the party arrived at Tortosa, but on the way were joined by a Colonel Pépé, a Neapolitan in the French service, who had been appointed to conduct the Spanish commander thence into France. Blake having complained to Pépé of the surveillance under which he had been placed the night before, the colonel took, or pretended to take, the captive's part, and reproached Brandt roundly, even threatening to report him, although the latter showed that he had but carried out Suchet's orders. The subaltern was not sorry when a slight return of an old fever came on him at Tortosa, and gave a fair excuse of his leaving his detachment for the time, and with it the obnoxious duty. This was his last employment in Spain; for making his way on recovery to his battalion, he found it under sudden orders

for France with the rest of the Vistula Legion. The spring of 1812 had now set in. Napoleon's gigantic scheme for completing the subjugation of continental Europe was about to be put in execution; and Polish troops could least of all be spared from this greater design to share longer in the Spanish struggle which he deemed of such minor importance. Yet Wellington had now wrested Portugal a second time from the grasp of the Imperial Eagles, and, firmly established on its strong eastern frontier, was preparing to pierce the barrier of fortresses which separated him from Spain, and to win fresh triumphs from the divided armies of Joseph in the new year's campaign. The spring was to give him Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos; the summer to behold him scattering in rout the army of Napoleon's favourite marshal at Salamanca; the autumn to find the French authority tottering throughout the Peninsula in every province save those held by Suchet. This very year, destined to be so fatal to his armies in Spain, was selected by the Emperor for throwing the bulk of his forces to the very opposite extremity of Europe, thus leaving his brother's marshals wholly beyond reach of succour, if fortune should declare itself for the patient and watchful enemy who had just baffled them in Portugal. Such rashness was not unnoticed by those in the French army to whom a long course of training under the Eagles had left an independent thought. Murmurs were audible among the officers ordered from Spain, and the thoughts of many were put into plain words by Chlopicki, the favourite chief of the Polish Legion, whose saying, 'Our good Napoleon has lighted his candle at both ends, and will be burning his fingers very soon,' expressed pithily the doubts of the hour, and reads now with all the force of prophecy.

Although expecting soon to revisit their own country, and possibly to assist in restoring her past glories, the Polish soldiery had many regrets in leaving Spain. Hard as their service had been (for Suchet's campaigns were in fact a series of sieges, varied by marches and combats), it had had its alleviations. The character of the commander had caused his troops to be everywhere respected. Except where the professional guerillas—little better often than bandits on a grand scale—held sway over a district, Suchet's forces had of late met with but little of that persistent hostility with which the French had to struggle in other parts of Spain. They had advanced gradually in the career of conquest from the rugged districts of Arragon and Catalonia into the smiling plains of Valencia, which Brandt declares to have struck him as worthy of the Spanish saying which makes of them 'a Paradise,'

though he will not admit that the violent passions of the natives, though remarkable enough even in Spain, deserve the qualification which the proverb adds, 'peopled with devils.' The rough Polish soldiery fully appreciated the productiveness, if not the scenery, of their late quarters, and a veteran sergeant, as he turned his back on the last view of the district, was heard to declare, what was no uncommon sentiment, 'One 'can live better there by soldiering than by hard work in our 'country'—words which clothe with reality the old tale of the avidity with which the barbarian invaders of the Roman Empire poured down upon the sunny lands of Southern Europe.

Brandt himself had his personal regrets as he turned his face towards the Pyrenees. The mountains shut from the young man's gaze a spot to him sacred, which he was never more to revisit, the small town of Catalayud, where, two years before, he had passed through what he terms the 'Idyll of my Life,' an innocent love-passage with a young ex-novice. All the sentiment of a true German lover is poured forth in his description of his short acquaintance with the fair Inez, whose guardian, a hard uncle of the true Spanish type, and deep hater of French rule, removed her suddenly from the place during one of the absences on duty of her young adorer. Brandt from that day never saw nor heard more of this Inez. Happy for them both as he admits this separation to have been (since there could have been no good issue to such an attachment, and their one hope, to escape from her family and get married in France, was practically a dream), yet the sorrow of that loss he declares to have dwelt with him through fifty years of prosperous after-life and a long happy marriage with one of his own rank and nation. No other love, he will have it, is so deeply tender and unselfish as that of a Spanish maiden; and in reading his picture of the simple grace and loveliness of the fair girl of Catalayud, one may realise the truth and beauty of those minor romances of Cervantes, which are so much less known than the world-admired 'Don Quixote,' though hardly less picturesque or less illustrative of the people of whom he wrote.

Brandt found his march through France, when fairly entered on, an agreeable change enough. The Poles were everywhere looked on as good friends and worthy soldiers, and the Cross of Honour, borne by the young sub-lieutenant, attracted constant notice. The decoration was in those days not easily earned. It was something, he says, that men turned round to look at; and princes would do well to remember how

vastly the indiscriminate distribution of such honours deteriorates their practical use as genuine yet cheap rewards of faithful service. Readers of the 'Fézensac Souvenirs' will remember how rapidly promotion in the Grand Army fell upon those who had good military connexions. It speaks volumes for the difficulty of obtaining it without such help that Brandt, after having been chosen before the enemy for the command of a flank company (for such, with its full complement of officers and men, his charge had been), leading it constantly in a succession of combats and sieges for two years, and winning favourable notice and special military honours from a marshal of France, yet left Spain a sub-lieutenant, though he was, as we shall see, to receive his promised step soon after. The Legion marched leisurely at first, but was hurried forward through Central France, and at Montlieu the commanding officers of battalions received sudden orders to send their men forward in country carts. The account of the whole march speaks ill enough for the internal discipline under pressure of the Imperial regiments. The colonel was never seen by the men; the battalion leaders only appeared now and then, instead of sharing the march step by step; and when the carts were provided, for want of any proper supervision parties were allowed to fill each and drive off just as they chose, and to straggle at night from their already dispersed quarters. It was not surprising that from three to four hundred men were absent when the Legion mustered at Versailles, many of whom did not rejoin their standards until the regiment was marching from Paris some days later.

On the 22nd of March, 1812, the Legion entered the capital, and as it stood waiting for orders on the Place Vendôme, Brandt heard his name called out, and saw his colonel holding a paper, which proved to be his long-expected brevet of lieutenant. It was dated on the 25th of March, 1812, an obvious mistake as he judged, for that day year was the date from which Suchet had recommended him, as the day on which he had specially distinguished himself by suppressing with his company a serious *émeute* in the battalion against an unpopular major. Moreover, the commission was a duplicate copy, and the original had no doubt been sent to Spain. But before Brandt had had time to discover the mistake or take steps to have it rectified, he was on his way to Russia, where the ravages of the dreadful campaign that followed were to give him further well-earned promotion. He was yet in the first flush of pleasure when the regiment was ordered to move on to the Tuileries, and making its way with difficulty through

the crowd of vehicles which even in those days choked the Rue St. Honoré, turned into the Place du Carrousel, where the Emperor was in the act of reviewing a large mass of troops. There was little attempt at show; the divisions were drawn up in column; and the Polish Legion took the place assigned to it near the Guard in a very confused state, for it was only by degrees that its ranks were brought out of the disorder caused by hurrying through the crowded streets. But the purpose of the day was not mere parade, nor even the evolutions with which commanders of peace armies are wont to act dramas hardly possible in war. The troops had been summoned together for the special object, more important than these in Napoleon's eye, of bringing his own person into that familiar contact with his soldiery which he had long proved a most powerful means of calling forth their ardour at the commencement of some great undertaking. The Polish Legion waited its turn for inspection patiently, whilst above them in a gallery a party of gaily-dressed spectators made comments on the scene below. Among them one gentleman was conspicuous for the marked indifference with which he turned his back on the review, whilst keeping up a lively conversation with the ladies he accompanied; and some of Brandt's Polish comrades recognised by his uniform the Russian ambassador, not yet dismissed from the Court already openly hostile to his master. In fact, that last exchange of diplomatic forms was still in progress, by which great nations bent on war strive to hide from the world their willingness to enter on the contest, and to throw on their opponents as much as possible the responsibility of the evils which it must needs bring in its train.

A half-hour or more had thus passed, when a sudden call from their commander brought the Legion to attention; and in a few minutes more, the historic form, which was recognised by all as soon as seen, approached the head of the regiment. The Emperor was on foot, with but a few attendants, and among them Chłopicki—some time since made general—and one or two other well-known Polish officers, to whom he first expressed his general satisfaction with the conduct of the Legion. Then he walked slowly down the side of the column, and, stopping suddenly every now and then, interrogated the oldest-looking captain as to his exact country and length of service, inquired the cause of the absence of another whose place with his company was filled by a junior officer, asked Brandt himself sharply how often he had been wounded to get that cross, and, satisfied with the reply, added, 'You are young enough still; you will be a captain in good time.' Then he pulled from a private's haversack

a piece of his morning's ration of bread which was projecting, tasted it, and with an emphatic '*pas mal*,' passed on. His eye falling next on a man of the light company who was exceptionally obese, he told the Polish general to question him as to where he had contrived to get so fat, and having the answer retranslated, 'Since I got back to France,' ordered him to be told, 'You are quite right to take good care of yourself now; you may be obliged to fast by and by.' Passing on, the Emperor indicated one or two men to be called out and show their packs and cartridge-boxes, and expressing his satisfaction with the condition of these, told them to fall in again. Had he unrolled the greatcoats, Brandt adds, he might have seen that they were in a miserable condition, the hasty march of seventeen days which had brought the regiment to Paris having ruined those which the Spanish bivouacs had spared; but this discovery was spared the colonel, whom Napoleon complimented by declaring loudly that his regiment did not the least show the effects of the hard campaign it had just shared. Before passing from it, he selected a veteran sergeant out of those he saw decorated with the Polish medal (the ordinary reward of good conduct in the Legion) to question him publicly as to his services, and finding him to have been five times in the list of the wounded, ordered him the coveted distinction of the Cross of Honour. This last stroke done, he left the regiment, telling the colonel to express officially for him his pleasure at its condition. That afternoon at their quarters an order was read out, conferring a number of decorations on officers and men, those of the former carrying the title of Knight of the Empire and pensions varying from 500 to 3,000 francs. The payment of these, however, was not charged upon the military chest which the Emperor watched so closely, but on certain taxes on the trade of the Rhine, or on the newly conquered districts of Valencia. Prize-agents forthwith appeared, who in those days made a regular traffic of buying up such donations; and the officers who had the Rhenish pensions found no difficulty in obtaining advances: but even Suchet's successes had not made Spanish securities marketable, and the few recipients who lived through the coming campaign found the value of the Valencian grants limited to the accompanying title of Chevalier.

Brandt, with about 5,000 other officers, was that night invited to a banquet to be given by the Emperor, at which, however, the Imperial presence was represented vicariously by Marshal Bessières. The scene was confusing enough, and seemed suited rather to the head-quarters of a conquering army than to an emperor's court, Loud bands, rough soldier waiters,

and coarse crockery, all strangely smacking of the canteen, were intermingled with choice wines and viands of true Parisian excellence. The music of the instruments, and the clatter of the French voices (none but Frenchmen could be heard, says Brandt, in such a din), ceased for a few seconds after the meal was over, and a loud *Vive l'Empereur* to the single toast of the night resounded through the building. Then the assembly dispersed through the city to seek amusement elsewhere. Brandt and his party found places at the theatre, where the *Œdipus Colonus* was performed in a French dress; but, except the acting of Talma\* (which was well suited to the tragic part of Sophocles's unhappy hero), the taste of the young Prussian, trained to the classic original in his student-days, found the whole representation unreal and almost grotesque.

A long inspection by Marmont, who had not yet left Paris for the duel with Wellington which was to ruin his rising fame, occupied the next morning, the whole interior economy of the regiment being looked into by the Marshal in his capacity as Inspector-General of Reviews. Then followed hasty visits to the chief sights of Paris, among which it is strange to note that, despite the presence of Imperialism which pervaded the atmosphere, the deathplace of the slaughtered D'Enghien was especially sought out by curious Polish and German eyes, and its site found to be already made a showplace. Three days later, the regiment was on its march to Sédan, where its dépôt had been stationed ever since the Legion was raised. One only of the four brother-officers who had left the place for Bordeaux with Brandt four years before came back to it again, so severe had been the demands of the Spanish war. The regiment was now, with some others of the Legion, assigned to a newly-formed division, and the Emperor lost all the popularity he had gained among them on his late inspection, when the Poles heard that their beloved chief Chlopicki had been passed over in favour of a French general, Claparède, one noted too for an overbearing brutality of manner, uncommon even in those of the rough school of the Revolutionary armies in which he had been trained. 'We shall find him,' said the old adjutant-major, 'an unpleasant comrade, a perfect roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour;' while another officer bitterly remarked that Napoleon was imitating with the Legion what the allies had done with Poland—tearing it in pieces, and distributing it out to foreigners. The soldiers were as little pleased as their officers, nor had they as solid consolation as the latter, who, on the same day that gave them their new commander,



received through him the Imperial order for the instant formation of the skeleton of a third battalion to the regiment, an order repeated throughout the Legion.

This augmentation of the strength of the corps was carried out with a celerity which probably in no other service but that of Napoleon has ever been attained consistently with the least efficiency. The promotion of all the junior ranks was made over to the colonel, who forthwith told off a sub-lieutenant to take temporary charge of each of the new companies, whose commission as lieutenant was to follow as matter of course. Similarly a non-commissioned officer was selected for each to act as sub-lieutenant, to be confirmed in the rank after a short trial. The higher commissions, however, were reserved, and Brandt found himself for the present in command of the new light company, composed, besides its three officers, of a few picked corporals, and some recruits from the dépôt. A few hours later, he had drawn up his charge for Claparède's inspection, and had to face the sneer with which his new general expressed his doubts whether so young a man could really have deserved the decorations he bore. A warm retort from the lieutenant, declaring that he had won what he wore under Marshal Suchet's own eyes, produced no more apology than the coarse advice, 'Ne vous échauffez pas, Monsieur l'officier;' but the rest of the inspection went on quietly enough; and as the new battalion marched early next morning in advance of the rest of the regiment, Brandt was for the time freed from any disagreeable consequence of the collision. Claparède's conduct, it may be observed, at the head of the division, fully justified the reports that had been heard of his character; but his brutal severity fell oftener during the campaign upon luckless peasants and others who came by chance within his grasp than upon his own soldiery. It is in time of peace, or in the comparative leisure of a garrison, that the exactions of the martinet press most odiously on those he commands. On the march, or before the enemy, there is less opportunity for the exercise of petty tyranny; and soldiers will forgive much that is obnoxious in a general who shows himself fertile in resource and fearless in peril.

In joining his new battalion Brandt had parted from the more educated part of his comrades, and so found little companionship in what would have been otherwise a most interesting journey to one who at every step shows himself an intellectual observer of scenery and manners. At Metz, however, he was fortunate in a fleeting acquaintance with a young artillery

officer, who showed him over the works of the great fortress, and in whom modesty and knowledge seemed, his German listener thought, strangely mingled for one just emerged from cadethood, and joining the most renowned and successful army the world had ever seen. The controversy now being fought out in our own country as to the value of practical or theoretical training for officers, even then occupied men's minds in some degree; for Brandt's new friend lamented the length of the time he had been compelled to pass in studying exact sciences, as so much deducted from that in which he might have been traversing the world with his regiment, and perhaps witnessing, instead of reading of, deeds of arms. The young men parted next day, but they were destined to meet once again. In the crisis of the great battle of Borodino, when Brandt's division was ordered to hold the great redoubt, just carried from the Russians, it was flanked by a battery of artillery which had lost all its officers but one young subaltern, whose valour and exertions awoke admiring comment from Berthier, Davoust, and the Viceroy Eugene, who were all near the scene, and opposite the Russian centre. Seeing him suddenly struck by a cannon-shot towards the close of the fight, the Viceroy desired Brandt to take a surgeon to the spot, and in the dying youth, who was fearfully mangled, our writer recognised the newly-commissioned artillerist of Metz, and thought sadly of the aspirations for real service which were so soon to be fatally realised.

The Legion re-crossed the Rhine, marching steadily eastward. The smiling plains of Saxony and the rougher districts of Silesia were passed in turn, Brandt giving his few leisure hours to the study of a Russian grammar which he had bought upon the way. The roads grew sandier and heavier as the Oder was approached, until the march was so toilsome that waggons were furnished, contrary to the usual practice, to carry the knapsacks and rations, so that the soldiers should be weighted with nothing but their arms. The villages now grew dirtier and more poverty-stricken at every stage, until the German frontier was fairly passed, and the Poles found themselves once more in their own country, under the shadow of the White Eagle, which everywhere marked the spurious sovereignty of that hybrid creation, neither province nor kingdom, the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. French protection had indeed done little for the physical aspect of the country. Focus of Napoleonic intrigue, debateable land between the aggressive Frank and unyielding Muscovite, Poland had had for years to bear much of the pressure of war without its

excitement or its glories; and now, as forming the base from which the Grand Army was to move to its greatest enterprise, the burden lay doubly heavy upon her. Yet no one complained of the government, or threw the odium of crushed trade and exhausted means on French domination. No one expressed a wish to have the Prussian rule restored in Posen. No one, amid all the poverty and misery of the land, murmured at anything more than the general hardness of the times. The Grand Ducal Government was national and popular, because it was felt to sympathise with its subjects. This is strange testimony to gather from a Prussian pen; but it is more striking still, and may bring a lesson to other rulers than the counsellors of the Hohenzollern, to find from such unbiassed authority that the reasons of this strange and complete acquiescence of the Poles in the revolution which had overthrown their late masters, lay in the intense dislike entertained towards the Prussian officials, with their cold rigid measurement of Polish inferiority, their zeal for forcing improvements and education of a strictly North-German type upon a country unprepared to receive them—in short, what Brandt, seeking for a single word, terms the *Borusomania*, which had led his countrymen, during their years of possession, to strive to bring the whole of the institutions of their conquest into the exact mould of their own. It was not what Prussia had desired to do for Poland, but the manner of her doing it, which had made her rule so heavy, that amid the standing exactions caused by protracted preparations for war, none regretted the change of rulers—none, at least, except the few who, like Brandt's own family, born and bred Germans, had settled in Posen, and thus been severed by the political circumstances of the time from the land which still held their affections. For these Prussian settlers, representatives of the Teutonic civilisation which, with the sword in one hand and the spade in the other, had in the struggle of long centuries been winning the broad basin of the Vistula from the Pole, now suffered no less in property than sentiment by the conditions of the struggle in which Napoleon had embarked. 'You have come to a beggar's house,' was Brandt's father's salutation, as he clasped the young lieutenant in his arms; and their greeting was not ended when word was brought that the foragers of a passing French column were taking the very crop off the ground for their horses. 'What am I to do?' said their commander in answer to Brandt's remonstrance. 'I will give the *bons*' (the orders for re-payment of the supplies by the commissariat). 'I make myself responsible to the Emperor for all I take. But I must carry out my instructions, and collect whatever

‘is really necessary for my party. And I find the magazines ‘all cleared already.’ Empty they were, indeed, those stores which in Brandt’s early years had expanded only to grow fuller year by year. Ney and his whole staff had been lodging here for days not long before. The Crown Prince of Wurtemberg and his retinue had succeeded closely the Marshal and his attendants; and the roomy mansion was no sooner freed from the pressure of this uninvited presence of royalty, when it became the quarters of a battalion of French infantry. Brandt’s visit to his former home was necessarily short, and, with a saddened heart and much anxiety for his parents’ future, he turned his back on Sochaczew, and made his way to rejoin his battalion near Thorn.

Early experience had skilled Brandt in his present duty of training Polish recruits rapidly for the field. Supplies of the necessary clothing and arms were abundant and freely dispensed, most of the former having been prepared near the frontier ready for the design which Napoleon had framed long before. Brandt saw the Emperor but once at this period, when he rode hastily on to the ground at the close of a brief review held for him by Mortier, and called sharply for the prefect to complain of the youth of the Polish conscripts, adding, ‘les gens trop jeunes ne font que remplir les hôpitaux,’—words which he must have had a hundred occasions to repeat when the wild enterprise in which he was embarking had left him to struggle during the year following against united Europe with armies built up of the young material he thought so ill of.

Anecdotes of the Emperor’s sayings and doings abounded at this era among the vivacious Poles, and circulated freely through the motley force which was gathering at his orders. Brandt repeats as one of the most prominent of these the well-known address of Napoleon to the Polish deputies, in which he declared himself that in place of Court dress he would have desired to see them ‘booted and spurred like their ancestors in ‘presence of a threatened Tartar invasion.’ This story has been often told before; but the overbearing manner of the Emperor to his allies is better illustrated by his personal treatment of certain distinguished individuals who attended his levées. Amongst these came the Count Szoldrecki, the richest landowner of Poland, whose name Napoleon mistaking for some manufacturer of whom he had heard, addressed him with the abrupt interrogatory, ‘How many hands do you employ in ‘your works?’ Receiving no reply from the puzzled nobleman, he added sharply, ‘You own porcelain factories, do you not?’ and when the prefect, horrified at the mistake, whispered who

the Count really was, his questioner—far from apologising—merely turned away with an ‘Ah ! c’est très-bien,’ and spoke to the next comer. So after a special reception of the Polish ladies, he addressed to a young noblewoman of rather gross proportions the startling words, ‘How many children have you?’ ‘None, sire,’ was the reply. ‘What then, are you a *divorcée*?’ ‘I am not married at all,’ said the lady. ‘Better not take long in choosing; you have not much time to lose,’ was the gallant reply which closed the conversation. There were even severer stories than these afloat; and Brandt meeting an old friend who moved in the best Warsaw society, heard that the impression made by Napoleon was of the most unpleasant character. ‘His manners are thought bad, his voice sharp and creaking, his address imperious and overbearing.’ There was current at this time everywhere an epigram on the new ruler of Poland by a nobleman who had been well known for his intimacy with the former king, Stanislaus, and who gave his verdict on the head of the newly revived Court in the sententious Latin words, ‘*Nec affabilis, nec amabilis, nec adibilis.*’ In fact, the singular elevation which Napoleon had reached, his sense of the enormous means of offence he wielded, the servility of the vassal princes who obeyed his edicts, had altogether blinded his eyes to the insecurity of his position. The muttered threats of hatred and vengeance which had followed his triumphal progress through Europe, were unheard by the dictator. The growing dimensions of the Spanish war which threatened his rear, the activity of the *Tugend-bund*, which spread its ramifications across the vast territory that lay between him and his faithful France, was unknown or unheeded. Even in Poland his policy was suspected, and the strength which that still powerful country might have put forth against his enemies, lay dormant because he lacked the political courage to promise, as the price of victory, her longed-for independence. To pledge himself to this, it is true, might have cost him the half-hearted support of an ally; but the secrecy with which he preferred to veil his future policy was sufficiently alarming to prevent Austria from exerting herself heartily for the overthrow of Russian power, while it checked the beating of the national pulse of Poland, and made the enterprise seem to be for the aggrandisement of an individual rather than the liberation of a people. The most eminent of the many writers who servilely worship Napoleon’s genius as a chief, has pointed out, in an eloquent passage of ‘The Consulate and Empire,’ that this political error, at the very crisis of his fortunes, was an irremediable mis-

fortune to his cause. It has been said of late that he lost his last campaign mainly for want of boldness and decision. The historian who cannot credit his idol's having in the least degree been found wanting in those qualities on the plains of Waterloo, condemns their absence in his Polish policy with severity as bitter as any hostile critic could employ; and this opinion of M. Thiers is fully supported by that of General Brandt, reviewing, in the long years of calm that followed, the stormy scenes in which he had borne a part.

We should need far more than the space allotted to us were we to attempt to follow our author through the story of the last six months of 1812. No passage of history has been more brilliantly or abundantly illustrated by the actors in it than the fatal invasion of Russia; and yet it is not too much to say that no commentary on its details, nor any narrative of its successive phases, has ever been given to the world surpassing that of General Brandt in vivid interest. We may add that the future critic or historian of Napoleon's great disaster can hardly accomplish his task completely without viewing the expedition as it appeared to one who has combined in his description personal sympathy with the Grand Army with the unbiassed judgment of a foreigner on its shortcomings, and who being by education a German, by country a Pole, and by profession a Frenchman, was able to regard the whole struggle of the eventful year without sharing the delirium of national passions amid which Europe arose to tear off the chains that had bound her. Without entering here into any discussion of the general causes of Napoleon's failure, it may be said that, in Brandt's opinion, the aggravated sufferings and vast losses of the retreat from Moscow were due almost entirely to the shameful lack of discipline which had crept into the Grand Army. Probably the very dimensions of his force prevented Napoleon from knowing its disorderly condition. When the frost had once set in with its attendant miseries, it was altogether too late, in Brandt's opinion, to attempt to restore control; but had the staff not previously lost the respect of the soldiers by avoiding its share of the hardships of the campaign, had the same energetic means of punishing stragglers been resorted to as in the equally severe winter of 1806-7, order might have been retained through the most trying periods that followed. A few examples of corporal punishment, such as were administered on the bloody field of Eylau to the absentees who came in after the battle, an execution or two at the head of each column of the first men who wilfully threw away their arms after turning their faces homewards—and

the retreating army might have preserved its cohesion. The stores formed upon the road would then have been properly distributed instead of being lost amid plunder and waste, leaving those who came late to starve even where plenty had been laid up for all. Supplied with food the combatants might have held together, and, by showing a good front, have obtained rest for themselves and given time for the staff to collect and organise the stragglers. But all order had fled before the frost set in and found thousands of unarmed soldiers and disorderly followers, mixed with equipages laden with plunder, impeding and confusing the columns of march. The cold and suffering that ensued only completed the demoralisation of the army which lax discipline had begun. As to the part played by the Russians, General Brandt asserts that but for their faults no single Frenchman should have recrossed the Beresina, much less have made his way safely, as he did himself, though suffering from a wound, back into Poland, where he was received and nursed to recovery at his father's house. It was not until the end of May, 1813, that he was able to rejoin the Legion, now shrunk into a single regiment, with the well-won rank of captain and senior adjutant.

The eventful autumn which followed saw Napoleon, after temporary successes, expelled from Germany by a succession of disasters which only the greater dimensions of those endured the year before in Russia have cast into the shade. Brandt shared to the full in the last and worst of these reverses, and at Leipzig fell desperately wounded into Russian hands. His memoirs, if continued to this point, would have been invaluable to the student of the War of Independence; but his capture and subsequent illness prevented his preserving even the most fugitive notes of the events of 1813, and as far as the military portion of the work is concerned, it closes at the escape of the author from Russia. When next the life of the veteran of Spain and Moscow is continued in detail, we find him once more serving under the flag beneath which the young student of Königsberg had been enrolled ten years before in the hour of Prussia's calamity. It was the policy of the victorious House of Hohenzollern to show that Prussia's late temporary losses of territory had been the mere consequences of military calamity, and to ignore the attendant political circumstances now that military success had restored them. The involuntary transfer of allegiance which had placed Brandt beneath the Imperial Eagles, found easy pardon, and he was received on his own application into the Prussian service, resigning with pleasure the commission proffered him in the Polish army, now absorbed into that of Russia. The remainder of the

long and varied career we have too briefly reviewed was passed in honourable employment under his legitimate sovereign. He lived to serve under Gneisenau and Clausewitz as a confidential staff officer, during the armed neutrality which Prussia maintained upon her eastern frontier in the Polish Revolution of 1831. He became noted as a military essayist, his pen attracting such attention as to single him out by royal choice to defend the Prussian administration against certain virulent attacks made on it by the Paris journals in the early days of Louis Philippe's reign. His ability thus becoming fully known to his sovereign, it was a natural choice which sent him soon after, as the Military Commissioner of Prussia, to report on the condition of the French army under the new régime. At the camp of Compiègne, where the chief force was then exercised, Brandt met on equal terms many ex-Napoleonist generals whose names had been historic when he was yet serving as a subaltern under Suchet; he discussed Prussian organisation with Marshal Soult, and was introduced to Thiers, then in the early prime of parliamentary power, and to the Duke of Orleans, studying hard his part for the crown he was never destined to wear. Among the incidents of the chief review he attended, Brandt observed a young aide-de-camp twice thrown from his horse, yet remounting each time to pursue his duties as actively as if refreshed by his fall. He asked and noted the name of this energetic officer, then Lieutenant Macmahon of the 1st Cuirassiers, and before closing his own memoirs lived to trace in him the now famous victor of Magenta. That these memoirs were not published until after the writer's decease, is sufficiently explained by the outspoken views they express on Prussian policy in Poland. As a record of the achievements of Marshal Suchet in Spain, as a contribution to our knowledge of the ever-fresh tragedy of the Russian invasion, as an impartial criticism of the process by which Northern Germany absorbed the Slavonic provinces on her borders, these volumes are of deep importance to the student of the stormy period with which this century opened. But above all these in interest, in the eyes of many, will be the author's description of the realities of military life under the First Empire. It is hardly too much to say that the study of this work, following that of the Fézensac 'Souvenirs,' throws more light upon the details of the Grand Army, and upon the working of the system which all but enslaved the world, than had been shed by all the national histories and official biographies with which Europe has been deluged these fifty years past.



ART. IV.—*Review of the Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration, by Earl Grey, 1853; and on subsequent Colonial Policy.* By Right Hon. Sir CHARLES B. ADDERLEY, K.C.M.G., M.P. London: 1870.

THE appearance of this volume is extremely opportune, for questions of the utmost importance to the future welfare of the Empire have lately arisen between several of the Colonies and the mother-country; the opinion of Parliament and of the nation is still unsettled upon them; the old principles of colonial government are shaken and overthrown, but the future relations of England to her dependencies are obscure and undetermined; and in one of the most interesting of our transmarine possessions the Government has adopted and acted upon a policy, which subjects the Colonial Minister to attack and may become the subject of Parliamentary discussion. Sir Charles Adderley has thought fit to give to his work the form and title of a Review of Lord Grey's well-known narrative, published in 1853, apparently for the purpose of marking his own emphatic and entire dissent from the views of that energetic Minister on the subject of Colonial self-government and independence. We rather regret that this circumstance has given a polemical character to his remarks, which might be mistaken for personal acrimony. But this, we are persuaded, was not the author's intention. He has selected Lord Grey as the most able and conscientious champion of the principle of interference and control, exercised over Colonies by the Ministers of the Crown, in the interest of those communities and of the Empire. The policy imputed by him to Lord Grey is described, perhaps with some little exaggeration, in the following terms:—

‘That colonies must be maintained for the interests of both sides—for our power, and their care—that all would go wrong with them but for this country's kindly influence over their affairs, and assistance to govern themselves well—that the authority of the Home Government must be exercised in appointing their Governors, and disallowing their bad measures—that the degree of control to be exercised over local authorities by the Secretary of State must differ according to the colonial constitution, but in the case of the freest, such as that of Canada, must be exerted whenever the Imperial interests, or honour of the Crown required—that the Home Government most usefully checked and gave time for reflection to the comparatively inexperienced Colonial Legislatures—in fact, that the Secretary of State should not only advise the Sovereign in the government of Crown colonies, and of stations of commerce and war, and in the instruction of his Representative in con-

stitutional colonial governments, but that he should bring the Sovereign into wholly different relations with subjects out of England, from any held with those in England; and that he should himself exert, in the name of the Crown, powers over them which are altogether unknown to the Constitution of this country. According to his view, the Sovereign is doubly supreme in colonial administration; not only as the constitutional head of the Executive, and final constituent of Legislature, but as overruling autocrat besides, controlling, at discretion, from the seat of Olympian power and wisdom, every action and function of a government in which he has already taken his ordinary part.'

It may be questioned whether Lord Grey will accept this statement as a fair description of his own views and conduct when in office. It savours of caricature. Certain it is that if these views were entertained or acted upon by Lord Grey sixteen years ago, they have now entirely ceased to be the guiding principles of the Colonial policy of this country. Statesmen of all parties have for some years acted upon the opposite system. Mr. Cardwell, Lord Carnarvon, the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Granville have all recognised the doctrine for which Sir Charles Adderley contends, that it is the interest and duty of the Imperial Government to withdraw as much as possible from all interference in the internal affairs of the Colonies, for their sake and for our own; that their strength and vigour depend on allowing them to exercise the fullest amount of self-administration, even when their measures appear to us to be unwise—nay, even when they are injurious to the interests of Great Britain; that we should never consent to purchase an imaginary power and influence over distant communities at the expense of the British tax-payer; that the Colonies should support their own charges, both civil and military, for government and for defence; and that we should rather repudiate than seek to exercise a power which brings with it a degree of responsibility we are ill-fitted to bear. The consequence of the adoption of these principles is that the British Government is now accused of doing, not too much, but too little in Colonial administration; that some colonies finding themselves in difficulties loudly call on us for that assistance and even control, which they bore with impatience in prosperity; and that we are accused of indifference to the integrity and security of the Empire, because we decline to place the resources of this country at the disposal of Colonial Ministers and Colonial legislatures. It deserves to be remarked in passing that, although there are of course differences of opinion on these points between England and the Colonies, and perhaps in some classes of our own people, these

differences do not exist between the leading British statesmen of opposite parties. Colonial Secretaries of Whig and Tory Cabinets have for the last twelve years held precisely the same language to the Colonies. The withdrawal of British troops from New Zealand, which Lord Granville is accused of effecting with excessive suddenness and harshness, is so little sudden or harsh, that it had been distinctly announced as being about to occur by the four Ministers who preceded him in office. To have acted otherwise would have been to abandon the whole policy recommended by Commissions, approved by Parliament, and adopted by successive Ministers. But it is not a little characteristic of the singular state of parties at the present time that the most vehement advocate of this radical reform in our Colonial policy—this absolute rejection of old tradition—this bold appeal to the independence of Colonial democracies—is Sir Charles Adderley, a distinguished member of what was once called the Conservative party, and an Under-Secretary of State in the last Tory Government. We are bound to say that we are unable to discover the slightest tincture of Toryism in these pages, and we question whether Charles Buller or Sir William Molesworth, who were the first apostles of the modern Colonial system, would have ventured to handle the subject with a more entire contempt of imperial authority or a more absolute confidence in colonial freedom.

‘Times are changed,’ says Sir Charles, ‘the world is a wholly new one. . . . To intrude government, albeit in a generous spirit, on those who are born to govern themselves, is to thwart and cripple, not to guide or assist. . . . On English colonies with representative government of their own, there can be no doubt about the mischief of intruding either home government or protection. Some indeed vaguely think that colonies should be kept down, lest they should become independent, with the childish impulse to break a toy which will not do something which it was not made to do. But, say these reasoners, if colonies are to be free to do what they like, they had better separate from us at once. The last course they think of is to let things take their natural way. They do not see that between the alternatives of dependence and separation lies the real secret of a lasting connexion—that of common partnership. But then, say the objectors, this will not last unless there be an actual federation, nor can equal citizenship logically exist without some sort of congress of legislature, giving everyone a voice in the control of common affairs.

‘It is quite true that the next generation of colonists may not be so much attached to England as those who now feel the strongest of all attachments—that of associations with childhood, early life, and education. It is possible that the present idolatry of the British Sovereign will be succeeded by some cooler sentiments of loyalty, in progress of time. It may also be conceded that there is something incomplete and

even contradictory in the theory of fellow-citizenship of which the home-citizens retain a sort of elder brother's share, being alone capable of direct representation in the Council which must have the chief voice in general policy. . . . But what is really the extent to which, in the constituency of our empire of communities, each having locally free Parliaments, the Colonies suffer any default of citizenship by the necessary supremacy of the Metropolitan Parliament over theirs? The supremacy is practically nominal, and perfect self-administration works under it. The contiguity of the American States makes Congress both possible and necessary: the wide separation of English Colonies removes both the possibility and necessity. There cannot be the same kind of connected action between them, but there may be a concert of lasting power.'

These propositions have acquired the force of unanswerable truths with all the Ministers who have of late years been charged with the conduct of Colonial affairs, with the exception of Lord Grey. They are based upon the arguments of some of the ablest writers on political science. They have been confirmed by history and experience. The present Colonial policy of Great Britain is no more than the application of them, with rare exceptions growing out of peculiar circumstances, such as the Jamaica rebellion of 1866. But although these principles are regarded as indisputable by those who are conversant with the science of politics and by those who have had the experience of statesmen, they are still imperfectly understood and accepted by considerable numbers of educated persons; they are not uncontested in the House of Commons; and in the Colonies they have met with a one-sided adoption—a great readiness to accept anything which tends in the direction of colonial independence, but a great reluctance to admit anything which lessens the claims of a colony on the mother-country.

The question is in a state of transition; and although the actual self-administration of the Colonies is a fact which it is impossible to change or to deny, people have not yet accepted or penetrated all the consequences of that fact, and they still reason on colonial affairs under the influence of a sentiment which took its origin in a totally different state of things. It may therefore be of use to point out, as briefly and clearly as we can, what the principle is which now governs the relations of the Colonies to Great Britain, and what are its effects. We shall gladly avail ourselves of Sir Charles Adderley's assistance in this inquiry, for he has collected in the most compendious form a complete summary of our recent colonial history.

The fundamental proposition is simply this; that *the responsi-*

*bility and obligations of the Empire towards a dependency are in the ratio of the power exercised by the Imperial Government over that dependency.* Let us illustrate this proposition by a rapid survey and classification of the dependencies of Great Britain, which present a graduated cycle of every form of colonial government. First stands the Indian Empire: in that our power is absolute and our responsibility complete. It is held by a British army; it is governed by a succession of the ablest civilians England can send out for the purpose, at the head of whom is placed a British viceroy, responsible only to a British Secretary of State. In India there is no self-governing *power*: the part taken by the natives in administration is subordinate to the absolute control of the dominant State. The functions of the legislative and executive Councils are confined to advice. Hence it follows, that in exchange for the loss of their independence, we fairly owe and freely give to the natives of India all that our strength, our capital, our science, our culture can confer upon a dependency for its protection, tranquillity, and improvement. India is in the strictest sense an integral portion of the Empire. No British dependency has ever contributed anything to the military defence or civil charges of the mother-country; but it is due to India to remember that she alone, of all our dependencies, has largely and liberally borne her own expenses; that a large number of British public servants are paid by her; that she supports that portion of the British army which is affected to her service; and that her native troops have been employed with success in foreign wars, as in China and Abyssinia, and do undoubtedly augment the general military strength of the Empire.

Next come the military posts—Malta, Gibraltar, Aden, Bermuda, and some others: they are before all things Imperial fortresses or positions, held for the benefit and convenience of British naval power. The British Government is, and must be, paramount in them. As the independence of their inhabitants is curtailed and subordinate to this paramount imperial interest and authority, they are especially entitled to the solicitude of the Crown. The whole expense of their maintenance as military and naval posts is properly borne by the United Kingdom, and (except Aden) they provide for the cost of their civil government by a moderate amount of local taxation.

In the third rank we may place what may be termed the mercantile posts—possessions of which the value consists chiefly in the facilities they afford to trade and navigation; such as

Hong-Kong, St. Helena, the Falkland Islands,\* and perhaps we may include in this class the Cape of Good Hope. Such possessions are costly : they cannot be self-supporting, but they are of essential service, as stations, to the maritime marine of the United Kingdom. When small they are mere factories ; when large, as in Southern Africa, their importance has often led the British Government to take too active a part in their affairs at great cost to ourselves.

We place in another group the sugar islands, the West Indies, Mauritius, and Ceylon, which may be regarded as the tropical farms of England. Their value consists in their produce. They are not places of European settlement, for though governed by Europeans they are cultivated by men of African or Asiatic descent ; and their condition has been powerfully affected by the abolition of slavery and the introduction of free trade. In spite of the natural richness of their soil, it cannot be denied that their peculiar value was the result of forced labour and commercial monopoly, originally imposed on them by Imperial authority, and by the same authority abolished. Sir Charles Adderley appears to think that the magical influence of self-government is to revive the decaying communities of the West Indies, though he observes with truth that their old constitutions were in fact mere white oligarchies, governing in their own interest. If real self-government on a democratic basis be now introduced into these islands, it would at once become the government of men of colour, who compose the vast majority of the population. We confess our faith in emancipation does not extend so far as that. A dominion of free negroes or coolies has, as yet, done nothing to inspire us with confidence.

Jamaica was a signal example of the degree of abasement and anarchy to which a colony may be brought by a corrupt

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\* Sir Charles Adderley says that the Falkland Islands 'have been successively occupied and abandoned by the French, Spaniards, and Buenos Ayreans, and were finally taken by us in 1833.' But he can scarcely have forgotten that they were undoubtedly a British possession in 1770, when the occupation of them led us to the brink of a war with Spain, and the Court of Madrid was compelled to acknowledge our supremacy over them. As to the value of these islands it appears that the usual expenditure of the Government is nearly 7,000*l.* a year, towards which about 1,100*l.* is all that is raised in the dependency. The population is 600, and in 1865 only 15 vessels called there for repairs, 24 for provisions, and 31 for trade. They are, in fact, a mere whaling station, of very doubtful value to the people of England, by whom this establishment is supported.

and factious Assembly, and by an ignorant and undisciplined people. It has been raised from this deplorable condition by the wise, vigorous, and enlightened administration of Sir John Peter Grant, armed with almost unlimited legislative and executive authority; and there is no portion of Sir C. Adderley's volume more instructive than that in which he retraces the series of rapid and decisive measures taken by the Governor of Jamaica since the insurrection of 1866. This was a case, in which, as Sir C. Adderley himself admits, the autocratic interference of Imperial authority was indispensable to save the colony. Jamaica did not contain within itself men or means to carry on the government. The dictatorial power has been used without reserve for the benefit of the island, and of all classes of its inhabitants. The financial equilibrium of the local treasury is nearly restored. Immigration has recommenced; and that spirit of insubordination, which four years ago led to such formidable consequences, and threatened the very existence of the white race in the island, has been subdued. The example of Jamaica, and, if we look back some years, of Ceylon, satisfies us that it is impossible wholly to withdraw the guiding hand of the Home Government from those dependencies, where a great majority of the inhabitants are not British and only half-civilised. But we agree with Sir C. Adderley, that considerable reductions in expense, and improvements in their judicature and administration, may be effected by throwing them into groups, and putting an end to the absurdity of a whole staff of government to rule over an island not bigger than the Isle of Wight. Steam communication has now brought them all more close together, and three or four separate governments might include all the British possessions in the West Indies.

So far, then, we have spoken of colonies or dependencies, which are not mainly peopled by men of our own race, or which are held by England for the purposes of war, of trade, or of cultivation, and have not in them the germs of national independence. If they ceased to form part of the British Empire they must perforce annex themselves to some other political centre; as we may infer from the tendency of Cuba and St. Domingo, which are gravitating towards the United States. The actual value of these possessions is certainly no longer what it was supposed to be when we enriched them by a monopoly of the home market and discriminating duties in favour of their produce. We and they now buy and sell freely in the markets of the world; and the only real advantage they possess is that which is due to their climate and their soil.

In the wars of the last century the conquest and acquisition

of colonies was considered the most laudable and profitable of enterprises. At the present time we question whether the conquest of any island or possession in the world would be considered by the people of England to be worth the cost of the expedition; and, vain-glory apart, perhaps the results of the occupation of Algiers, Mexico, and Cochin-China may have led the French to the same conclusion. When we found ourselves recently in military possession of Abyssinia, and perfectly able to retain that country, if it had appeared to be desirable, the sole desire and object of the British Government was to withdraw our forces and resign our momentary conquest with the utmost promptitude. It is now perfectly certain that such possessions tend rather to divide and diminish, than to augment, the real power of a State.

But it is not in such possessions as these that the great questions of modern colonial policy arise. The real subject we have to discuss and consider is, what are to be the future relations of the Imperial Government with those possessions of the Crown which are inhabited by the Anglo-Saxon race, increasing rapidly by natural growth and by immigration; having at their disposal vast and fertile lands, wide enough to be the homes of millions of free men; already in the enjoyment of legislative independence, of responsible constitutional government, and of democratic constitutions—with possessions which are evidently destined to become the Empires of the Future. We mean, of course, the Dominion of Canada, now embracing in the great Confederation of the North nearly all the provinces of British North America, and extending over the territories just ceded by the Hudson's Bay Company; and secondly, the mighty group of the Australian Colonies, whose growth has been so incredibly rapid that States disposing of revenues and of populations exceeding those of the minor European kingdoms, have sprung into being within the memory of the present generation.

No wonder that a growth so vast and so rapid has entirely set at naught the old theories of colonial government, and introduced new principles of colonial administration into the world. We have no wish to see these great possessions severed from the British Empire. We are not insensible to the dignity and value of those Imperial traditions of which the flag and the Crown of England are the august symbols. We believe that benefits, of more than a purely sentimental kind, both to the Colonies and to ourselves, spring from this union; but it depends on the manner in which this union is understood and maintained, whether it can or ought to be perpetuated.



Let us then invite those of our readers who take an interest in the subject to consider what are precisely the mutual advantages subsisting between a dominant country and dependencies which have reached this stage of growth. The late Sir George C. Lewis, in his masterly work on Dependencies, following in the wake of Adam Smith in his Fifth Book of 'The Wealth of Nations,' has exhausted the scientific view of the subject; and we shall content ourselves with an attempt to apply his propositions to the present state of our Colonial Empire.

By most ancient and by some modern States, dependencies were chiefly valued as furnishing a revenue to the Government of the dominant country. That has, as we have already remarked, never been done by any British colony. The attempt to tax the North American Colonies led to the Declaration of Independence; and it was so far wrong that the attempt to tax them was made by a Parliament in which they were not represented. Otherwise it might not unreasonably be argued in the words of Adam Smith:—'If any of the provinces of the British Empire cannot be made to contribute towards the support of the whole Empire, it is surely time that Great Britain should free herself from the expense of defending those provinces in time of war and of supporting any part of their civil and military establishments in time of peace.' It does not appear that any attempt has ever been made to ask the Colonies to contribute to the general expenses of the Empire by the votes of their representatives. Not only has this not been done, but the whole of the National Debt, contracted chiefly to carry on wars for the maritime supremacy and independence of the Empire, rests exclusively on the people of the United Kingdom. Whatever may be thought of the policy of those wars, they had a powerful effect on the Colonies. The result of those wars determined in many cases the laws under which they were henceforth to live, and the conditions of their future prosperity. Yet the Colonies bear no part of the permanent charge occasioned by them. Still less is it possible to anticipate that in any future wars, England would derive assistance in money or in men from any of her dependencies, except India. Money she has no means of exacting from them; men they have none to give. During the Crimean war, from a sentiment of gallant sympathy, a regiment was raised in Canada for service abroad, but as the cost of its transport and armament was borne by the mother-country, it turned out in the end to be the most costly regiment in the service.

In the last century the principal argument in favour of

colonial possessions was derived from the monopoly of trade. Foreign countries were jealously excluded from it, and the Colonies had in return the advantage of underselling foreign nations in the home market. Adam Smith says, 'The maintenance of this monopoly has hitherto been the principal, or more properly, perhaps, the sole end and purpose of the dominion which Great Britain assumes over her colonies.' (B. iv. cap. 7.) If that was so, it is so no more. The principles of free trade and the repeal of the Navigation Act have thrown open the trade of the British Colonies to all nations on equal terms; and we have ceased to favour colonial produce by discriminating duties, which were in fact duties levied to exclude the foreign producer at the expense of the consumer for the benefit of the colonist. Nay, to such a point has this commercial independence of the Colonies been carried, that the Imperial Government has allowed them, in direct opposition to its own principles, to establish and levy restrictive duties on British produce and manufactures; and the doctrine of Protection, exploded and abandoned at home, finds advocates in the democratic assemblies of Ottawa and Melbourne. In this respect the relations of England to her own colonial possessions are less favourable to ourselves than the relations of England with foreign countries, where they are regulated by treaty. A commercial treaty may, and sometimes does, bind the contracting parties to a system of moderate duties, based on the principle of reciprocal concession and mutual benefit. But no such engagements exist between England and her Colonies; nor has she the power, if the principle of entire financial independence be conceded, of imposing on them any stipulations in her own favour.

In like manner the questionable advantage of colonial patronage has, in the great Parliamentary colonies, been abandoned. The local governments of those States appoint to all offices, except that of Governor. Even the colonial judges are now raised to the Bench from the colonial Bar.

The most solid and general advantage, to use the words of Sir George Lewis, which the people of a dominant country may derive from the possession of dependencies consists in the facilities for emigration and for the acquisition and cultivation of land which it may afford them. If there is anything in a colony which may be said to belong to the Crown, for the general benefit of the Empire, it is, or rather was, the unappropriated lands of those vast regions, which only await the hand of man to give them fertility and value. But these again have been surrendered to the local governments. The sale or

concession of land in the Colonies has become exclusively a resource of the Colonial Treasuries, and in some cases it has even been restricted by the jealousies or local interests of colonial parties. The power of using these resources for the encouragement of immigration now rests with the Colonial Governments and not with the Imperial authority; and the conditions of immigration are determined by colonial legislation, generally without the slightest reference to the interests of the United Kingdom. For the same reason, the transportation of convicts, even after they have undergone a reformatory process in our houses of detention, has been rendered impossible.

All, then, that remains to us is what is termed the glory derived from an extensive colonial empire. And upon this imagined advantage Sir George Lewis remarks, 'that a nation derives no true glory from any possession which produces no assignable advantage to itself or to other communities. If a country possess a dependency from which it derives no public revenue, no military or naval strength, and no commercial advantages or facilities for emigration which it would not equally enjoy though the dependency were independent, such a possession cannot justly be called glorious.' (*Lewis*, cap. vi.)

But more is to be said. If these are the relations subsisting between the great Colonies and the dominant State in time of peace, what would they become in time of war? It is a favourite argument of the advocates of colonial supremacy, that we are bound in honour to defend all the possessions of the Empire with the whole force of the collective body, and that we are especially interested in preventing any foreign State from making a successful attack upon them, and perhaps wresting them from us. The argument stands thus:—that a colony is, in time of peace, to enjoy all the advantages of local independence and to contribute nothing to the burdens of the Empire, but that in the event of war, the forces of the Empire, supported by the British taxpayer, are pledged to defend it. This appears to us to be a most unequal bargain. Practically, we believe the chances of hostile aggression against the great British Colonies inhabited by European populations to be extremely small, except those which arise from the proximity of the dominion of Canada to the United States. There, no doubt, a frontier of some thousands of miles is undefended and indefensible. But the chances of war lie far less in the nature of the relations between Canada and the United States than in those of England and the United States. A blow might be struck in Canada, but it would be aimed at England; and the motives of such an aggression

would be found, not in the desire of conquering Canadian territory, but of causing humiliation and injury to this country. In such a case, we might be driven by a sense of honour to go to war; but such a war would be equally at variance with the true interests of Canada and of this country. As for the notion that the Australian colonies could be invaded or attacked by any European Power, that appears to us entirely visionary as long as England maintains her maritime superiority in the world.

But although we dismiss the bugbear of invasion of the British Colonies as scarcely worthy of serious attention, there are other consequences of war which are certain and far more serious. The immediate effect of a declaration of war by this country against any European or American Power, or of a declaration of war by any Power against England, arising perhaps from some cause to which the Colonies might be wholly indifferent, would be to convert every colonial dependency into a belligerent, bound by the legal consequences of a state of war, and this without any concurrence or participation of their own governments. Their ports would be liable to blockade, their coasts to incursion; trade with the enemy would be illegal and subject them to seizure by the Queen's ships and condemnation in the Queen's courts; \* their contracts could not be enforced, nor could they plead, abroad; their exports under the British flag might be stopped and plundered by the enemy's cruisers; their postal correspondence might be interrupted; foreigners residing in their territories would become at law alien enemies; and all the evils of war might be inflicted on them in a contest to which they are strangers.†

\* No proposition of law is more clear than that trading with an enemy by the subjects of the Crown, except under a royal license, exposes the property to confiscation ('The Hoop,' 1 *C. Robinson*, p. 202.) Dr. Lushington observed in the case of the 'Ionian ships' that Jersey, Guernsey, Canada, Jamaica, &c., were *ex necessitate* at war with Russia, Great Britain being at war with Russia, and they being the subjects of the Queen of Great Britain.

† England sends to New Zealand alone five millions' worth of goods yearly in exchange for wool and gold. The whole Australasian trade is valued at sixty millions per annum, of which half is with Great Britain. Sir C. Adderley argues from these facts that as the naval power of this country is principally kept up for the protection of this trade, which concerns the Colonies as much as it does this country, the Colonies ought to bear their share of the insurance by organising local squadrons and by establishing naval yards at their own expense. That, no doubt, would be a just and useful contribution to the naval power of

In other words, the state of war would at once forcibly revive their imperial obligations and liabilities, which have slumbered in time of peace, and these liabilities would be enforced by an enemy. Nor would the consequences be less onerous to ourselves. If, by any act of the British Government, or even by the vindictive caprice of a foreign nation, the Colonies found themselves involved in war and exposed to its perils, they would say, 'You have brought this evil upon us, you must see us through the danger.' The probability of attack might be small, but everywhere preparations must be made to meet it. Large demands would be made upon our arsenals and on the navy for convoys, which it would be difficult to refuse; and in fact the real strength of the Empire would be largely diminished by the necessity of providing for the defence of its vulnerable extremities. If such a state of things were prolonged, as it might be, for years, it is hard to conceive that the great colonies would submit to wear the character of involuntary belligerents to their own great loss; and it is equally hard to conceive that we should persist in their retaining that character at our expense, as well as their own. Whenever the world is again engaged in maritime warfare, the neutral flag will enjoy great advantages, for it will cover the goods of all belligerents. Commerce will be carried on under it, to the great advantage, as we believe, of this country. The temptation to great colonies like Canada or New South Wales to assume a neutral, in preference to a belligerent, flag, will therefore be enormous; and they would probably render far more effective service to the United Kingdom in the character of neutrals than in that of belligerents. If this

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the Empire and to their own security; but we cannot entertain hopes that in the present state of our colonial relations any such measure would be sanctioned by a colonial legislature. The Colonial Docks Loans Act (28 & 29 Vict. cap. 106), and the Colonial Naval Defences Act (same year, cap. 14), were passed for the purpose of aiding and encouraging the colonies in the creation of a naval power, but as usual this was to be done chiefly at the expense of England. By the former Act, the Admiralty was empowered to make advances at 4 per cent. to colonies of sums not exceeding in all 300,000*l.*, for the construction of docks. The money is to be repaid in a stated period. The Hong Kong and Whampoa Dock has been thus assisted, and the Table Bay Dock Company have made an application which is under consideration. The only result of the later Act is that the 'Cerberus' has been built in an English dockyard for the defence of the colony of Victoria, and the 'Nelson,' line-of-battle-ship, has been given to that colony and is now at Melbourne.

reasoning be sound, a protracted maritime war would probably lead these colonies to demand a more complete severance of their interests and identity from Great Britain.

Whatever may be the ultimate result of the colonial policy pursued for several years by the Ministers of Great Britain, we maintain, with perfect confidence, that it has been singularly unselfish. It has been dictated solely by the desire to do what was best for the Colonies themselves, without reference to the immediate or apparent interest of the mother-country; and in order to determine what was best for the Colonies themselves, they were invested with all the powers of self-government; their decisions, even where they appeared questionable, have been acquiesced in; their Legislative Acts have been almost invariably confirmed by the Crown, even when they encroached on the prerogative; and never since the world began has the Government of a dominant State shown so much forbearance, we might even say submission, in dealing with its subjects. Their local governments are in fact no longer subject but co-ordinate. And this moderation has been carried to the point, heretofore unexampled, of intimating, in unambiguous language, that England considers them powerful enough to take care of themselves and of their own interests, and that whenever they express in a constitutional manner the desire to convert their present condition into actual independence, she will certainly not resort to any sort of compulsion to retain their allegiance. When that time arrives, we trust that treaties of alliance, based on mutual goodwill, and clearly determining our mutual obligations, may succeed a state of things which at present places, or is supposed to place, the claims of the Colonies on the mother-country very far above the claims of the mother-country on the Colonies. Of the Colonies—of those at least in full possession of Parliamentary Government—we have long ceased to ask or expect anything whatever, beyond a friendly feeling, a common sentiment of loyalty to the Royal Family, and such measures as their own interests prescribe. But they show, it must be said, no impatience of a yoke which has ceased to be burdensome, and they are not insensible to the advantages to themselves of the British connexion. It gratifies their pride to be members of the British Empire and subjects of Queen Victoria, instead of mere settlements, with no place in the history of the past, scattered over a distant ocean. They appreciate the advantages of an English Governor, removed by birth and education from local squabbles. They are not insensible to English honours. Many Australian colonists retain their

English character, and hope to end their days in England; and whatever may be the political relations subsisting between the various sections of the Anglo-Saxon race, this island remains the metropolis of Greater Britain, from which intelligence, science, literature, fashion, capital, and an influence more strong than the authority of governments, radiate over the globe. The Colonies willingly retain the appeal to the Queen in Council, which is the supreme tribunal of the Empire and the final interpreter of law. That legal or judicial power is the last direct prerogative of the Crown exercised over the colonial dependencies (except the appointment of Governors), and it is an important one. The judicial advisers of the Crown in England alone determine, in the last resort, the purport and application of the law. Their decision is invoked by the Colonies, not only in questions of private litigation, but of public policy, such as the removal of judges and other officers, the settlement of intercolonial boundaries, the extent of the privileges of colonial Parliaments, and the powers of Episcopal synods and Presbyterian kirk-sessions. These duties are carefully performed by the Privy Council, it need scarcely be said, for the benefit of the Colonies only. Nor do the claims of the Colonies on the time and attention of English statesmen stop here. Colonial public works, lines of railroad, telegraphs, maritime and postal communications, are materially aided by England, and it has happened that an imperial guarantee to a colonial loan has been used by British Ministers to coax colonial authorities into the adoption of measures in which they were in reality far more directly interested than the people of England.\* Since we have ceased to coerce or threaten the Colonies, we have come to treat them rather too much like the younger children of a large family, to whom nothing is refused—their expectations have risen with the

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\* We question the policy and the justice of giving the guarantee of the British Government to any colonial loans, which is in fact simply to make the people of England responsible in the event of failure for the debts of other people. It is tantamount to the practice in private life of 'backing a bill.' The Colonies can borrow in the open market on the terms to which their own resources and credit entitle them to borrow. It is of questionable expediency to assist anyone to borrow on easier terms than his own credit can command, for the practice tends to encourage loans, and therefore extravagance, and to transfer the liability so created to other shoulders already more than sufficiently burdened. If we are to assist the Colonies to borrow money by lending them our credit, they ought in return to take a share of the debt of the Empire. Then, at least, the burden would be equal.

habitual gratification of them—until when at last an inevitable refusal comes, they turn round and denounce us as the most hard-hearted and pitiless of step-mothers. That is what has lately occurred in New Zealand.

The affairs of New Zealand illustrate in so striking a manner the evil consequences which may be brought about in a flourishing colony, first by the imprudent interference of the mother-country, and secondly by the disposition of a colony to claim that interference after it has been withdrawn, that we propose to examine them in some detail; the more so, as they have recently led to violent recrimination on the part of colonists against the conduct and policy of the Secretary of State, and may be regarded as a criterion or test of the principles on which we are prepared to act for the future.

The colony of New Zealand was founded by a party or company of English adventurers unconnected at first with the Crown; but as their enterprise might have been regarded by foreign Powers as piratical, or at least lawless, if they had not had the protection of the British flag, the Government erected the new settlement into a colony separate from New South Wales by Letters Patent in 1849, took steps for the creation of a government, and conferred upon the natives as well as the settlers the rights of British subjects. At that early period wars, caused by the struggle for land, broke out between the natives and the colonists, and the forces of the Crown were employed in the contest, though the policy of the Government was conciliatory, and its object was to amalgamate the native race under British laws. The settlers, eager to extend their dominion, and underrating the power of the native tribes, took a course which led to hostility. The natives were then stronger than the settlers, and defeated them: upon which the settlers called out that it was a 'massacre,' and the aid of England was invoked. The British military force in New Zealand, supported by England, was soon raised to 2,500 men. Sir George Grey, the then Governor, whose notions of colonial government seem to be based upon a liberal use of the British Exchequer, declared that 'it was absolutely necessary that a considerable amount of expenditure in excess of local revenue must be borne by the British Parliament, in order to provide for the formation of establishments which are absolutely requisite for the assertion of British supremacy, pacification of turbulent natives, &c.' In 1846 Lord Grey resolved to confer upon the colony a representative government, which was done by an Imperial Act of Parliament, and this Constitution was considerably improved in 1852 by Sir John Pakington, who passed the



Constitution Act, enfranchising the local Government in all respects except the control of native affairs. It was in the debate on the second reading of that Bill that Mr. Gladstone expressed in clear and forcible language his views of colonial policy; the passage is quoted by Sir C. Adderley, and we cannot do better than bring it once more prominently before the public. He said:—

“We have not yet arrived in our legislation at a just and normal relation between a colony and the mother-country—a relation which has been developed in former times. We think of a colony as something which has its centre of life in an Executive Government. We think of the establishment of a colony as something which is to take effect by legislative enactments, and by the funds of the people of England. This administrative establishment is the root and trunk around which by degrees a population is to grow, and, according to our modern unhappy phrase, to be trained for freedom, and to which, in course of time, some modicum of free institutions is to be granted.

“We have proceeded on principles fundamentally wrong; and the Acts for the purpose of raising, by slow and reluctant degrees, the structure of freedom in colonies have not been so much recognitions of a right principle, as modifications, qualifications, and restraints imposed on a wrong principle. Our ancestors, 200 years ago, when they proceeded to found colonies, did not do it by coming down to this House with an estimate prepared, and asking so many thousands a-year for a governor, a judge, an assistant-judge, a colonial secretary, and a large apparatus of minor officers. They collected together a body of freemen, destined to found a free state in another hemisphere upon principles of freedom analogous to our own, which should grow up by a principle of increase intrinsic to itself. It was not on artificial support from home that these institutions leaned; and the consequence was that they advanced with a rapidity which, considering the undeveloped state of communication and of commerce at that time, was little less than miraculous. You never heard of pecuniary charges brought against this country for their maintenance; on the contrary, you found them ready to assist you in your foreign wars, and, instead of being called on to send regiments to maintain the domestic police of those colonies, or against savage tribes on their borders, they held it as a grievance if you attempted to impose on them your little standing armies. Departing from that scheme of policy in later days, you have implanted a principle, if not of absolute, yet of comparative feebleness in your distant settlements. You have brought on yourselves enormous expense, and, by depriving them of the fulness of political freedom, you have deprived them of the greatest attraction which they could possibly hold out to the best part of your population to emigrate.

“The system which Burke studied when he warned Parliament against the destructive consequences of attempting to establish administrative power over distant dependencies—that sound colonial policy—reached its climax in what I may call Tory times. In 1662, the Charter of Rhode Island was granted, the most remarkable of all for its enlarged

and liberal spirit. At this day it is considered monstrous that colonies should have free local jurisdiction even for local purposes."

'Condemning the Queen's reserve of native protection, Mr. Gladstone said:—"Instead of telling the colony to look for no help from us unless "they maintained the principles of justice, we foolishly told them not "to meddle with the relations between themselves and the natives—"that that was a matter for Parliament." 'The sequel,' says Sir Charles, 'has shown how England's vicarious humanity and officious care ends only in increasing warfare and confusion, for which the colonists absolve themselves from all responsibility; blaming us for all that goes wrong, and expecting us to pay for the blunders introduced into the management of their affairs.'

In spite of the benevolent intentions of Sir George Grey towards the natives, wars did not cease, for they were carried on chiefly at the expense of this country and by British troops, and their object was to secure the colonists in the possession of their lands. Parliament even voted a special sum for the improvement of the Maories; and the forces were raised to 7,000 Queen's troops, besides naval aid, and contributions to the support of the local corps. As long as there exists in any colony a party having a vested interest in the continuance of hostilities at our expense, we may be perfectly certain that hostilities will not cease. Yet these sacrifices and efforts were far from successful. The war expenditure of the colonists was estimated at 120,000*l.* a month, and that of England, in their aid, at more than twice as much. England was further asked to contribute to the relief of those who had suffered by the outbreak. All this strife arose, be it remembered, for two blocks of land at Tataraimaka and at Waitara in the Northern Island, where the Maories were still numerous and warlike. The other settlements were undisturbed.\*

The Duke of Newcastle, in a despatch of May, 1862, at length acknowledged that the attempt to administer the natives by separate Imperial Government had proved a failure—"a

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\* Mr. Fox states in his account of 'The War in New Zealand' (Smith and Elder, 1866), that the total number of natives by the census of 1858 was 31,667 males, and 24,303 females; but that we never had 2,000 men in arms against us. In the campaign of 1865, at Wanganni and Taranaki, there were no more than 700 fighting natives against 4,500 of the Queen's troops, 800 military settlers, 60 irregular cavalry, 100 bushrangers, and 1,000 friendly natives. The European population, in the Northern Island alone, numbers about 80,000, and in all the islands 250,000. The natives of the Middle Island were nearly destroyed by wars with the northern natives before the Europeans came; and generally the natives nearest the European settlements are the most friendly to them. (Weld's *New Zealand Affairs*, p. 53.)

‘shadow of responsibility without any beneficial exercise of power.’ But then, he added, ‘if this responsibility is abandoned, the English troops must be withdrawn, and the colony, following its own policy with the natives, must be considered as able, as they would be responsible, to maintain it by their own now greatly superior numbers.’

In a subsequent despatch to Sir George Grey, dated February 26, 1863, he said that generally ‘the cost of all war should be borne by those for whose benefit it is carried on. This duty of the governed does not depend on the nature of their government. New Zealand had not been governed in the interests of inhabitants of the United Kingdom.’

The colonial legislature now took a more vigorous line. They talked of raising a loan of three millions to cover debt already incurred, which was to be recovered by the sale of confiscated lands. Mr. Weld, then Colonial Minister, insisted on the necessity of the confiscation of rebel lands. His successor, Mr. Stafford, in October 1865, declared that he hoped to adopt the principle of self-reliance, and it was announced from home that the British troops would soon be reduced to one regiment.

We cannot more fairly describe the effect of these measures taken by the New Zealand Government as soon as it was invested with complete control of native affairs than by the following extract from a speech of Dr. Featherston to the Provincial Council of Wellington:—

‘Without discussing the wisdom of the policy of confiscation adopted in 1863, or whether it would not have been infinitely more prudent to have substituted for it the principle of cession, it will be admitted that confiscation necessarily implied the power to hold and occupy the lands. Has the colony ever had or has it now this power? How much of the confiscated lands, whether on the west or east coast, do we at this moment retain possession of? What chance have we of reconquering it, and if so, at what cost? These are questions that force themselves upon our consideration, but to which I fear no satisfactory answers can be given by the colony.

‘For what really was the course pursued by the colony? No sooner had it adopted a policy which could only be carried out and maintained by force, and long before the confiscated lands were fully occupied and settled, than it insists upon the Imperial Government withdrawing all its troops, by whom these lands had been conquered, without making any provision to supply their place, or rather in the full knowledge that the troops could not and would not be replaced by any adequate local force. The colony challenges a large portion of the native race, almost invites them into rebellion, and at the same time disarms itself—strips itself of all means of defence—places itself at the mercy of a half-civilised people keenly smarting under the loss of their lands. This may be called a policy, but it is the policy of the suicide. It would indeed

have been strange had the Maori resisted such a temptation or rather invitation—not attempted to regain possession of the lands. But the course thus pursued appears still more unintelligible when it is remembered that the Colony might have retained for an indefinite period three or four thousand troops, whose very presence would in all probability have prevented any fresh outbreak, at an infinitely less expense than the present colonial force costs.’

The colony had, in fact, rejected terms previously offered them for retaining British troops at the rate of payment of 40*l.* per man, adopted by other Australian colonies. Lord Carnarvon, who was then Colonial Secretary, did not flinch from the performance of the duty which these circumstances imposed on him, and on the 28th of December, 1866, he wrote as follows to the Governor:—

‘I am most earnestly anxious to disabuse you of any expectation which may remain in your mind that the Imperial Government will allow itself to incur large expenditure, or any expenditure beyond that which may be involved in the maintenance of a single regiment of infantry, in the protection of the colonists of New Zealand against the native inhabitants of the islands. By the act of my predecessor in this office the management of native affairs was transferred to the Local Government, and the duty of self-protection was devolved upon the colonists of New Zealand. That duty they have deliberately adopted. The Colonial Government have been allowed to exercise that control by way of extensive confiscation and otherwise in a manner to which the Home Government, as Mr. Cardwell has stated, if responsible for the consequences of their actions, would not have given their sanction. They are not inclined to repudiate the pledges on the faith of which this freedom of action has been accorded to them or to evade its legitimate consequences. On the contrary, complaints have actually been made that Her Majesty’s Government were keeping troops in the colony against the wishes of the Local Government. In this state of things I must request you most clearly to understand that the troops (with the possible exception which I have noticed) will be withdrawn and will not be restored. The colonists will be expected to do that which they can do, which they have promised to do, and which I am bound to add they show no disinclination to do, namely, to provide for their own defence. I earnestly trust that there is no party in the colony which looks to the support of British arms in any future native war, or at least that no such expectation will be allowed to influence the policy of yourself or your advisers. If any Colonial Government were to involve itself in such a war in reliance on military assistance from this country, they might plunge the colony for a time at least into disasters which it is needless for me to contemplate.’

And the same course was consistently adhered to by his successor, the Duke of Buckingham, who wrote two years later, just before he resigned the seals of the Department (1st December, 1868) in the following terms:—

‘I have received with much regret the intelligence of the reverse which the local forces have met with. But however lamentable this disaster may have been, it affords no reason for doubting that the European population of the colony, now amounting probably to near 220,000 souls, aided by the loyal natives, are fully able to defend themselves if they make the proper arrangements against a few thousand disaffected Maories, of whom a few hundred only appear to be at present in arms. The abandonment by the Home Government of all control over native policy, and their consequent non-interference with a line of policy in respect of the confiscation and occupation of native lands, which they considered highly dangerous to the future peace of the colony, was conditional on being totally relieved from any responsibility in respect to the military defence of the settlers. Warnings to this effect have been more than once given, and the reverse which has just occurred furnishes no sufficient reason for changing the settled policy both of the Home and Colonial Governments.

‘In a memorandum signed by Mr. Stafford, which accompanied Sir George Grey’s Despatch, No. 47, of April 27, 1867, it is stated that “they” (the Ministers) “accept the removal of the troops and the consequences;” and again in his memorandum to yourself, dated as lately as 8th August last, Mr. Stafford observed with reference to certain resolutions passed by the Legislative Council, praying that the embarkation of the regiment might be delayed, “that since October 1865, Mr. Stafford has declined to advise that Imperial troops should be employed in the field, or to accede on behalf of the colony to any formal conditions on which the single regiment now in New Zealand should be retained.

“Mr. Stafford does not now propose to depart from the course which, as indicated above, has been consistently pursued for the last three years.”

Such was the state of affairs when Lord Granville succeeded to the Colonial Office, a few days after the date of this despatch. Unfortunately, in September 1868 a horrible massacre by the natives took place in Poverty Bay, and disasters occurred to the colonial forces at Wanganni. The House of Representatives on the 2nd October passed a resolution in great alarm intreating the Governor to delay the departure of the 18th Regiment—the last remnant of British force in the islands; and Mr. Fitzherbert was instructed to urge upon the Home Government not only the temporary retention of this regiment, but the issue of a New Zealand loan for a million and a half in London, with the guarantee of the British Government. To this request Lord Granville replied, as he was bound to do, by a refusal. The despatch of the 21st of March 1869, in which he assigns his reasons for that refusal, has been attacked with great acerbity and denounced as needlessly harsh and discourteous. We can discover in it nothing but the truth: truth, it seems, is precisely what the colonists dislike to

be told, especially when it is accompanied by the withdrawal of material aid. Mr. Sewell, for example, formerly a Minister in New Zealand, draws from this despatch the following inferences:—

‘It is useless to disguise the fact that we are approaching a new epoch in the history of our Colonial Empire, and that the relations which have hitherto subsisted between the mother-country and her colonies are about to undergo a fundamental change. The policy adopted towards New Zealand is not meant to be singular, nor is there any intention to treat her more harshly than other colonies. The same rule is being applied elsewhere, though at present it presses most heavily upon that colony. The mother-country declares, in an unmistakeable form, her determination to withdraw from all interference in the internal concerns of those colonies, at least, in which free institutions have been established, and to leave them to themselves for better or worse. Some colonies will feel the change more than others; but the principle affects all alike.

‘Such a change obliges all colonies, each for itself, to consider well their position, and to look to their future. It will be well for them to approach the question in a spirit of moderation.

‘As regards New Zealand, the tone of Lord Granville’s despatch, apart from its substance, is calculated to give deep offence to the colony. It is not, perhaps, more irritating than despatches of former Secretaries of State, but it has the peculiar misfortune of being coupled with, or rather of being the vehicle of, refusal of all material aid. It is in human nature to bear with affront from those from whom we are receiving substantial kindness; but when that is withdrawn, affront is sure to produce resentment, which will be no longer smothered. The colony, at such a moment, will not bear to be told, even in the language of courtly circumlocution, that it has brought its dangers on itself; that it has rashly assumed responsibilities which it is refusing to discharge; that it has failed in its duties to the natives; that it has robbed them of their land. If the charges were true, which they are not, the time for making them is inopportune.’ (*Sewell’s Case of New Zealand*, p. 25.)

The despatches we have quoted effectually dispose of the charge that there was anything abrupt or sudden in Lord Granville’s decision. He did, in fact, no more than follow up the policy announced by four of his predecessors, at frequent intervals, since 1862. We have no doubt that this policy approved itself to his own mind, not only from a sense of duty to the tax-paying classes of the United Kingdom, on whom these burdens have been, and would still be, thrown, but from an equally strong sense of that which the true interest of the Colonies requires. Far from dreading to give them a stronger sense of self-reliance and independence, as we should do if our object were to keep them in subjection, we desire nothing more

than to see them guiding and governing their own destinies in a manly, bold, yet provident spirit. If the unhappy contests in New Zealand are ever brought to an end otherwise than by the extirpation of the Maori race, already reduced to a handful of warriors, it will be when both parties are convinced that peace is the true interest of the colony, and that war can only be carried on at their own cost.

We cannot agree with Mr. Sewell and other colonial champions, that a feeling of mutual reliance, which they themselves describe as sentimental, is the great bond of the Empire, or that it constitutes a trustworthy moral or political obligation. The Colonies themselves, justly jealous of the interference and control of the mother-country, have gladly availed themselves of every opportunity to establish their unlimited power over their own affairs. Having done so, they cannot expect this country to share the responsibility of measures she can neither originate nor prevent. The sentimental tie becomes a slight one, when it is not backed by practical interests and positive engagements; and we should not be sorry if it were practicable to exchange it for distinct mutual obligations such as exist by treaty between foreign and friendly States. Strange as it may seem, and incredible perhaps to some of our readers, the engagements, both political and commercial, which subsist between the British Crown and France, Belgium, Portugal, and Turkey, give to this country many positive international rights and advantages, which we are not in a condition to exact from or impose on Canada or Australia. With foreign States we negotiate on equal terms. With our own colonies, all the requests come from one side, and all the concessions from the other. The more we can approach to the principle of a union of co-equal States, in place of an empire formed out of subject dependencies, the better it will be for all parties. As Mr. Merivale finely observed, at the conclusion of his *Lectures on Colonisation*, 'The mere political link of sovereignty may remain, by amicable consent, long after the colony has acquired sufficient strength to stand alone. Existing relations may be preserved, by very slight sacrifices, on terms of mutual goodwill. But this can only be by the gradual relaxation of the ties of dependence. The union must more and more lose the protective, and approximate to the federative character. And the Crown may remain, at last, in solitary supremacy, the only common authority recognised by many different legislatures, by many nations politically and socially distinct.\*' But though Mr. Merivale uses the term 'federal

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\* Merivale, p. 633,

'tive,' he probably does not believe any more than we do in the possibility of establishing any federal power or representative council of the scattered provinces of the British Empire. If the tie which unites them to the United Kingdom is weak, the tie which unites them to each other is weaker. The Crown alone represents their common interests, and it is only from this country that common authority, imperial resources, and imperial strength can be drawn.

We do not, however, accede to the conclusion, that, because she has conceded self-government to the Colonies, England has nothing left for them to ask or for herself to bestow. 'She has, on the contrary, and in a higher degree in relation to colonies, everything in her power which causes her alliance and intercourse to be sought by foreign nations. A common policy and mutual support or co-operation in the event of war; common facilities of communication by telegraphs or steam-vessels, of which a fair proportion should be borne by each party; engagements precluding the adoption of hostile tariffs and securing an open market; the use of colonial harbours in time of peace and of war, and the exclusion of our enemies from those harbours; and the concession of rights of British citizenship to the descendants of former British subjects, may very fairly become subjects of negotiation between emancipated colonies and their parent, as they are at this very time, for instance, between Portugal and Brazil. But in order to arrive at a solution of these questions really equitable to the mother-country as well as to the colony, we must treat on equal terms; and it must not be assumed that the colony has by inheritance a full right to every privilege and form of assistance we can give to it. We too may fairly claim assistance and advantages which it is the power of the colonies to give us, without prejudice to themselves. We may reasonably treat with them for the promotion of emigration, for the removal of obstacles to trade, and for financial investments of a public nature. But it is by treaty alone that these matters can safely be regulated; and one of the first conditions of treaties is the sovereignty and independence of each party to the contract. A contract between a colony and the mother-country would be made in the Queen's name on both sides, and there manifestly would be no means of enforcing it, except by an exercise of the authority we have already disavowed, and which we are not at all anxious to resume. It is true that an independent power to treat with Great Britain implies a similar right of treating with all other States; but probably no foreign State could treat with the Colonies on terms so advantageous as those we should offer them,



From the moment that the mother-country ceases to give laws to her dependencies, that is, to impose on them her will in the shape of commands, they become virtually distinct nations; and the sooner the obsolete conditions of their former subjection are converted into the actual conditions of their present independence, the better it will be for us and for them. Those conditions can no longer be regulated by legislative or executive authority; they should therefore be regulated by diplomacy and international contract. The relations of States so diverse, even though they nominally form part of the same Empire, must be determined by engagements of a different form and nature; and it is only by the adoption of principles of perfect equality and reciprocal obligation, that a vast body of extended dominions, inhabited by men of the same race, and animated by the same spirit of freedom, can be moulded and preserved in political union.

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ART. V.—1. *Saint Louis and Calvin.* By M. GUIZOT, Member of the Institute of France. London: 1869.

2. *Johann Calvin, seine Kirche und sein Staat in Genf.* Von F. W. KAMPSCHULTE, Professor der Geschichte an der Universität Bonn. Erster Band. Leipzig: 1869.

THE venerable M. Guizot, after having adorned almost every department of the literature of his own country, is now enriching the literature of England with a series of historical sketches of the 'Great Christians of France.' The volume before us contains the lives of St. Louis and Calvin: a singular conjunction—the King, the Crusader, the sainted Catholic of the thirteenth century, and the plebeian reformer of the sixteenth. But they have been brought together not without design. M. Guizot discerns the operation of two great principles in the Church; one tending to unity and the other to diversity. In the natural development of the Christian life, he tells us, there has been an almost endless variety; but under all this variety and even diversity there has ever been an essential unity. The law of unity is a higher law than that of diversity and comprehends it, and Calvin and St. Louis thus combine to show the persistent unity of Christianity in the midst of its most striking variety. Though one was a Romanist and the other a Reformer, they were both genuine Christians; though their characters and careers were as widely different as

can well be conceived, there was a heroic goodness in both of them. Each had a red cross on his shield. Thus, then, by the very combination of St. Louis and Calvin we have a lesson read to us in Catholicity.

M. Guizot has illustrated another truth, perhaps unwittingly, by placing St. Louis and Calvin side by side. History arranges her heroes in a fashion of her own, assigning to each his own place in her temple, quite independently of all social and political distinctions. Kings and great nobles sink into the vulgar throng, and from the vulgar throng others emerge who sit down by the true kings of men. Here the poor pastor is placed by the side of the great monarch, or rather above him—for the minister of Geneva is now universally hailed as a greater man than the King of France. The influence of St. Louis is gone—the sceptre has fallen from his grasp; Calvin still sits upon his throne, with more than regal power giving laws and religion to a large section of Christendom. It is to Calvin and his Institutions that we must confine this review.

M. Guizot may be said to have had a special training for writing the life of Calvin. Himself a French Protestant, with a pious reverence for his Church and its founder, and yet too much of a philosopher to be out of sympathy with any Church, or to share the bigotry of Calvinistic theology, he spent his infancy and boyhood at Geneva, whither his mother had fled from the horrors of the French Revolution, studied in its academy, wandered by its lake, and no doubt perceived the echoes of Calvin's institutions still lingering within the ramparts of the old republic. He has accordingly sketched the character of the great Genevan reformer and divine with a loving hand. His sketch extends to little more than 200 pages, but in that short space we have all the material facts of the reformer's life, a calmly-balanced estimate of his doctrines and ecclesiastical establishment, and a very vivid picture of the man. In these pages we have, in truth, all that is really valuable in the three volumes of Dr. Paul Henri, and more than is to be found in the four volumes of Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, who is too fond of tinsel and theatrical effect, prone to take as history what a more careful investigator would put down as romance, and who, accordingly, at the end of his fourth volume on the Reformation in the time of Calvin, has brought his hero only to the gates of Geneva and the beginning of his work.

But the past year has seen not only M. Guizot's 'Life of Calvin,' but the first volume of a cognate work, entitled 'Johann Calvin, seine Kirche und sein Staat in Genf,' by F. W. Kampschulte, Professor of History in the University of

Bonn, which we have also placed at the head of this article. This volume is undoubtedly a valuable contribution towards a just estimate of Calvin's life and work. With conscientious industry and discrimination Professor Kampschulte has investigated every passage of the reformer's life, and every aspect of his Church and State, and though he has not discovered much that was not known before, he has thrown a new and interesting light upon many things. He has an ardent admiration of Calvin, but he is not so blinded by his admiration as to be hindered from dealing out to him strict, and even, in some cases, stern historical justice. He holds the scales with a steady hand. He shows us the exiled Frenchman in Geneva, not only living and moving, but thinking, working out with intense earnestness his religious and ecclesiastical ideas, sometimes committing blunders, sometimes crimes, but always sincere, if not always great. His narrative is clear, nervous, full, but entirely free from prolixity, and in the first volume we are brought down to the period when the Reformer was in the midst of his activity and at the height of his popularity in Geneva. He informs us in his Preface, that in his second volume he will narrate the battles of Calvin with his ecclesiastical and political foes, and his ultimate triumph over them; and in his third, exhibit the position occupied by Genevese Calvinism in the world, thus bringing his task to a close. The professor at Bonn has not the faculty of drawing philosophical generalisations from his facts in the same degree as the historian of Modern Civilisation, but the one work equally with the other will be welcomed by all students of impartial history. In the following sketch we shall put ourselves under the guidance of both, at the same time taking from other volumes in the now great Calvinistic library such facts and ideas as appear to us to be of value.

France, though not numbered among the countries of the Reformation, has the honour of having given birth to the greatest of the Reformers, if pure intellect is to be regarded as the measure of greatness. John Calvin was born at Noyon in Picardy, on the 10th of July 1509. His father, Gerard Chauvin or Cauvin (Calvin is the Latinised form of the name), was a notary in the ecclesiastical court and secretary to the bishop. His mother is said to have been a handsome woman, but Roman Catholic writers endeavour, without grounds, to cast suspicion on her fair fame, and gravely affirm, on the authority of the matrons who were present at the event, that before giving birth to the heresiarch she brought forth a swarm of flies—a sure indication of the unpleasant buzz he

was to make in the world. The Church was at that time the great field of fame and fortune. It presented itself to many young dreamers, sleeping on stony pillows, as the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, by which the lad of genius could climb from poverty to an abbacy, a bishopric, or even the popedom. Gerard Cauvin, though himself poor, was possessed of ecclesiastical influence through his connexion with the bishop and the bishop's court, and therefore he resolved to educate all his three sons—Charles, John, and Anthony—for the Church. John received the rudiments of his education in his native town, and at the age of fourteen went to Paris, where he studied under the celebrated Corderius. As usual the boy began to exhibit the future man. He beat all his companions in industry and aptitude for learning; but he was so serious and even severe in his ways of thinking, that they nicknamed him 'the Accusative Case.'

But great events were now occurring in Europe, which were soon to cross the path of the young aspirant after ecclesiastical honours and preferment. Calvin was a boy, eight years old, when Martin Luther affixed his ninety-five theses to the door of the Schloss Kirche at Wittemberg, and may have heard the thing talked of at his father's table, and wondered what it meant. He was twelve when the Diet of Worms was held, and the young Picard, now capable of reflection, must have marvelled at the boldness of the German monk in bearding both the Kaiser and the Pope. When he was studying at Paris the voice of Ulric Zwingli was echoing down the mountain passes of Switzerland, calling the dwellers of those glens to reform. In truth all Europe was now in such a state of religious turmoil as it is difficult for us who live in a calmer age to conceive. The wave of excitement passed the Alps and the Jura and spread over France. Already in that country there were numerous secret adherents of the Reformed Faith, especially among the educated and in the universities.

At twenty Calvin resolved to forsake theology for the law, although he had already received the tonsure and the cure of Pont-l'Évêque, where he had sometimes preached. He says that his father thought that the law offered better prospects for him than the Church; but it is probable that the clear-headed notary perceived that the Church was already in danger, and that his son had some sympathy with the Reformers, and was more likely to be burned than to become a bishop if he continued in the ministry. It is equally probable that the young student himself gladly fled to the Courts of Law as a refuge from a Church with whose doctrines and services he

had lost sympathy, as so many have abandoned other Churches since. He pursued his legal studies first at Orleans and afterwards at Bourges. But though by force of mind and dint of industry he obtained distinction at both these seats of learning, his thoughts continually reverted to theology, which had taken too firm a hold of him to be shaken off, and theology was now eagerly discussed by everybody. The new doctrines were cherished by Melchior Volmar and other distinguished professors with whom young Calvin was on terms of intimacy. In the meantime his father died, and left him free to abandon the law and pursue what course he pleased. Still, however, he was undecided.

Professor Kampschulte has investigated this, the turning-point in Calvin's history, with judicious care. He thinks that while living at Orleans and Bourges he held Lutheran ideas, but that he was still so conservative as to wish simply that abuses should be reformed without the Church being destroyed. He had caught the academic spirit, which is generally averse to violent changes, even though academic speculation often leads to political and ecclesiastical convulsions. In this temper he left Bourges and went to Paris, ambitious chiefly of distinguishing himself in the walks of classical literature. 'Not Luther and Zwingli,' says Professor Kampschulte, 'but Reuchlin, Erasmus, and Lefèvre were at this time his 'guiding stars.' He accordingly entered the list of classical authors by publishing a Commentary on Seneca's treatise 'De Clementia.' It has often been said that this was really a reform pamphlet, and was meant to be a quiet plea for toleration; but it is certain the Reformers are nowhere referred to, and in his correspondence at this time the idea is never even hinted at. He was simply anxious that the work should pay (for he had published it at his own cost) and bring him reputation among men of letters. The rising tide of reformation feeling was, however, gradually sweeping him towards his destiny, and by the end of 1532 we find him taking part in the meetings of the future martyrs and confessors of the Huguenot Church. A curious incident decided his fate. His friend Nicolas Cop had been chosen rector of the University of Paris, and on All Saints' Day had to deliver an oration in the Convent of the Mathurins. As the King had of late been showing some leniency toward the Lutherans, the young enthusiasts thought this a good opportunity of speaking a word for the new doctrines. Calvin composed the oration, and under the guise of 'Christian Philosophy' defended the theology of the German Reformers. The day came, the Rector mounted the

pulpit, the doctors of the Sorbonne and the clergy of Paris listened in wonder and wrath, and the orator being a physician and not a divine, was probably only half conscious of the inflammable stuff he was casting among his hearers. But Calvin as well as Cop had miscalculated the temper of the time, and both were obliged to flee to save their lives. Calvin escaped by a window, took refuge in the Faubourg St. Victor, in the house of a vine-dresser, disguised himself, and wandered forth he scarcely knew whither. The die was now cast. Audin relates, that as he left Paris he met an old clerical friend, who recognised him and advised him to return and save himself by submission. 'It is too late,' said Calvin, and pressed his hand and passed on. If the story be true, it does no discredit to Calvin, for the thoughtful mind cannot easily wrench itself away from old traditions and authority, and cast itself upon a sea of troubles.

He betook himself to the South of France, and at Angoulême found a refuge for a time in the house of his friend the Canon Louis du Tillet. Margaret of Valois, sister of Francis I. and Queen of Navarre, was then holding her court at Nérac, and it was the asylum at once of literature and religion. This brilliant and beautiful woman was a singular mixture of gold and clay. Delighting at once in spiritual exercises and amorous adventures, she is the author of divine songs fit for the Methodist chapel, and of licentious tales fit only for the stews. She wrote the '*Miroir de l'Âme pécheresse*,' and she wrote the '*Heptameron*;' and if we may judge from the preface, she regarded the one as much a work of piety as the other. But she was not singular. The age abounded in such grotesque combinations. Among the gentle and great religion was not thought inconsistent with easy virtue, and coarseness of language and sentiment was characteristic of all. Around this royal lady some of the most distinguished of the early Reformers of France gathered, for they were safe in her presence, and charmed by her tenderness, piety, and wit. Hither the fugitive Calvin appears to have come from Angoulême, and in this chosen circle he made the acquaintance of the grey-haired Lefèvre—'a little bit of a man,' says Bayle, 'old as Herod, but lively as gunpowder.'

But this was not to be the Reformer's place of rest. While many of his co-religionists were burning at Paris in expiation of the 'placards,' he was skulking about the country, finding a temporary refuge in the houses of his friends, till at last, in 1535, he reached Basle, where he was safe. Here Erasmus—the acknowledged dictator of letters at that time in Europe—

resided; the man of whom it has been said that he laid the egg, and Luther hatched it. Calvin was introduced to him by Bucer, then one of the ministers of Strasburg; and the great Batavian is said to have predicted the future eminence of the young, keen, pale-faced student who stood before him.

Calvin had for years been longing for such a refuge and such repose as Basle now afforded him; for he was much more the studious recluse than the man of action. There was a nervous timidity about him which made him shrink from public meetings and popular movements. Perhaps he felt that his strength was in his pen, and that without it he was weak as another man. It is certain that for some time he had been revolving in his mind the idea of his Institutes. He saw that if the theology of the Reformation was to be enduring, it must be systematised and reduced to a solid form; perhaps he felt, from his innate strength, that he was the master builder destined to build up this second City of God. He laboured hard at his work by the banks of the Swiss Rhine, probably never forgetting the presence of Erasmus while he constructed his almost Ciceronian sentences, and in 1536 the '*Institutio Christianæ Religionis*' appeared with a French Introduction, nobly written, dedicating the book to the King, and pleading with him the cause of the new faith.

Calvin was only twenty-seven when the first edition of his great work appeared. It was but the outline of the work as we now have it, for in every subsequent edition Calvin added to its size by a fuller development of his views. But even in the first edition—the work of so young a man—we have the germs of every important principle in the system. Everything was there in embryo. The completed work is now universally recognised, by foes as well as friends, as one of the greatest contributions to the codification of Christianity of which theological literature can boast. It was the germ of a system which retains to this day in its iron grasp the faith and the convictions of large numbers of faithful and fervent Christians.

M. Guizot, while doing full justice to its merits, describing it as 'one of the noblest edifices ever erected by the mind of man,' dissents from two of its leading principles—the absolute infallibility of Scripture, and Predestination. He discusses both these principles calmly and comprehensively. He thinks that Calvin set up the infallibility of Scripture in opposition to the infallibility of the Pope; and that he arrived at his doctrine of Predestination from his tendency to begin with first principles, and to make God rather than man his starting-

point in all religious speculation. We cannot follow him in his interesting discussion of these high themes; but we may remark in passing, in regard to the first, that a bold but cautious criticism is now pushing towards a solution of it, and may probably ere long reach it; and in regard to the second, that it will never be solved in time. From the relation between the human and divine there emerge contradictions which can never be reconciled; and while speculative men to the end of the world will discuss the many questions connected with these, they will never arrive at a final settlement of them. The Church is quite as much divided now as it was in the days of Augustine and Pelagius regarding Grace and Free Will; and the philosophical world is quite as much divided in regard to the same subject in its philosophical aspect—Necessity and Liberty. We have Hobbes, Hartley, Hume, and Mill on the one side, and the equally great names of Reid, Kant, and Hamilton on the other.

After the publication of the ‘*Institutes*,’ which instantly attracted attention and gave their author a wide celebrity, Calvin paid a visit to Italy, and in the spring of 1536 we find him at the Court of Ferrara, under the name of Charles d’Espeville. Renée, Duchess of Ferrara, was another of the remarkable women of the age who sympathised with the Reformation and threw her royal shield over the persecuted Reformers. Only child of Louis XII., she would have been Queen of France had it not been for the Salic law. Cheated of being a queen because, as she said, she had not a beard on her chin, she had nearly become an empress—the wife of Charles V.—but politics crossed her path, and she ultimately was given in marriage to Hercules d’Este, Duke of Ferrara. Diminutive and even deformed, she concealed under her crooked body a truly royal mind. She was magnanimous, generous, courageous. When her son-in-law, the Duke of Guise, was assassinated, she was distressed to think he should be eternally damned, and wrote to Calvin on the subject for consolation. But when that same Duke had besieged her in her own castle of Montargis, where she had sheltered some Calvinists, and summoned her to surrender, ‘Let him make a breach if he can,’ she defiantly said, ‘and I will be the first to enter it, and we shall see if he will strike down the daughter of a king.’ With this dauntless lady Calvin maintained a life-long correspondence, which does credit to both of them.

At her court Calvin met the poet Marot, whose metrical version of the Psalms was sung by the French Protestants with the wild enthusiasm with which French Republicans



have since sung the 'Marseillaise.' But the Duke of Ferrara had no such favour for the reformers as his duchess had, and Calvin was obliged to resume his wandering life. He passed into Piedmont, lingered about the southern slopes of the Alps, and gathered around him those who were hungering and thirsting after the new doctrines. But the hue and cry of heresy was raised in the valley of Aosta, and the author of the 'Institutes' was glad to escape alone and on foot by the steep pass of Duranda. Entering France, he revisited his native place, where his brother Charles had recently died—a priest of the Church, but refusing its sacraments and at war with its authority; he arranged his family affairs, and, taking his brother Anthony and his sister Mary with him, set out for Switzerland. The direct road to Basle, through Lorraine, was then blocked up by the armies of Charles V., which had penetrated into France, and therefore taking a circuitous route, he arrived in Geneva one evening in the month of August, 1536, intending to remain there but a single night, and on the morrow to proceed on his journey towards Basle. But he had reached unwittingly the scene of his future toils and triumphs—of his great services rendered to Christianity, and of his great crime perpetrated in her name. We must therefore pause a little, and glance at the state of Geneva, and its position among European cities when its future legislator first passed through its gates as a stranger.

Geneva was one of the fragments of the broken-up kingdom of Burgundy. Its bishop was its king, and was chosen by the canons of its cathedral. His civil and military power was delegated to a vidome (*vice domini*), who held the castle on the Isle of the Rhone. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the Duke of Savoy was the vidome, and the honour had become hereditary in his house. But under the bishop and the vidome the Genevese enjoyed very republican institutions and a large share of liberty. Twice a year, to the tolling of the great bell of St. Peter, the citizens assembled to elect four syndics, and these four syndics had during their term of office the actual government of the city. The ambition of the vidomes disturbed this order of things. They usurped the jurisdiction of the bishop, and encroached on the liberty of the people. A fierce and long-continued conflict began; the city was divided into factions—the *Eidgenossen* (or Confederates) struggling to maintain the liberties of the city, and the Mamelukes willing to give up everything to the House of Savoy. The patriot party formed an alliance with Friburg and Berne, and by their help the Savoyards were

banished, the office of vidome abolished, and the city rendered more independent and more republican than ever.

This political revolution prepared the way for ecclesiastical reform. The very ferment of mind which prevailed in the city was favourable to change. But the ecclesiastical party was still strong. The authority of the bishop was still recognised. The clergy still numbered nearly three hundred, in a population of not more than twelve or fourteen thousand. If Berne, being Protestant, inclined its ally to reform, Friburg, which was Catholic, used all its influence to retain it in alliance to the ancient Church. But Reformation ideas were penetrating everywhere; and the young men who had fought the battle of the city's freedom promised themselves still greater liberty, and even license, by the overthrow of the Church. Things were in this state in 1532, when William Farel appeared within the walls of Geneva. The German-Swiss Reformers had fixed upon him as the proper man to carry their principles into French Switzerland. Though come of gentle blood, he was a little mean-looking man, with a plebeian face, red unkempt beard, fiery eyes, and somewhat violent ways. The fastidious Erasmus could not bear him, and affixed to him an odious nickname. His friends called him the Zealot. But he was the right man for the work to be done. He was indefatigable, dauntless, possessed of an impassioned popular eloquence, which carried conviction with it. Threatened with 'the Rhone,' with poison, with a bullet in his brain, he remained firm, and in the end had the high happiness of seeing the Reformation firmly established in Geneva.

Geneva at this time occupied a very small place in the eye of Europe. Situated at the western extremity of the Lemman Lake, just where its waters rush into the rapid Rhone, shut out by the Alps and the Jura from all the world beside, its terraced streets looked as picturesque then as now; but it was without a name and without renown. No great historical event had been associated with it. Its population, as we have already said, did not exceed twelve or fourteen thousand. 'But,' as M. Guizot remarks, 'great ideas, great men, and great events cannot be measured by the magnitude of their cradles.' The greatest services to humanity have been rendered by the smallest states. Judæa gave religion to the world, and Judæa is but a patch of ground hardly larger than an English county. Athens gave arts and philosophy to mankind, and Athens, tried by its population, would scarcely now be ranked as a second-rate town. Papal Rome exercises to this day a wider sway than was ever wielded by Pagan Rome,

and Papal Rome is but a city of ruins. Geneva, with its twelve thousand souls, its new-born independence and its new-born faith, was now to become the platform where an experiment was to be tried, and great religious problems solved affecting all mankind.

In this city, and at this crisis of its history, John Calvin arrived, a wayfarer seeking rest for a night. He travelled as usual under an assumed name, and lodged at an inn. But Du Tillet was there, and made his arrival known. Farel no sooner heard that the author of the 'Institutes' was in the town than he resolved to do everything in his power to detain him. He needed such a man for a helper in his work. The old Church was torn down, but a new one was yet to be built up. Even society, demoralised by the struggles of thirty years, required to be reconstructed from its very basis. He therefore hurried to Calvin, and begged him to remain and assist him to rear the Genevese Church. Calvin at first declined. He pleaded his unfitness for public life, his love of study and retirement, and implored Farel in God's name to have pity upon him. 'May God curse your life and your learned leisure,' said Farel, assuming the air of a prophet, 'if you do not now come 'to His help in this necessity.' Calvin was startled and even intimidated by the words of the apostle of Geneva, and consented to remain. 'Farel,' says M. Mignet, in his remarkable paper on 'The Reformation at Geneva,' read before the Académie des Sciences, Morales et Politiques, 'gave Geneva to 'the Reformation, and Calvin to Geneva.'

Calvin at first undertook no definite office; he merely undertook to give prelections on Scripture in the Church of St. Peter. Two months afterwards, however, he was elected a minister. The city does not appear to have either greatly honoured or richly rewarded him. He is spoken of in the registers simply as 'the Frenchman' (*iste Gallus*), and in the following spring six gold crowns were voted him, with the significant remark that he had previously scarcely got anything. But he soon began to make his influence felt. He took a part in the conference at Lausanne, which resulted in the Reformation being established in the Pays de Vaud. He procured the expulsion of some Anabaptists who were creating disturbances in the city, for in the city of the Reformed there must be but 'one faith and one baptism.' He got a victory over Caroli in the synod of Lausanne, but he obtained it by violence and vulgar abuse. Caroli charged Calvin and Farel with being Arians, denying the *Trinity of Persons*. Calvin retorted by declaring that Caroli was an atheist, with no more faith than a dog or a

pig. Professor Kampschulte thinks there was some ground for Caroli's accusation, and that Calvin at this period had a dislike of the terms 'trinity' and 'person,' and had in fact declared that no true Church could accept the Athanasian Creed.

But his most important work was a Confession of Faith which he drew up in conjunction with Farel, 'to give,' as Beza says, 'some shape to the newly established Church.' 'This 'first Confession of Faith by the Reformed Church in France,' says M. Guizot, 'was simple in form, moderate in tone, and 'free from many of the theological controversies which afterwards arose among the Reformers; its principal object was 'to separate the Reformed Faith clearly and entirely from the Church of Rome, its traditions, its priestcraft, and its 'ritual.' It consisted of twenty-one articles. Together with this Confession, a document was presented to the magistrates, tracing an ecclesiastical organisation and the relation of the civil to the ecclesiastical power. The power of excommunication was claimed for the Church. 'We hold,' said the ministers, 'that it is expedient, and according to the ordinance of God, that all open idolaters, blasphemers, murderers, thieves, adulterers, and false witnesses, all seditious 'and quarrelsome persons, slanderers, pugilists, drunkards, 'and spendthrifts, if they do not amend their lives after they 'have been duly admonished, shall be cut off from communion 'with believers until they have given satisfactory proofs of 'repentance.' This Confession and church polity, after some hesitation, were adopted by the Council of Two Hundred, and afterwards by the assembled citizens in the Church of St. Peter.

Having secured the acceptance of this ecclesiastical constitution, Calvin was not a man to allow its principles to lie idle. He began to apply them rigorously, and the stout burghers, who had thrown off the yoke of Savoy and the yoke of Rome, and thought that at last they must be free, discovered to their surprise that Calvin's little finger was thicker than the Pope's loins. The Genevese were then a gay, pleasure-loving people. The indulgent humour of the Romish Church had accustomed them to amusements. They loved music and dancing, mumming and masquerades. They had their festivals, their processions, their plays, their merryandrews making mirth on the green. They lounged about their wine-shops, and enjoyed with their glass of wine a quiet hand at cards, as every inhabitant of every continental city does at the present day. But weddings, as was natural, were their special occasions of rejoicing. The bride was adorned in her best, her tresses hung gracefully

down on her shoulders, flowers found their appropriate place on her head and breast; she repaired to the church amid the ringing of bells and surrounded by her friends, and when the ceremony was over the day was spent in feasting and dancing. But all this was now to be changed. All festivals but Sunday were abolished, and Sunday must be devoted to the hearing of sermons. Marriages must be celebrated before a small company and with no mirth, and the bride must appear without her tresses. Dancing, masquerading, and card-playing were prohibited. All taverns were to be shut at nine o'clock, and the citizens to be in their own houses at that hour in the evening. Like the inhabitants of a newly conquered country, their pleasures must end, if not their fires be extinguished, when the curfew tolled. It is fair, however, to say that considering the early habits of the time, nine o'clock was as late then as eleven o'clock is now—the hour at which, according to recent and, on the whole, beneficial legislation, every tavern in Scotland must be shut.

It is generally said, in vindication of these severe rules, that the Genevese were at this time a loose people, that immorality had tainted their whole social life and usages, and that nothing but rigour would cure them. It may have been so; but there is no evidence that they were exceptionally wicked, and there is nothing about which we are more apt to form false estimates than popular morality in the absence of correct statistics. Modern facts have dispelled many old delusions. Roman Catholic countries are not always more impure than Calvinistic ones. Rude peoples are not always more licentious than refined ones. Free manners do not always indicate loose morals; and even coarseness of speech and behaviour does not always imply profligacy. The same apology which is made for Queen Margaret's tales must be equally valid for much of the indelicacy and indecency of the time. In our own day, a peasant girl would use language and do things which would shock a fine lady; but that does not prove that the one is more immoral than the other. It is true the preachers declaimed against the sins of the people, but the language of sermons is often framed in accordance with theological tenets rather than tabulated facts. The fact is, Calvin had never troubled himself with questions about the comparative wickedness of Geneva. He had his dream, like Plato and Sir Thomas More, of a model State—a Christian community into which there should enter nothing that defileth, nothing that worketh abomination; a new Jerusalem, a heaven upon earth. It was at the realisation of this idea that he aimed.

The Genevese began to rebel against the Calvinistic discipline, so contrary to their customs and ways. When an attempt was made, by domiciliary visits, to induce every one personally to swear to the new ecclesiastical constitution, it proved a failure. Many refused to bind themselves. 'Calvin should keep himself to explaining the Scriptures to us,' said some, 'and not meddle with such matters.' 'He has abolished the confessional,' said others, 'only to set up something worse in its stead, and put the whole city under penance.' A strong party was formed, determined to oppose him. It was chiefly composed of the old *Eidgenossen*, the patriots who had fought for independence and reform; but the Calvinists now affixed to them the nickname of Libertines. At their head were Jean Philippe, Amy Perrin, and Vandel, who had been the very first to declare for the Reformation. So strongly did popular feeling run in their favour that three out of the four syndics elected in the beginning of 1538 belonged to their party.

With these disputes about discipline other matters were mixed up. The Bernese differed from the Genevese in some little affairs of ritual, and there was a natural wish that there should be complete conformity between the sister churches. The Bernese baptised at the font, kept the feasts of Christmas, New Year's Day, the Annunciation, and the Ascension, and used unleavened bread in the Sacrament of the Supper. To all these things Calvin and Farel were opposed. In March, 1538, a synod was held at Lausanne to compose the differences. The Genevese ministers were outvoted; but the Genevese magistrates were all the more delighted, and ordered them to celebrate the Sacrament according to the Bernese rite. Calvin protested that this was an invasion of his province by the civil power to which he would not submit. The strife spread from the council-room to the streets. 'To the Rhone with the pastors,' was now a mob-cry not unfrequently heard in the dark. On Easter Sunday both Farel and Calvin preached, notwithstanding a prohibition by the syndics, but refused to administer the Communion to anyone. There was something like a riot in both the churches. The next day the Council formally adopted the Bernese rite, and deposed the ministers who had shown such contempt for the law. On the day following the General Assembly of the citizens confirmed these resolutions, and issued an order to Calvin and Farel to leave the town in three days. Thus in two years from the time he had entered Geneva, was Calvin driven out of it in disgrace. The refugee Frenchman who had been received into the city as a lecturer on Holy Writ, had suddenly risen to be a dictator

in both Church and State; but he had shown too little respect for inveterate usages and human frailties—everything must bend to his impetuous will and paper constitution—and he was as suddenly precipitated into a new exile.

Farel went to Neuchâtel, where he spent the remainder of his long life. Calvin went to Strasburg, where he had been invited by Bucer, one of its ministers. The Council appointed him Professor of Theology, and the numerous French refugees who were living there elected him to be their pastor. He had now some leisure for those literary pursuits which he loved, and which were most fitting, as he himself said, ‘his timid, weak, and even pusillanimous nature.’ Cardinal Sadolet had written a persuasive letter to the Genevese in the hope that in their disgust at the Reformed discipline they might be won back to the Romish Church. Calvin replied in a letter marked by dignity and logical power. He published a second and greatly enlarged edition of his ‘*Institutes*.’ He composed his Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans—the first of a long list of exegetical writings, which have constituted him a great master in the school of critical as well as of dogmatic theology. Leaving his studies and his books, he attended the Diets of Frankfort and Ratisbon, at both of which an effort was made to reconcile the Protestants with Rome. The design miscarried, but Ranke thinks it was very near succeeding. It is certain the Emperor wished for peace with his Protestant subjects, and that Contarini on the part of Rome was willing to make great concessions, while Bucer and Melancthon on the part of the Protestants would have gladly welcomed any possible compromise. But Calvin from the very first was hopeless of success, and does not seem to have greatly desired it. Perhaps he saw that it was impossible to reconcile the irreconcilable. Perhaps he thought it was better that the Church of the future should be entirely divorced from the Church of the past. He was a hater of compromises. In his letters from Ratisbon to his friend Farel he exhibits at once his wide-reaching statesmanship and his truculent temper. He reviews with deep insight the positions of the different parties, and when he hears that Dr. Eck, who had been struck with apoplexy during the conferences, was recovering, he writes, ‘the world does not deserve to be yet delivered from that beast.’ It was at these conferences he first made the personal acquaintance of Philip Melancthon, who is said to have been so struck with his theological learning that he surnamed him *The Theologian*. Luther and Calvin never met.

But there is another aspect in which we have to look at the

author of the 'Institutes' and the Commentary on the Romans. He confesses to Farel that he is so poor that he is unable to pay him a few crowns he had borrowed from him, and that he is anxiously looking to his printer for as much as will meet his current expenses. He authorises his friend to sell his books which remained at Geneva for a shilling apiece, for he is compelled to resort to them to satisfy his landlord. But in the midst of his poverty he was contemplating matrimony. His friends were looking out for a wife for him. A German lady of noble birth and considerable fortune was first presented to his notice; but she showed no desire to acquire the French language, and he did not care to be joined to a mate with whom he could not converse. There was a second maiden who, he thought, would be a treasure without a dowry, but something interfered to prevent their bliss. His brother engaged him to a third, but the engagement was no sooner made than it was broken off; and he began to doubt if he should persevere. At length Bucser found a suitable wife for him in Idelette de Buren, the widow of an Anabaptist whom he had converted. She probably brought him some money, but it could not be much. What Calvin chiefly wanted, as he himself confesses, was a nurse; for though he was only thirty-one, he was already in wretched health.

But Geneva was now sitting in sackcloth and ashes, penitent for having banished Calvin, and most anxious for his return. After the departure of the ministers, a reign of anarchy had begun; the short season of restraint had ended in greater excesses than ever. The respectable citizens were scandalised at the disorders and license which prevailed. The ministers who remained behind, and especially those who filled the places of the exiles, were, if we may believe Calvin, a disgrace to their order. A strong reaction set in, and on the 1st of May 1541, the decree banishing the ministers was revoked, and Calvin invited to return. He hesitated long, and consulted his friends as to what he should do. He had evidently a great love for Geneva, but he dreaded the renewal of the struggles through which he had come, and which his weak physical frame was scarcely able to bear. 'Who will not pardon me,' he said, 'if I do not again willingly throw myself into a whirlpool which I have found so fatal?' Probably he also wished to make the Genevese feel—and we may pardon him if he did—that if he returned it was to please them and not himself. He at last resolved to go, dictating to the humbled city his own terms.

Calvin re-entered Geneva on the 12th of September 1541, and his entry was a kind of triumph. One of the heralds of



the city accompanied him. He was conducted to a house provided for him in the Rue des Chanoines, which commanded a magnificent view of the lake, the Jura, Mont Blanc and the green hills which rose round the ramparts of the city. The joyful syndics voted him a new cloak, and cheerfully paid eight crowns for it. They fixed his stipend at 500 florins, twelve measures of wheat, and two tubs of wine—a handsome allowance for those days. But above florins and wheat and wine, Calvin was thinking of the ecclesiastical polity which he was bent upon establishing. He had developed his scheme of church government more fully in the second edition of his ‘*Institutes*.’ He had tried it on a small scale at Strasburg. But Geneva was evidently the proper field for its operation. Geneva was a State in itself. Its old ecclesiastical constitution had been destroyed, and no new one yet erected in its stead. The people had experienced the evils of anarchy, and were willing to submit to anything he might prescribe. He therefore lost no time in setting about his work:—

‘Two days after his arrival in the city,’ says M. Guizot, ‘as soon as he had paid an official visit to the magistrates, he requested them without any further delay to nominate a commission which should have power to prepare the necessary reforms in the constitution and government of the Church. Six members were at once appointed, and a fortnight later, with the help of Calvin and his colleagues, they had drawn up a hundred and sixty-eight articles, which contained a complete scheme of ecclesiastical polity. This scheme was presented to the Council on the 26th of September, 1541. It was discussed during a whole month, and modified on many points in which the civil magistrates thought it too severe. It was adopted on the 9th of November by the Two Hundred, and was received on the 20th by the General Assembly. Several slight modifications were, however, made at the request of some of the citizens, and it was not until the 2nd of January, 1542, that the Ecclesiastical Ordinances were definitely accepted by the General Assembly consisting of 2,000 citizens. On the 14th of March, 1542, Calvin wrote:—“We have now a kind of ecclesiastical tribunal “and such a form of religious discipline as these troublous times will “allow of. But do not think that we have obtained it without great difficulty.”’ (Pp. 258, 259.)

In order to understand the ecclesiastical polity now established in Geneva we must know something of its civil polity, as the two were to work together, like the two parts of one machine. There were four magistrates, called syndics. These were elected annually by the whole of the burghesses met in general assembly. This General Assembly was understood to be the ultimate depositary of all political power, and was accordingly consulted on all important occasions. Invested with

a certain authority there was a Council of Sixty ; and since the alliance with Friburg and Berne in 1526, a Council of Two Hundred. Besides these there was the ordinary Council which wielded the executive power of the State. It consisted of the four syndics, the four ex-syndics, the city treasurer, and sixteen others. These sixteen were chosen by the Council of Two Hundred, and the Council of Two Hundred was in its turn chosen by the ordinary Council. Though Geneva was thus in some respects a pure democracy, the constitution of the Councils placed the government of the city in the hands of an oligarchy.

We now turn our attention to the ecclesiastical polity which was raised by the side of this civil polity. According to Calvin, 'wherever the word of God was purely preached, and the Sacraments administered according to the institution of Christ, there was a Church.' A visible organised Church, therefore, consists of the whole body of the clergy and laity belonging to it, or rather there is no essential distinction between the clergy and laity, and both together constitute the Church. Calvin recognised no higher authority in the Church than that of the pastor. The bishop, the presbyter, the pastor are one. Subordinate to these general principles developed in the '*Institutio Christianæ Religionis*,' the Ecclesiastical Ordinances erected two courts for the government of the Church.

1. The Venerable Company of Pastors. This court consisted of all the pastors of the city. Their duty was to preach the word, administer the Sacraments, to examine and ordain by the imposition of hands candidates for the ministry.

2. The Consistory. This court consisted of the six pastors (a number afterwards increased) and twelve lay elders. Two of these elders were chosen from the ordinary Council, and the remainder from the Council of Two Hundred. They were nominated by the ministers, but elected by the Council. They were paid two *sols* a day out of the fines levied from the penitents who appeared at their bar. According to rule, one of the syndics was to preside at the meetings of the Consistory, but as matter of fact Calvin did so during his whole life. This court took cognisance of every conceivable ecclesiastical offence, and in fact wielded the whole power of the Church in Geneva. Its extreme sentence was excommunication, pronounced with much solemnity and in virtue of the power of the keys entrusted by Christ to the office-bearers of his Church. In many cases, however, the Consistory handed over the delinquents who came before it to the civil power, to be dealt with by it in the way of fine, imprisonment, or death.

The independent jurisdiction of the Church was fully recognised by the Ecclesiastical Ordinances of Geneva.

‘There were two principles,’ says M. Guizot, ‘to which Calvin attached the highest importance; I might almost call them his two supreme passions, for they were as preeminent in his religious system as they were in his life.

‘I. The distinction between religious and civil society, that is, between Church and State. I say distinction not separation; it was an alliance between two societies, two powers, each independent of the other in its own domain, but combining in action, and giving each other mutual support. II. The amendment and religious discipline of the life and morals of all members of the Church, who were to be placed under the inspection of the ecclesiastical powers, and subjected to their authority, with recourse in extreme cases to the civil power.’ (Pp. 259, 260.)

‘Thus,’ says Professor Kampschulte, ‘did Geneva receive through Calvin its earlier character back again. The old episcopal city became an ecclesiastical city again, and in a higher degree than it had ever been before.’

Calvin swept away as a cobweb the whole organisation of the Papal Church—Pope, bishops, deans, canons, all disappeared in his system; in this respect the Genevan Reformation was much more complete than either the German or Anglican. But Calvin retained as a precious deposit a doctrine which the Church of Rome had fought hard to preserve, and which, in fact, formed the foundation of its power—the doctrine of ecclesiastical independence; while the other Churches of the Reformation allowed this doctrine to die. The theory of spiritual authority was as complete at Geneva as it was at Rome. The princes and free cities of Germany ruled the German Churches, neither Luther nor Melancthon forbidding it. Henry VIII. in England had declared himself supreme in the Church as well as in the State, adding the tiara to his crown. Zwingli, in the cantons under his control, made no objection to the magistrates assuming sovereign authority in matters of faith. It was in Geneva alone that the Roman doctrine of the entire independence of the Church, as a separate corporation distinct from the State, was maintained and acted on. It was the vital idea of Calvin’s system. There was a Kingdom of God upon earth, with an autonomy of its own; the Church towered up as an institution distinct from the State, and, it might be, opposed to it. In every country there must be two legislatures, two laws, two jurisdictions, and two magistracies—the civil and the ecclesiastical.

But to this old idea Calvin added a new and daring

one, which modified its action but increased its power. He admitted the laity to a large share of ecclesiastical government. The Consistory consisted of but six ecclesiastics and twelve laymen. This powerful court therefore had its roots in the civil society which lay outside of the clerical sphere, and from this it derived its strength. It was not a mere company of ecclesiastics sitting in judgment upon the manners of the outer world. It was a representation of the whole Church, embodying its life, its ideas, and its tendencies. It rested upon a thoroughly democratic and anti-sacerdotal basis. The Church of Scotland, which is perhaps the fullest development of the Calvinistic ideas, has confessedly derived its chief strength from the presence of the laity in all its courts. To its first General Assemblies all the reforming barons of the kingdom were invited. In its Assemblies at this day the representatives of all classes in the country have a place. And the Assemblies which, during the early struggles of the Covenant, dictated to the Parliament and defied the King, derived their conscious strength from the fact that they were then the only representatives of the people.

'Chaque pays,' says M. Mignet in the paper already referred to, 'avait modelé le gouvernement de l'Eglise réformée sur celui de l'Etat. Calvin, qui se trouvait proscrit et placé dans une ville en possession récente de sa souveraineté, n'eut aucun ménagement pour l'autorité civile, et parvint à la dompter parce qu'il la trouva plus faible que lui. Ayant l'exil pour point de départ, il eut le pouvoir politique pour point d'attaque. Il subordonna l'Etat à l'Eglise, la société civile à la société religieuse, et prépara dans Genève une croyance et un gouvernement à tous ceux en Europe qui rejetèrent la croyance et s'insurgèrent contre le gouvernement de leur pays. C'est ce qui arriva en France sous la minorité de Charles IX. ; en Ecosse sous le règne troublé de Marie-Stuart; dans les Pays-Bas lors de la révolte des Provinces-Unies; et en Angleterre sous Charles I<sup>er</sup>. Le Calvinisme, religion des insurgés, fut adopté par les *Huguenots* de France, les *Gueux* des Pays-Bas, les *Presbytériens* d'Ecosse, les *Puritains* et les *Indépendants* d'Angleterre. L'expression, sous une autre forme, du grand besoin de croire avec liberté qu'éprouvait alors le genre humain, il fournit un modèle et un moyen de réformation aux peuples dont les gouvernements ne voulurent pas l'opérer eux-mêmes, sans être toutefois assez forte pour l'empêcher.'

It is certain Calvin did not mean to be the apostle of revolt. He inculcated subordination to the civil power so strongly as to seem to teach passive obedience. He maintained that Christian freedom was quite consistent with political and even with social servitude. It is equally certain that Calvinism is not necessarily the religion of rebels. It has existed peaceably in the bosom of every State, and Calvinists have emulated

Lutherans, Episcopalians, and Romanists in loyalty. But it is true, as M. Mignet asserts in his brilliant way, that Calvinism found its first seat in those countries where the Government was weak or temporarily paralysed. When the Government reformed the Church, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction was uniformly subordinated to the civil. When the people reformed the Church, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction became co-ordinate with the civil, or rose above it. The Presbyterian polity, with its republican courts and claims of spiritual independence, became the polity of every popularly reformed Church. But it was the popular voice that proclaimed Presbyterianism, not Presbyterianism that preached the revolt of the people. The more entirely a people were left to themselves, the more Calvinistic they became; the feebler the powers of the State, the higher the pretensions of the Church. The syndics of Geneva were powerless in the presence of the ministers. Queen Mary and King James went down in the dirt before the Scotch Presbyters as really as the Emperor Henry IV. before the Pope.

When Calvin was elaborating his 'Institutes,' and working with the syndics at the Ecclesiastical Ordinances, he was unconsciously framing laws for a large part of Christendom. His church organisation, as well as his doctrines, was received by the Huguenots of France, who revered him as their head. French Protestantism, in fact, driven from Paris, made Geneva its metropolis. John Knox was the friend of Calvin, Andrew Melville was the friend of Beza, and they carried from Geneva to Scotland the Calvinistic creed and Presbyterian institutions, which have flourished there for three centuries in fuller development than in any other part of the world. As soon as Holland threw off the yoke of Spain, it set up the institutions of Geneva, and there they exist to this day in undiminished vigour. The religion of the Reformed penetrated into the country of Luther, and still maintains its ground in every city where it is allowed a resting-place. It threatened England both at the Reformation and the Rebellion; it took possession of a province of Ireland; and it is now widely spread over the United States of America. It has modified its forms to suit circumstances. In all countries it has nourished a love of liberty and independence. Without exciting insurrection, it has often-times blessed it when the cause was good, and has thus preserved freedom in its last asylums. It was the breath of life of the English Puritans and the Scotch Covenanters. It moulded the character of William the Stadtholder and William the King; it gave dignity and strength to Condé and Coligny,

and fostered the patriotism of Buchanan and Henderson, of Baxter and Howe. With the spread of republican institutions it is likely to gain rather than lose in force; though time has abundantly proved that it was but a silly panic to which James I. gave utterance when he said, 'No bishop, no king.'

Calvin having seen his Ordinances sanctioned and his Consistory set up, did not delay to put the law in force. Geneva must be a city of the saints; and he had now in his hands the instrument of its regeneration. The gambling-houses were shut up, the wine-shops were closed at the toll of nine, dancing was put down, profane songs were interdicted, profligates were ferreted out, attendance at church was made imperative, a slighting word about religion or its ministers was severely punished. The consistorial law extended to everything. The mode of the hair, the style of the dress, the number of dishes and courses which might be allowed at a feast, the number of guests who might be invited to a wedding, was all prescribed, and might not be transgressed with impunity. Absentees from church were fined three *sols*. Those who came late were censured for the first offence, and fined for the second. A man who heard an ass bray and said in jest 'he sings a fine psalm,' was banished for a time from the city. An illustrious citizen was excommunicated for saying that he was as good a man as Calvin. Three men who had laughed during a sermon were imprisoned for three days and compelled to beg pardon. Fornicators were fined. Adulterers were put to death. There was no respect of persons, and no chance of escape. A kind of moral police reported delinquents, and once a year a minister and an elder visited every family in their parish, and made strict inquisition into its habits and ways. 'Fine liberty!' said a lady with a sneer, 'formerly we were compelled to go to the mass, and now we are forced to go to the sermon.'

The political revolution which had swept over Geneva had destroyed its ancient constitution, and at the time when Calvin was recalled little more than the foundations of the new one had been laid. A multitude of regulations must be made to meet all the possibilities of municipal life, and to bring the civil law into harmony with the ecclesiastical. Accordingly, the ecclesiastical ordinances were no sooner accepted than a commission was appointed to draw up a code of civic ordinances, and Calvin was placed at its head. With untiring industry he toiled at this task, and the Council relieved him of some of his ministerial duties to give him more time for the work, and presented him with a cask of old wine to show their

high approbation of his services. It is not without wonder that we see the hand of the author of the Institutes in bye-laws affecting the paltriest municipal affairs; but his was a genius which readily descended from the highest principles to the lowest details. The civil ordinances, like the ecclesiastical, exhibit his rigorous method, his logic, his love for law, inherited from his father, the old notary of Noyon, and perfected by his legal studies at Orleans and Bourges. The tendency of the changes which he introduced was to make the government of the city more aristocratic and the criminal law more severe. Only by a terrible severity did he think crime could be cured and the honour of God maintained; and according to his ideas the honour of God as well as the rights of man should be protected by legislation. Profane swearing should be punished as certainly as housebreaking. The ordinances were no sooner made than put in execution, and the presence of Calvin was evidently felt in the courts of justice as well as in the Council-house. Between 1542 and 1546 no fewer than fifty-eight persons were sentenced to death, and seventy-six to exile. On the 6th of March 1545, the gaoler reported to the Council that the prisons were full and could hold no more. Suspicion was enough to consign a man to gaol; torture was employed to extort confession. Every ill-favoured or ill-tongued old woman was suspected to be a witch, and in three months no fewer than thirty-four of these, and among them the hangman's own mother, met their doom. 'Human life,' says Professor Kamp-schulte, 'appeared to have lost its value in the New Geneva.'

The stern spirit of the Old Testament rather than the beneficent spirit of the New is only too visible in this legislation. But Calvin had a love for the rigours of the Mosaic code, in which he was unfortunately copied by the Reformers of Scotland and the Puritans of England, who drew all their examples from Hebrew history. The Genevese commonwealth approximated to the Jewish under Moses and the Judges. It was a spiritual Government—a theocracy. Calvin was at once priest and king, and by laws which were thought to be sacred because administered by an ecclesiastical court, everything was regulated, down to hair-dressing and millinery.

The bold outlines of Calvin's legislation showed his greatness, the details exhibit his littleness. In many things he was behind rather than before his age. He interfered too much with individual liberty, and endeavoured to stamp his own image on every man, woman, and child, however different their circumstances and temperament from his. Calvin was not a joyous man, he was not even genial; his wretched health, his

irritable temper, his literary ambition, made him shun rather than seek for social mirth and amusement; and he attempted by a repressive legislation to make the whole city as morose as himself. He moreover carried this legislation far beyond the domain of religion and morality, and made it apply to the most petty affairs of household life. It thus became a huge despotism, overshadowing everything.

‘Although Calvin’s system,’ says M. Guizot with great justness of observation, ‘was righteously conceived and carried out, his thoughts and legislation were influenced by two false motives which soon proved fatal; for when truth and error are blindly united, the evil will assuredly be developed and will compromise the good. Calvin’s religious system for the evangelical Church almost entirely overlooked individual liberty. He desired to regulate private life in accordance with the laws of morality and by means of the powers of the State, to penetrate all social and family life, and the soul of every man, and to restrict individual responsibility within an ever-narrowing circle. In the relation of the Evangelical Church to the State, he asserted and carried out the principle adopted in the Catholic Church, the right of the spiritual power to appeal to the secular arm in order to suppress and punish those offences against religion recognised by the State; that is, impiety and heresy. Calvin thus denied and violated the rights of conscience and perfect liberty in private life and in matters of religion.’ (P. 267.)

For a time the Genevese submitted with wonderful patience to this consistorial discipline, and Calvin began to see his Christian republic, pure and spotless, rising up before his delighted view. But soon some signs of discontent began to appear. There were violent altercations in the Consistory; violent scenes in the church at the dispensation of the Sacrament. The Consistory’s power of excommunication was disputed by the Council. The wife of Ami Perrin, the captain-general of the city, had danced at a wedding; she was brought before the Consistory, soundly rated by Calvin, upon whom she retorted with a woman’s volubility, and finally thrust into gaol like a strumpet or a thief. The result was a bitter feud between Calvin and some of the first families in the town. Menaces of assassination were fiercely muttered. But Calvin held his course and pursued his purpose, apparently heedless of the continual opposition to which he was exposed. All this time a constant stream of French refugees was pouring into the city, so that between 1543 and 1550 the population had increased from 13,000 to 20,000. Geneva was at once the seat of a terrible spiritual tyranny, and the last refuge of those who were seeking for spiritual freedom.

The most tragic passage in the history of Calvin—the part



he played in the burning of Servetus—is yet to be told. Michael Servetus was born at Villanueva, in Spain, in the same year as Calvin. He studied the law first and afterwards medicine, in the profession of which he became eminent, and in some respects anticipated Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood. His religious faith was early unhinged by the speculations then afloat. While he was yet a very young man he published a book '*De Trinitatis Erroribus*,' showing the direction in which his thoughts were tending. In 1534 he met Calvin at Paris, and from that time they occasionally corresponded. They were both religious speculators, and both fugitives for their faith. Servetus finally settled at Vienne, under the name of M. Villeneuve, and was held in high repute as a physician. But his mind was continually reverting to his favourite speculations regarding the nature of Deity, and in the confidence of friendship he communicated many of his ideas to Calvin and asked his opinions in return. Calvin at last got wearied of corresponding with a man who differed so widely from him, and referred him to his Institutes. Servetus sent him back a copy of the Institutes with many critical notes written on the margin. Calvin renounced his correspondence as 'a Satan designed to divert him from more 'useful studies.' On the very same day he wrote to his friend Farel a letter which throws a portentous light upon the future tragedy. It appears that Servetus had offered to visit Calvin. 'If he comes,' says Calvin, 'I shall never permit him to depart alive, provided my authority be of any avail.' This was in February 1546.

In 1553 Servetus published anonymously his '*Restitutio Christianismi*,' in the very title of which we think there is a reference to Calvin's '*Institutio*.' It taught a mystic pantheism, which embraced Christianity, and leaving the reformers of the sixteenth century far behind, carried religious 'restoration' to the point reached by Hegel, Schleiermacher, and Baur in the nineteenth. A copy came into the hands of Calvin. About a month afterwards a French refugee at Geneva, named Trie, wrote to a relative at Lyons, taunting the Roman Church for allowing the author of the '*Restitutio*' to escape with impunity, and informing him that the writer of that work was Villeneuve, whose real name was Servetus. The letter took effect, as was undoubtedly designed by its writer, and the officers of the Inquisition were immediately on the trail of Villeneuve. But Villeneuve denied everything; denied that he was the author of the '*Restitutio*;' denied that he was Servetus. Trie was asked to give more information. He now

furnished the Inquisition with a number of letters which Servetus had written to Calvin, and with the chapter on Baptism of the 'Institutio,' with Servetus's marginal notes previously referred to. Calvin denies that he was the author or instigator of Tric's first letter, and M. Guizot credits his denial, though it is hard to believe that an unlettered man like Tric should himself have known everything about a Latin work on an abstruse subject, and the private history and different names of its author, with all which, however, Calvin was intimately acquainted. But now Calvin was directly connected with the case by furnishing to the Inquisition Servetus's letters to him—letters written, as Servetus declared, 'under the seal of secrecy' and for brotherly correction; and it is little excuse to say, as Tric did say, that they were given up with reluctance. M. Villeneuve was now thrown into prison, but contrived to escape. He was sentenced to be burned over a slow fire, and the dreadful doom was carried out in effigy.

On the 17th of July a stranger alighted at a little inn—the Auberge de la Rose—on the banks of the lake of Geneva. He spoke of proceeding to Zurich next day, but stayed on for more than three weeks, and when at last he had hired a boat, and was preparing to cross the lake, he was arrested and carried to prison. Calvin had recognised Servetus in the wayfaring man, and written to one of the syndics requesting that he should be arrested. Having secured his victim he proceeded to carry into effect the terrible threat which he had uttered seven years before. He arranged that his own secretary should act as prosecutor, but when the secretary was likely to be foiled by the more learned and subtle Servetus, Calvin pushed him aside and boldly appeared as the prosecutor himself. We need not relate all the painful incidents of the trial, which lasted for more than two months; how Calvin browbeat and abused the man he had already doomed to destruction, and how Servetus, driven to desperation and brought to bay, turned upon his assailant and coarsely abused him too. The end was known from the beginning. Servetus was condemned to be burned at the stake. On the morning of the execution Calvin visited the condemned man in his dungeon. The poor wretch humbled himself to beg his pardon, but he did not dishonour himself by recanting opinions which he honestly believed. Outside the ramparts and behind the town there is a green eminence, called Champel; it was the usual place of execution, the Golgotha of Geneva; there the martyr of Pantheism met the cruel doom awarded him by his Christian judges. 'The dignity of the philosopher,' says M. Guizot,

‘triumphed over the weakness of the man, and Servetus died heroically and calmly at that stake, the very thought of which had at first filled him with horror.’ (P. 325.)


This terrible transaction has left a blot on the character of Calvin which nothing can efface. ‘I am more deeply scandalised,’ said Gibbon, ‘at the single execution of Servetus than at the hecatombs which have blazed at the auto-da-fés of Spain and Portugal.’ It is indeed a black story from first to last. The leader of the French Reformation sets the hounds of the French Inquisition on a former friend who had dared to differ from him in opinion, and when the poor hunted and doomed fugitive flees from Vienne and comes to Geneva—the city of refuge to which all are fleeing from the atrocities of Rome—it is only to find in the Council of this Protestant city a court as sanguinary as the Inquisition, and in his old correspondent a persecutor as relentless as St. Dominic. Calvin ought naturally to have had some sympathy with Servetus. They had both in early youth rebelled against ecclesiastical authority. They had both scaled the highest peaks of religious speculation. The one had produced his ‘*Institutio*,’ the other his ‘*Restitutio*.’ But there had been acrimonious words between them—perhaps a feeling of rivalry—and the dark suspicion arises that personal enmity mingled with zeal for the purity of the faith and sealed Servetus’s doom. Calvin could tolerate heresy in others. We know he corresponded on friendly and even affectionate terms with Lælius Socinus, and never proposed that he should burn. Though friendly to his friends, it is certain that when his anger was kindled he was an intense hater and an implacable foe.

And yet we must not look upon the transaction in the light of the nineteenth century. Though the Reformation, if it meant anything, meant liberty of conscience and toleration for every form of religious belief, the Reformers themselves did not see this. Men were still intensely intolerant of all beliefs but their own. Bullinger justified Calvin’s deed. Melancthon justified it. Peter Martyr justified it. But notwithstanding this the fires at Champel had scarcely died out when there was a thrill of horror at the deed which had been done, and many voices were raised, some in anger, some in grief, at the great crime which had been perpetrated in the name of religion. Man’s instincts often keep him right when his spiritual instructors would lead him wrong. Calvin felt that he was put upon his defence, and he published his ‘*Fidelis expositio errorum M. Serveti et brevis eorundem refutatio ubi docetur jure gladii coercendos esse hæreticos*.’ In this

remarkable tract the head of the French Reformation acknowledges and defends all he had done, loads Servetus with the bitterest reproaches, and maintains that heretics should be put to death without mercy. He even hints that those who doubted this ought to die for their doubts. His friends, however, felt that his defence was not satisfactory, and many began to say that it was no longer possible to blame the Papists for burning as many Protestants as they pleased.

The burning of Servetus is unfortunately not the only proof of the remorseless temper of Calvin and his times. Gruet had pasted a placard on his pulpit describing him as a pôt-belly and threatening him with vengeance; and for no other overt crime than this (though some sceptical and otherwise suspicious papers were found in his house), he was tortured and put to death. Bolsec had ventured to differ from him in regard to predestination, and for this he was banished the city, glad to escape with his life. Gentilis, like many of the Italian reformers, was a deist, and for this he was thrown into a dungeon, and would certainly have shared the fate of Servetus, had he not retracted. As it was, he was compelled to parade the city in his shirt, bearing a lighted torch in his hand, and going down upon his knees to beg pardon for his sins. Relapsing into his opinions so soon as he escaped from Geneva, he met the doom of his free-thinking at Berne. Pierre Ameaux, at a supper in his own house, when he was flushed with wine had sneered at Calvin as a wicked Picard, who had preached false doctrine and wished to be a bishop. He was brought before the Council and fined; but the ecclesiastical dictator deeming the sentence too light for so grave an offence, appeared before the judges, and forced them to recall their own sentence, and condemn the outspoken bibulous Ameaux to the degrading punishment of the *amende honorable*.

But the most pitiful story is that of Sebastian Castellio, for though he never saw prison or block, he experienced a still harder fate. He made the acquaintance of Calvin at Strasburg, and was afterwards invited by him to be regent of the grammar school at Geneva. For a time all went well; but Castellio was a keen biblical scholar, and unhappily doubted the canonicity of the Song of Solomon and the reality of Christ's descent into hell. The countenance of Calvin was forthwith changed, and Castellio was glad to leave Geneva. He went to Basle, where he was made professor of Greek; and presumed in some of his writings to differ from his former patron and friend. He was acknowledged to be one of the most accomplished men of the day—a poet, a philologist, a



divine ; but notwithstanding this he was wretchedly poor, and had a wife and family to support. Calvin had heard of some stories of his terrible straits, and in one of his fierce polemics charged him with theft. Then the poor scholar told the whole tale ; of how sometimes, when the Rhine was in flood, he went to its banks with a gaff, and hooked in some of the float-wood (the property of no one), as it floated past, and carried it home to his lodgings to warm his children and himself while he pursued his literary work. But Calvin was not allowed thus cruelly to strike without being struck in return. Some of the hardest hits which he ever received were supposed at least to have come from Castellio's pen ; and Bolsec published a ' History of the Life, Manners, Acts, and Death of Calvin,' which contains calumnies scarcely credible, and evidently inspired by revenge for the ill-usage he had received.

Notwithstanding the feeling which was awakened by Servetus's death, from the day of it the throne of Calvin was more firmly fixed than ever. After a struggle the party of the Libertines was entirely put down, and their leaders were driven from the city. An academy was established for training young men as preachers of the Reformed Faith, and Beza was placed at its head. Churches were erected for almost every nationality ; for in the city were refugees speaking many languages, as in Jerusalem at the feast of Pentecost. The head of the 'Reformed Church' entered the field against the controversialists of the Lutheran Church, and both got and gave deep stabs in the conflict. His faith and Church organisation were now rearing themselves not only in opposition to Roman Catholicism but in opposition to Lutheranism. His influence extended far beyond Switzerland. From his house in the Rue des Chanoines he watched the great panorama of the Reformation as it unfolded itself in every State of Europe, and often guided or controlled it. He wrote to Edward VI., to Somerset, to Queen Elizabeth, to Condé, to Coligny, to the Duchess of Ferrara, to the Queen of Navarre, to Melancthon, to Knox ; and in most quarters his letters had all the authority of Papal bulls. When any difficulty occurred in Scotland, where his influence was peculiarly strong, the Lords of the Congregation wrote to 'that notable servant of God Master Calvin,' and his word was revered as law. To this great height of authority had he climbed by his commanding intellect, his intense earnestness, and his unbending will.

In the drama of the Reformation there were, to borrow an idea which Professor Kampfschulte has ably developed in his Introduction, three acts in which the three great nationalities of

Europe come successively upon the stage—the Slave, the German, and the Latin. First came the Slave—the Bohemian Huss—but his ideas were so narrow and so national that they quickly died out. Next came the German—the Monk of Wittenberg—with ideas more creative and larger than those of the ‘Bohemian Goose,’ but still purely Teutonic and patriotic, and accordingly Lutheranism has never shown itself able to flourish on any but German soil. Last of all came the Latin—Joannes Calvinus—and he spoke to all the world, and people of every region under heaven listened to his words. His banishment from his native country weakened the national sentiment within him, and from the age of twenty-five he belonged not to France, but to the world. Rising to eminence in a foreign state—a state far too small to limit the thoughts of his far-reaching mind—all his ideas and aims became cosmopolitan. His writings may be read from beginning to end without discovering to what nation he belonged. His religious system is not national but universal; and accordingly it thrives equally well in every climate. The very fact that it emanated from the midst of a small and powerless people probably helped its rapid propagation. The German was jealous of the Frank, and the Frank of the German, but no man needed to be jealous of the Genevese. Thus in earlier times the haughty Roman despised the feeble Jew, and under the shadow of the Jew the Christian rapidly made converts in the empire.

But the universality of Calvin’s work arose not only from his cosmopolitan ambition, but from the fact that while Huss and Luther were mainly destructive, he was pre-eminently constructive. Huss has been called by Louis Blanc the ‘awakening genius of modern revolution,’ and Luther tore down the Papacy in such a style as astonished the world. But Luther, though he uttered many fertile thoughts, never so organised his system as to give it a definite and enduring shape. He left his edifice but half finished, and with many remains of the Romanesque in its architecture; and hence it is that many say that the modern thinkers of Germany are but completing the work which Luther began. Calvin, on the other hand, found the work of destruction nearly complete, and having knocked over the few stones which Luther left standing, he set himself at once to the work of reconstruction, and soon reared a system of religious belief and ecclesiastical government so complete in every part, that it is impossible either to take from it or add to it without endangering the whole. There have been many who have rebelled against

Calvinism; none who have moulded it into different forms from those which Calvin designed.

But notwithstanding Calvin's greatness, his life was far from a happy one. He was incessantly worried by petty squabbles in the Consistorial Court. He had many enemies, and was sometimes insulted even in the streets of Geneva. Some of the Libertines called their dogs by his name. His health was miserable, and was daily becoming worse. He had violent headaches, a disordered stomach, a distressing asthma. He seldom ate more than one meal in the twenty-four hours. He slept very little. But he worked incessantly. It was evident such a life could not be a long one: the strong mind must wear out the weak body. And so it was. He died on the 27th of May, 1564, at the comparatively early age of fifty-five. He was buried next day in the cemetery of Plain Palais, without any pomp, according to his desire; but the syndics, the members of the Council, the pastors, the professors, and a great number of the inhabitants of the town followed the remains to the grave. No monument marks the spot, but the pilgrim to the place is shown a plain stone, with the letters J C carved upon it, and is told that under it the ashes of John Calvin repose.

We can never love Calvin as we love Luther—the genial, jovial Luther, with his tankard of beer, his song, and his wife; ready to dare Pope or devil, but never to squabble with Frau or Fräulein about dancing or dress. But there is much in the character of Calvin which must ever command the admiration of all mankind, in spite of his narrow unrelenting creed and his sour and even sanguinary character. In pure intellect he excels all the Reformers, in learning he was little behind the best of them. He was lofty in his ideas and aims. Far above the vulgar love of money, he lived and died a poor man; and despising the pomp of power when he possessed its reality, he went about simply as the pastor of the Church of St. Peter, though in point of fact he was dictator of the city. He was intensely earnest. It was this which made him head of Geneva, and Geneva in its turn the capital city of the Reformed Faith. Under his theocratic reign the small Alpine town became the great propaganda of Protestantism in Europe—the rival and deadliest enemy of Rome. His faults, perhaps, arose principally from physical causes. He was irritable, and subject to violent fits of passion of which he himself was afterwards ashamed. He was overbearing, impatient of contradiction, and capable of intense hatred. Calvin could not be otherwise than intolerant. His profound convictions and his

bad temper made it impossible for him to tolerate other opinions than his own, and the age in which he lived encouraged this native tendency of his mind. His moral courage was a most wonderful triumph over his nervous weakness. From his youth he complained of his timidity, and certainly he had not the kind of boldness which Luther had; but he never shrank from danger when he believed it was his duty to face it. There are some scenes in his history in which the nervous invalid stands out like a great hero. When his indignation was once fairly roused, or his resolves firmly fixed, he would rather die than flinch from his purpose.

There are lighter shades in his character. It is curious to find the stern reformer acting as a match-maker and beating about for a wife to his friend Viret, and when repulsed in one quarter, contentedly betaking himself to another. Some of his letters are playful, but his playfulness is scarcely natural and easy. He was fond of affixing nicknames upon his enemies, in which there is sometimes a trace of humour, but more frequently of bitterness. His friendships were often deep and enduring. There must have been something kindly about the man who so captivated in his youth the gentle Du Tillet, and in his riper years enchained for life the wayward, impetuous Farel. He could not have commanded such homage as he received even during his life had he not been possessed of noble qualities. It has often been debated how a man so apparently unsympathising and so harsh could have influenced so many minds and achieved the work which he did. M. Renan answers that it was 'because he was the most Christian man of his age, and of an age and a country which required an awakening.' But it is evident the great Semitic scholar here uses 'Christian' in too low a sense, for he immediately adds, 'His very morosity was one of the conditions of his success; for they who are seriously religious are more easily gained by severity than laxity, and prefer narrow to broad paths.' Having a higher estimate of what true Christianity is than M. Renan, we cannot regard John Calvin as the most Christian man of the sixteenth century, nor indeed accept of him as a high type of Christianity in any age; but we believe with M. Renan that in times of religious excitement a severe piety and narrow theology are sure to find devotees by thousands. This may have been one of the secrets of Calvin's success.

Time has wrought havoc upon his ideas and institutions, as upon everything else. It has even brought about some marvellous revenges. Doctrines akin to those for which Servetus



was burned have long been preached in Genevese pulpits, and are now spreading rapidly among the Presbyterian pastors of Holland. The Genevese citizens are now as gay as they were in the days of their bishops, and laugh, and dance, and sing as if Calvin never had lived. The Dutch, notwithstanding their national sobriety, have their amusements too without fear of the Consistory. In Scotland alone there still remain some traces of the ancient austerity, though even there they are fast fading away. The struggle for spiritual independence still goes on, and has even spread from Presbyterian to other Churches; but the civil is steadily gaining upon the ecclesiastical power, and some dreamers look forward to the time when the Christianised state shall absorb the Church and be one with it. Thus the law of change has been working. But the great outlines of Calvin's creed and church polity, like the great features of the landscape, remain immovable, while the little details have been effaced by the hand of time. And Calvin, whatever his faults, must ever be regarded as one of the great legislators of the world.

With M. Guizot's and Professor Kampschulte's books in our hands we are able to form a better estimate both of his character and works than we were before. He was neither the demon painted by Audin nor the divinity portrayed by Henri and D'Aubigné, but a man of commanding intellect and deep convictions, with bad health and an irritable temper. In the doctrines which he taught and the institutions which he reared there is seen, as in all human things, a mixture of good and evil; but they have stood the test of time, and earnest and religious people have been reared under their shadow. A different man, with finer sensibilities, a more liberal spirit, and a more loving heart, could not have achieved his reformation work; and at the end of centuries we are able to pronounce the effects of that work to have been upon the whole very good.

ART. VI.—1. *Memorials of London and London Life in the 13th, 14th, and 15th Centuries, translated and edited from the early Archives of the City of London.* By HENRY T. RILEY, M.A. London: 1868.

2. *Some Account of the Parish of St. Clement-Danes.* By J. DIPROSE. London: 1869.

3. *Index of the Streets and Places in the Metropolis, according to the existing Nomenclature, compiled in the Department of the Superintending Architect of the Metropolitan Board of Works.* Ordered to be printed, 13th March, 1868.

4. *Returns of the Names of Streets in the Metropolis, regulated by the Orders of the Board since 1856, including Streets re-named and Houses numbered, Street-names abolished.* Ordered to be printed, April 1868.

5. *The Northern Heights of London; comprising Hampstead, Highgate, Muswell Hill, and Islington.* By WILLIAM HOWITT. London: 1869.

IF any proof were needed of the affinity between the topographer and the historian, it would be furnished by the ‘Street Directory of London’—a perfect epitome of the local history of our metropolis during the centuries of its growth. In one respect, it may seem a paradox to assert that the proper value of these materials has not been adequately recognised. The ‘Histories of London’ would form a library by themselves, and their bulk, it may be added, has been too often increased by superfluous repetition. The very abundance of authorities offers fatal attractions in an age of rapid ‘book-making,’ and some of our more recent compilers must share the reproach of having needlessly retraced pre-occupied ground, without attempting to analyse or advance beyond the labours of their predecessors. The accumulated researches of Fitzstephen, Stow, Camden, Strype, Maitland, Dodsley, Pennant, Seymour, Malcolm, and Brayley form an almost inexhaustible harvest from which succeeding chroniclers have a right to glean, if criticism direct their investigations. It is time that the comparatively easy, however industrious process of transcribing and collecting should yield to that of classifying, recombining, and analysing.

As an addition, meanwhile, to original sources of information, the portly volume edited by Mr. Riley for the Corporation of London deserves the cordial welcome of all who recognise in antiquarian studies the importance of trustworthy and authentic materials. Taken together with the ‘Liber

‘Albus,’ with which his name is also associated, its historical value, as a picture of mediæval London, of its domestic life and manners, and the gradual development of its commercial and municipal importance, cannot easily be over-estimated. The interest attached to this varied repertory extends far beyond such notice as our present subject enables us to bestow, but we shall have frequent occasion to draw attention to its value in connexion with the topography of the metropolis. We are glad to observe that Mr. Riley, while correcting for the first time some of Stow’s inaccuracies, has amply acknowledged his indefatigable industry. In spite of occasional errors, the results of recent antiquarian research tend to confirm the marvellous accuracy of his work, the busy labour of a long and well-spent life, which, to use his own words, cost him ‘many a weary mile’s travel, many a hard-earned penny and pound, and many a cold winter night’s study.’\*

Another ‘Survey,’ however, on the scale of Stow’s we need scarcely expect. Considering the present dimensions of London, a task of such magnitude is probably best attempted in portions, by subdividing the area. Such in character and design are Ducarel’s ‘Lambeth,’ Parton’s ‘St. Giles,’ Faulkner’s ‘Chelsea,’ the late Sir Henry Ellis’s ‘History of Shore-ditch,’ and the less crude but agreeable account of ‘St. Clement-Danes,’ compiled by Mr. Diprose; but each of these, though more or less valuable for purely local information, and occasionally popularised by anecdote and illustration, obviously wants the advantages of comprehensiveness and breadth. There is still room for an historian of London, who shall combine in a consecutive narrative like that of Pennant, but without the digressions which his want of method entails, the minute investigations of topographical research with the broader deductions of historical inquiry. The careful selection of authorities by the late Mr. Cunningham in his ‘Hand-book of London’—the most valuable compendium of local information that we know—affords additional reasons for a systematic effort of this kind. It is yet to be hoped that some one, qualified for the undertaking, shall carry out the scheme which he relinquished.

The etymology of ‘London’ is a question for philologists,

\* An edition of Stow’s original text, without the voluminous additions of his continuators, is much needed. Mr. Riley’s quotations are taken from the careful reprint of 1842, superintended by Mr. Thoms, in a form well-suited to a popular knowledge of its contents, but copies of this edition are unfortunately scarce, and the same objection applies still more strongly to the older editions of 1598 and 1603.

upon which the opinions of authorities by no means concur. Whatever may have been its importance in ante-Roman times, the derivations usually assigned invest it with a British origin, whether we read it *Ilwyn-dinas*, the 'city in the wood;' *Llong-dinas*, the 'city of ships;' or *Llyn-dun*, 'the hill-fortress on the lake,' which has been supposed at one time to have covered the lowlands between Deptford and Lambeth. 'Of its history,' observes Brayley, 'from the mythical date of its foundation by the descendant of Æneas, to the century preceding the Roman invasion, even fable itself is silent.' *Ludgate*, indeed, is attributed by Geoffrey of Monmouth to a certain 'king Lud, a Briton, about 66 B.C.;' and *Billingsgate* to 'Belinus, king of Britain, and fellow-adventurer with Brennus at the sacking of Rome.' Maitland, with more soberness, adopting the opinion of Leland, derives the former from its situation near the Fleet--i.e. floodgate, or the 'Porta Fluentana' of London. For the latter, Baal's-gate or Bel's-gate, is an equally absurd explanation. Though reputed to be a water-gate, it was in reality, no doubt, an artificial harbour and dock, connected by Stow with a later and more inglorious owner 'happily named Beling or Biling.' The supposed antiquity of *Downgate*, as the *Dier*-gate or water-gate of the Britons, has formed a subject of much controversy among those who reject Stow's reading of 'Downgate, so called of the sudden descending or down-going of that way;' but even if the former etymology be conceded, evidence is wanting to prove that it existed previous to the Roman occupation.

The natural advantages of position which favoured the existence of the British stronghold, preserved the importance of the Roman Londinium, at first, rather as a military station, covering the passage of the river, than as a city and emporium of trade. We are inclined to adopt the theory of two successive enclosures--the first, that of a castellum or camp; the second, which encompassed the Roman city, being the wall. The area included within this first military circumvallation was of comparatively small extent, forming, probably, a parallelogram, of which the boundaries have occasioned much dispute. Three distinct theories have been put forward with reference to its site. The arguments of Dean Gale and Mr. Salmon, who place it south of the Thames, have been elaborately contested by Maitland. Mr. Arthur Taylor, on the other hand, describes it as extending from Walbrook eastward to Billingsgate, in breadth little more than Cannon Street and East Cheap.\* Mr. Black, with other antiquaries, selects the

\* *Archæologia*, vol. xl. p. 41 *sqq.*

‘quadrangular space between the Thames, the Fleet, and Walbrook, naturally defended by water on three sides, and ‘capable of easy defence on the north or land side’;\* the original occupation of which site is ascribed by Pennant to the Britons. This hypothesis, if correct, goes far to determine the derivation of *Old Bailey*, as the ‘ballium’ or ‘vallum’ of the Prætorian camp, which, consistently with this theory, would occupy the eminence on which St. Paul’s now stands. Stow, however, explains it as a ‘chamberlain’s court of old time ‘there kept,’ and Maitland as a corruption of ‘Bail-hill, i. e. the ‘place of trial for Prisoners.’ The second enclosure, a massive wall of brickwork, with towers and gates, is usually associated with the time of Constantine the Great, in the early part of the fourth century, when the military colony had expanded into a city; but whether built to protect the space already occupied by buildings, or merely as an additional defence to the camp, must remain a matter of conjecture. A street in Finsbury called *London Wall* marks a portion of its course, and the names of its gates survive in some of the principal city thoroughfares. Camden derives *Aldersgate* ‘ab aluiciis ‘vel ab Aldricio Saxone,’ and we notice in old city muniments it is frequently spelt Aldrichesgate, but the name, like *Aldgate*, probably contains a tradition of its extreme antiquity. Through these gates, originally four in number, passed the military roads, which intersected the Roman city, converging in Cheap—the ‘forum,’ according to Stukeley, of Agricola’s station, which has suggested the somewhat fanciful derivation of *Fore Street*. *Watling Street*—the Wathling or Gathelin Street of the Saxons—crossed the Thames either at Dowgate or Billingsgate, and was continued to Dover through the Borough in the direction of *Kent Street*, *Great Dover Street*, and the *Old Kent Road*. ‘The oldest way in or about London,’ suggests a recent contributor to the ‘Archæologia,’† ‘is per-

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\* Archæologia, vol. xl. pp. 41 *sqq.*

† ‘Sketch of British and Roman London,’ by Thomas Lewin, Esq. ‘Arch.’ vol. xli. pp. 59–71. The present Watling Street, according to Stukeley’s hypothesis (*Itin. Curios.* p. 113 *sqq.*) is only a vicinal branch of the original route, being a continuation of the Oxford Road through Holborn. The real Watling Street, in his opinion, went through no part of the city, but, after diverging westwards in St. George’s Fields, crossed the river at Stangate, and pursuing thence a north-westerly course through St. James’s Park, Mayfair, and part of Hyde Park, traversed the Oxford Road on its way to St. Alban’s and Stony-Stratford. He places a second ‘trajectus’ or ferry between a spot still known as *Stoney Lane*, in Southwark, and the fortress, or *Arx Palatina*, which,

haps that which bears the names of *Old Street*, *Old Street Road*, and (further eastward) the *Roman Road*, leading to "Old Ford"; probably, a British way and ford over the Lea, and older than London itself—forming the original communication between the eastern and western counties north of the Thames.'

The growing commercial importance of London, when emancipated from garrison rule, probably afforded a reason why its military character should be retained, after the abandonment of Britain by the Romans. A Roman 'specula,' or watch-tower, the *Castrum Exploratorum* of Stukeley's 'Itinerary,' which stood near the north-west angle of the walls, was appropriated by the Saxons for the same purpose, and received the name of burh-beacen (city-beacon)—the *Barbican* of the present day. The derivation of Southwark—the Saxon Suth-verke—obviously implies the existence of some fortification bearing that aspect to the city, in all probability a Roman station, first formed as a military *tête-de-pont* for their operations on the north side of the river, and called the Borough or *burg*, for the same reason, after their departure. Of the general aspect of the city itself we are almost entirely ignorant; for the ancient lines of houses, if any, were successively obliterated by the ravages of fire and foreign conquest. It was probably not until the reign of Alfred that Lundenbyrig assumed, or recovered, its municipal importance. The present *Addle Street*, Cheapside, called King Adel Street in early records,\* has been associated with the traditional abode of King Athelstan, but, as Mr. Cunningham observes, 'the Saxon word adel is simply noble or nobility, and the street of the nobles may perhaps be meant.' Guthurum's-lane (now *Gutter Lane*, Cheapside) is derived by Stow from 'Guthurum, sometime owner thereof,' a person apparently of Danish or Saxon origin, though the statement is too vague to be accepted as historical. Mention, however, is made, on more trustworthy authority,† of a 'court in London, between Tiddberti Street and Savin Street,' granted by Ethelbald, the Mercian king, which shows the early application of the term 'street' to other than the original and main lines of thoroughfare. The site and derivation of *Aldermanbury* seem to convey a tradition of

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in common with other antiquaries, he conjectures to have existed during the Roman dominion, on the site now occupied by the Tower.

\* Newcourt's 'Repertorium,' vol. i. p. 236.

† Dugdale, 'Mon. Angl.' vol. i. p. 138, quoted by Turner, 'History of the Anglo-Saxons,' vol. iv. p. 237.

the fortified place of meeting of the presidents of the commercial gilds or 'hansen;' and, afterwards, the principal officers of gildated or corporate towns. The origin of ward divisions is involved in obscurity. 'Landowners,' says Hallam, 'both secular and ecclesiastical, possessed their exclusive "sokes" or jurisdictions both in the City and liberties of London,' and their influence must have been considerable, as the lawful possessors of the 'knightengilde.' Tradition speaks of *Portsoke*, or 'the franchise at the gate,' as a guild in the time of King Edgar, and the memory of its knightengild is preserved in *Nightingale Lane*. The name of *Lothbury*, according to Stow, refers to another, and perhaps separate, jurisdiction within the limits of the City. Some of the City churches afford an index, from their names of dedication, to the antiquity of parochial divisions, and contributed to the local appellations in the neighbourhood. St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, is associated by Pennant with Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great; St. Swithin, St. Botolph, and St. Dunstan mark the period of the Saxons; and St. Benet, St. Lawrence, St. Dionys, and St. Leonard seem to imply an equally early foundation. *Tooley Street* is a singular corruption of St. Olaf's or St. Olave's Street, so called from the patron saint of that parish, St. Olaf the Dane; and St. Mary Overy—i.e. over the Rie or water—is designated by Stow as a religious foundation existing before the Conquest, though his statement is impugned by authorities that command respect. The origin of *St. Clement Danes* has received various interpretations, more or less founded on fiction or conjecture. Stow describes it briefly as the burying-place of 'Harold, a Danish king, and other Danes;' Pennant as the place where certain Danes were massacred; and Strype, on the authority of Fleetwood, as the asylum and synagogue of a remnant, who were 'married to English women.' Farther westward, on a rude and sequestered islet called Thorn-ey, or the Isle of Thorns, stood a 'little monastery, built to the honour of God and St. Peter,' and the name of *Peter's-eye*, or island, which still lingers in the low land of Battersea, records the humble predecessor of Westminster Abbey.

The antiquity of our suburban topography deserves a passing notice. Viewed in contrast with the general changes incident upon the Norman Conquest, it exhibits an apparent anomaly, intelligible, however, to all who are familiar with the peculiar tenacity of local appellations, especially those connected with the original owners of the soil. Outside the City walls a wide and sweeping revolution took place in the tenure of landed property. The power of the Saxon thanes, the suc-

cessors of the earls, was eclipsed by the splendour of the early Norman aristocracy; and their manorial estates, confiscated to the Crown, were converted into ecclesiastical bequests, or subdivided into military fiefs among the adherents of the Conqueror. But the names of the former landowners survived their dispossession, and the local phraseology of the conquered was adopted by the conquerors. Bayswater, i. e. *Baynard's watering*, is almost a solitary exception, if we accept the probable explanation of the term, which connects it with Bainardus or Baignardus, a Norman associate of William, whose name and city stronghold are commemorated in the ward of *Castle Baynard*. *Clapham*, the seat in the early part of the eleventh century of Osgod Clapa, a Danish nobleman, passed under the same name into the hands of Geoffrey de Mandeville. *Brixton* and *Bermondsey* are clearly of Saxon derivation. The former—styled Brixistan in the Domesday Book—is identified, by a reasonable conjecture, with a ‘stone or land-mark erected by a landed proprietor of that period, the name of Brixius or Brice being common among the Anglo-Saxons;’ the latter—*Beormund's-eye*, or island—with the ‘property of some Saxon or Danish thane, insulated to some extent by watercourses connected with the Thames.’\* *Stepney*—the Stibbenhidde, or Stebenheth, of early records—similarly recalls the memory of its original possessor; the affix, according to its ancient orthography, apparently indicating the *híd* or *hæredium* of a Saxon freeman. The manor of *Kensington* fell to the share of Geoffrey, Bishop of Constance, but its early appellation remained unchanged by the transfer. Authorities agree in connecting its etymology with *Chenisi*, a proper name—i. e. the *Chenesi-tun* of the Domesday Book, which ascribes its former possession, like that of the manor of Lilestone (Lisson Green), to a thane and servant of Edward the Confessor.

A similar interest is attached to that class of local appellations, of Anglo-Saxon origin, which distinguish, to this day, the natural features of early London. No city can be said to owe its situation to accident alone; and those physical peculiarities which in part determined its foundation are not unfrequently perpetuated in its later topography. The associations of infancy adhere, in spite of change, to the period of maturity. A marsh, a hill, a stream, a ford, are found to determine the name of a square, a street, or a populous district of houses. ‘It cannot be doubted,’ says Mr. Kemble, ‘that this class of

\* Brayley and Britton's ‘History of Surrey,’ vol. iii. p. 169.



‘local names possesses an inherent vitality which even the ‘urgency of conquest is frequently unable to destroy.’\* So it has been with our metropolis. Much as the encroachments of building, during the lapse of centuries, have altered the original configuration and elevation of the soil, the class of local appellations thence derived survives to form an important element in our present street-nomenclature. We need offer no apology for extracting from a work which we have recently reviewed† a passage, remarkably graphic and accurate, to illustrate our remarks:—

‘Above the river (says Dean Stanley) rose a long range of hills, full of wild deer, wild bulls, and wild boars, of which the highest points were Hampstead and Highgate. A desolate moor or fen, marked still by the names of *Finsbury*, *Fenchurch Street*, and *Moorfields*, which in winter was covered with water and often frozen, occupied the plateau immediately north of the city. As the slope of the hills descended steeply on the *strand* of the river, slight eminences, of stiff clay, broke the ground still more perceptibly. Tower Hill, Cornhill, and Ludgate Hill remind us that the old London, like all capitals, took advantage of whatever strength was afforded by natural situation; and, therefore, as we go up to Cornhill, the traditional seat of British chiefs and Roman governors, as we feel the ground swelling under our feet when we begin the ascent from Fleet Street to St. Paul’s, or as we see the eminence on which stands the Tower of London, the oldest fortress of our Norman kings, we have before us the reasons which have fixed what is properly called the “City” of London on its present site.

‘And yet again, whilst the first dwellers of the land were thus entrenched on their heights by the riverside, they were at once protected and refreshed by the clear swift rivulets which rushed down from the higher hills through the winding valleys intersecting the earthen bulwarks on which the old fastnesses stood. These streams still survive in the depths of the sewers which they cleanse, and in the streets to which they give their names. On the eastern side of the Long stream (*Langborne*) of “sweet water” flowed from the fens (of Fenchurch), and then broke into the “shares or small rills” of *Shareborne* and *Southborne*, by which it reached the Thames. By St. Stephen’s, *Walbrook*, probably forming the western boundary of the Roman fortress of London, there flows the Brook of London Wall—the *Wall Brook*, which, when swelled by winter floods, rushed with such violence down its gully, that, even in the time of Stow, a young man was swept away by it. Holborn Hill takes its name from the *Old Bourne*, “the Ancient River,” which, rising in High Holborn, ran down that steep declivity, and turned the mills at Turnmill (or Turnbull) Street, at the bottom: the River of Wells, as it was sometimes called, from those once consecrated springs which now lie choked and buried in Clerkenwell, and

\* Preface to the ‘*Codex Diplomaticus Ævi Saxonici*,’ ed. 1845.

† Edin. Rev. vol. civ., 1866.

Holy Well, and St. Clement's Well—the scene in the Middle Ages of many a sacred and festive pageant which gathered round their green margins. Fleet Ditch and Fleet Street mark the course of the “Fleet” or “swift” brook, rising in the breezy slopes of Hampstead.’ (Pp. 5, 6.)

We have here the plain and obvious derivation of Walbrook, not ‘Galus brook, of a Roman captain slain by Asclepiodatus, ‘and thrown therein;’ a conjecture which even Stow has mentioned only to ridicule, and which is worthy of those whose special province it is to dignify antiquity beyond its merits. Stow’s derivation of Holborn, however, is contradicted by its early orthography. ‘The name,’ observes a writer in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*,\* ‘is probably derived from local characteristics, which can even now be traced, though such ‘great changes have taken place in the elevation of the soil.’ Of these ‘consecrated springs’ the majority are found attached to some religious foundation; and the veneration for holy wells, which formed one feature of papal power in the fourteenth century, invested them with superstitious importance. Some, like *St. Clement’s Well*, *Chadwell*, and *Bridewell*, bear the name of the saint to whom they were dedicated. The water of Holywell, called *Sadler’s Wells*, after its re-discovery in 1683 by a person of that name, who, following the prevailing fashion, built a music-hall on the site, was famed for miraculous cures, feigned by the priests of the priory of Clerkenwell to proceed from the efficacy of their prayers. A spring called *Mousewell* acquired an equally fictitious celebrity; and the chapel built on Muswell Hill, and dedicated to ‘Our Lady of Muswell,’ formed a favourite resort of pilgrims.† The name of Clerkenwell carries us back to the ecclesiastical origin of the drama; and *Skinner’s Well*, adjoining, was the scene of similar Scriptural representations performed by the Skinners of London. Various other springs, such as *Goswell*, the ancient Gode’s-well, and *Bagnigge Wells*, Cold Bath Fields, were found on the banks of the river thence called, or bubbled up in the ‘many-‘fountained’ pastures around the New River Head. Some local names of similar import, such as *Camberwell*, *Milkwell*, *Stockwell*, and *Shadwell*, occur in the southern suburbs, but the list is principally recruited from the high grounds to the north. The *Spa-fields* record the celebrity of those chalybeate springs in that neighbourhood, of which *Islington Spa*, or the New Tunbridge Wells, was the chief; and the name of Islington

\* Vol. excix., 1856, p. 486.

† Norden’s Spec. Brit. pp. 36, 37.

itself is identified by its early orthography with the *Iseldune*, or 'hill of iron,' of the Saxons; so called, in all probability, from the mineral properties of its waters. Westward, in the flats of Westminster,

'A stream came up by the street (we quote again Dean Stanley), thence called Channel Row—afterwards corrupted into Canon Row, from its being the residence of the canons of St. Stephen—through Gardiner's Lane, which was crossed by a ford or a boat till the time of Henry I., whose good Queen built a bridge over it. . . . Then, through Prince's Street (formerly, from this stream, called Long Ditch) another channel began, and continued through Dean Street and College Street, till it fell again into the Thames by Millbank Street, where, in later days, an abbot's mill stood on the banks of the stream.

'From Hampstead descended in a torrent, which has scattered its name right and left along its course, the brook of the Aye or Eye, so called probably from the Eye, or island, of which it formed the eastern boundary, and afterwards familiarly corrupted into the *Aye Bourn*, *T'aye bourn*, *Tyburn*.\* It is recognised first by the chapel of St. Mary on its banks, *Mary-le-bourne* (now corrupted into Marylebone)—then by *Brook Street*. Next, falling in a cascade-down "Aye Hill" (Hay Hill), it ran out through the Green Park, and whilst a thin stream found its way through what is now called the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer into the Thames, its waters also spread through the morass (which was afterwards called from it the manor of Eyebury or Elbury) into the vast Bulinga fen.' (Pp. 7, 8.)

Another brook, the *Westbourne*, now the Ranelagh sewer, rose in the north-western suburb of Paddington, and passing through Bayswater to Westbourne Place, Sloane Square, fell into the Thames at Chelsea.

We pass to the more purely historical portion of our subject. It may be divided into three distinct periods: the first including a notice of mediæval ecclesiasticism and the early organisation of trade; the second (from the dissolution of religious houses to the Restoration), the dispossession of the clergy by the nobility, and the final evacuation of the city by the latter after the Fire; the third, their successive settlements in the western suburbs.

It has been estimated that the various religious houses and their appendages occupied nearly two-thirds of the entire area of early London, and that about one-fifth of the population was associated in the communities thus formed. An age of superstition, as usual, gave birth to impostors. Religious

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\* 'Others,' says Fuller in his 'Worthies,' 'will have it called from 'Twa and Burne, that is, two rivulets, which it seems meet near to the 'place.' Its later associations appear to have suggested the more fanciful absurdity of *tie* and *burn*.

hospitality was abused by a host of professional mendicants—the *Faitours* or *Fewtors*, long before, of *Fetter Lane*. Forgers of papal bulls plied their trade in secret within the privileged precincts of St. Martin's-le-Grand; another, more venturesome, 'walked about the City with a box of iron,' pretending to be a collector for the Hospital of Bedlam, and solicited alms and works of charity. Hermitages undoubtedly existed at a remote period within and around the City. The origin of *Hermitage Street*, Wapping, dates back, according to Stow, to this age. Three are mentioned in Mr. Riley's pages; one on London Wall—apparently a favourite abode of recluses,—another near Aldgate, and a third in Mugwell (now Monkwell) Street, Cripplegate—the '*Porta Contractorum*,' 'so called,' says Maitland, 'from cripples who begged there.'

The abbots, meanwhile, especially of the large Benedictine convents, were persons of 'almost episcopal magnitude.' Westminster Abbey, the earliest and most important, now fairly emerged into history, could boast also of some important dependencies, including Kilburn—the Saxon *Liele*, cold, and bourn, rivulet—a nunnery on Hampstead Downs, still marked by *Kilburn Priory*, *Priory Road*, and *Abbey Lane*; and St. James's, originally a nunnery for lepers, whose patron saint St. Egidius has left his name in the parish of *St. Giles*.

'On the north-east, separated from the abbey by a long range of meadows, in which stood the country village of Charing, was another enclosure, known by the name of the Covent Garden,—or rather in Norman French, the Convent Garden, whence the present form Covent Garden—with its grove of *Elms* and pastures of *Long Acre*, and of the *Seven Acres*.\*

*Vinegar Yard*, i.e. Vinegarden Yard, still marks the site of the ancient vineyard attached to this convent. At the eastern extremity of Finsbury Moor stood another Benedictine nunnery, founded in 1127 by Robert Fitzgelran, canon of St. Paul's, and called Haliwell from a spring of water attached to it, 'sweet, wholesome, and clear,' now perpetuated in *Holwell Row*, Shoreditch. *St. Helen's Place*, Bishopsgate Street Within, preserves the memory of a similar establishment, the inmates of which (*minchuns*) have given their name to *Mincing Lane*, as the proprietors of some tenements in that thoroughfare.† South of the river, in Southwark, stood the magnificent

\* Stanley's '*Memorials*,' p. 359.

† Stow, p. 65 (ed. Thoms, 1842). A similar term was applied to some property at Leatherhead, which belonged to Kilburn Priory, and was styled the manor of *Munchyns* (manerium moncalium).

priory or abbey of St. Saviour's, founded in 1082 by Aylwin Child, citizen, on land granted by William Rufus to the prior and monks of the Cluniac Convent. 'The ancient buildings were not wholly demolished until 1806, when *Abbey Street* was erected on their site. The north gate led into the great close of the abbey, now *Bermondsey Square*; and *Grange Road* was built on the pasture ground belonging to the monastery.\* The Carthusians were never very numerous in London. Their monastery, founded by Sir Walter Manny in the reign of Edward III., survives in the well-known corruption of the Charter House, and the original title of its inmates in the adjoining *Carthusian Street*. On the site of *St. John's Square* stood the venerable priory of St. John of Jerusalem, founded by Jordan Briset in 1100, for the warlike order of the Knights Hospitallers. The residence of their prior was in the manor of Tolentun (now *Tollington Road*), Highbury, and the district of *St. John's Wood* formed part of his possessions. Another manor-house belonging to this order stood in the parish of St. John's, Southwark, and the name of *Shad Thames*, a street running parallel with the river, may possibly be an abbreviation of St. John-at-Thames. *Rahere Street*, Smithfield, commemorates the founder of the convent of St. Bartholomew, as *Great Coram Street*, marks the originator, in later days, of the Foundling Hospital. Highbury Barn now occupies the site of the monks' barn, situated on their suburban estate; and the district of *Canonbury* was granted in the reign of Edward III., by Sir Ralph de Berners,† to the prior and canons of that house.

The memory of the mendicant orders, introduced in the thirteenth century, is similarly preserved, and their names still linger in their ancient places of habitation. Opposite Bride-well, within the wall, which was enlarged to receive them, stood the great house of *Blackfriars*, founded about 1276 by the Archbishop of Canterbury, from part of the ruins of the ancient Arx Palatina. Farther west, in what was called a century later 'the suburbs of London,' we find the 'House of the Brethren of Mount Carmel,' or *Whitefriars*, a church and convent of that order, built in 1241. The name of *Broad Sanctuary*, at Westminster, remains to indicate a privilege which

\* Brayley and Britton's 'History of Surrey,' vol. v. p. 83.

† The owner of Bernersbury (Barnsbury) who died in 1297, also commemorated in *Berners' Road*, Islington. *Halton Road* and *Tuffnell Park* are from Sir William Halton and John Jolliffe Tuffnell, Esq., two successive owners of the district in the last century.

this precinct also enjoyed, and which gave to the 'Alsatia' of the seventeenth century an evil reputation sufficiently familiarised by Macaulay. The *Minorics* records the original site of an abbey of nuns or minoresses of the order of St. Clair, but the name of the Grey Friars became locally extinct on the conversion of their convent into Christ's Hospital. The familiar street of *Austinfriars* marks the headquarters of the Augustines, established there about 1243 by Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, and the convent and hospital of St. Mary Spittle, Bishopsgate, founded as early as 1197, still exists in the names of *Spital Square*, *Spital Street*, and the crowded district of *Spitalfields*.

Associated with these monastic fraternities, both by profession and residence, were the superiors of the principal monasteries throughout England—almost exclusively, Mr. Riley observes, of Norman descent—many of whom transferred their abode to London soon after the Conquest. The names of some have survived the effects of the dissolution. Near *Battle Bridge Wharf*, in Southwark, stood the town-mansion of the Abbot of Battle, and a cluster of meanly-built alleys and passages called *The Maze*, takes its name from 'the intricacies of his magnificent gardens.' *Peterborough Court*, St. Pauls, is associated with the residence of the abbot of Peterborough; and a place called *Bevis Marks* (a corruption of Buries Marks), as well as *Bury Street*, *Mitre Street* and *Square*, and *Heneage Lane*, near Aldgate, with the town-house and gardens of the mitred Abbot of Bury, granted after the dissolution, says Stow, to 'Thomas Heneage the father, and to 'Sir Thomas, his son.'

Added to these were the town-houses of the bishops and nobility, the city magnates of the Middle Ages. In *Winchester Street*, Southwark, stood the mansion of the bishop of that see, built as early as 1107; in *Rochester Row*, Lambeth, that of the bishops of Rochester, reserved for their reception 'when they came to attend Parliament' by Glanville in 1197, when the manor of Lambeth was exchanged with the Archbishop of Canterbury. In Stepney, a country village till the time of Elizabeth, stood the park and palace of the Bishop of London, the scene of a parliament under Edward I. His town-house, in the thirteenth century, is still marked by the name of *London-house Yard*, within the precincts of St. Paul's. He was the lord of the soke of Cornhill, and had the right of levying one stick from every cart laden with wood, as it passed through *Bishopsgate*—the building of which tradition assigned to his predecessor Erkenwald in 675—on condition that he provided

the gate with hinges. Westward, but still within the City liberties, we find mention in 1388 of the 'hostel of the Bishop of Salisbury,' now converted into *Salisbury Court*, Fleet Street. The town-house of Ralph Nevill, Chancellor of England and Bishop of Chichester, built in 1228 on land granted by the King, survives in the names of *Chichester Rents* and *Bishop's Court*, Chancery Lane. *Ely Place*, built in 1775, occupies the site of his brother-prelate's palace in Holborn, and *Saffron Hill* and *Vine Street* rose on his vineyard at the time of the Revolution.

The City, meanwhile, formed the headquarters of the nobility, and the point from which their westward migration first commenced. The fashionable suburb, if any, was the East End. Lysons describes Bethnal Green as a corruption of Bathon Hall, the residence of an opulent family of that name, who were large landowners in Stepney under Edward I. In the 'pleasant fields' of Whitechapel, on the open downs of Hackney, along the shady lanes of Poplar, stood the country mansions of the aristocracy, and 'gentlemen of the city,' says Stow, 'built their houses here for air.' The manor of Shore-ditch was granted by Richard II. to the Duke of York and the Earl of Rutland. Its etymology appears uncertain. The traditional allusion to the husband of Jane Shore is a vulgar error; Pennant derives it from 'its lord, Sir John de Sordich, 'an erudite lawyer in the confidence of Edward III.' The 'West-end,' it is needless to say, did not then exist. Knightsbridge consisted of a stone bridge over the Tyburn, 'regarded 'as a military pass against the robbers who infested the deep 'morass and wild heath which are now Belgravia and Vincent 'Square.\* To those who now contrast Belgravia with the City, the earlier choice of the nobility no doubt appears remarkable. The aspect, on the other hand, of the area within the walls, so far as scattered evidence enables one to judge—for no maps of mediæval London exist—resembled its present physiognomy in one particular only—the irregularity of its lines of thoroughfare. Stately mansions stood where now are crowded alleys, surrounded, it is true, by poverty and squalor, but in the midst of gardens; and open spaces were found in the very heart of the metropolis. Of St. Martin's Pomary, in Ironmonger Lane, Stow writes in 1599, 'it is supposed to be of apples growing where houses are now lately 'built; *for myself have seen large void places there.*' Too much stress, however, has been laid on this change of noble residences

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\* Stanley's 'Memorials of Westminster Abbey,' p. 358.

to prove a corresponding change in social conditions. The original choice of situation was in fact dictated by necessity. A city necessarily expands in proportion to the facilities or freedom of locomotion; want of intercommunication between its parts tends to concentrate and confine. Civic jealousy, or independence, moreover, was naturally most vigilant, from obvious motives of self-interest, in enforcing personal security in the immediate home of its jurisdiction. A regular fosse encircled the City, part of which, as the subsequent receptacle of dead dogs and refuse, survives in the name of *Houndsditch*. The great gates were closed each night till sunrise, and the wickets shut, when the last stroke of the curfew rang out from St. Martin's-le-Grand.\* Porters were sworn to prevent lepers entering the city; at each gate were stationed two sergeants, 'skilful men and fluent of speech,' to open them by day; and, at Ludgate, 'eight men well armed and strong, to watch by night.†' The Barbican was at an early period committed to the custody of men of rank. We find it, under the name of the manor of Base Court, given by Edward III. to the Earl of Suffolk, and afterwards in the possession of Lord Willoughby de Eresby. *Beech Lane* is derived by Stow from Sir Nicholas de la Beech, lieutenant of the Tower in the same reign. Hard by stood Garter House (now *Garter Court*), the original town residence of the Earls of Southampton, before their removal westward to Soho. We must bear in mind also the presence of the Court, the invariable attraction of fashion. To Edward II.—more fortunate in this respect than Charles I.—the city proved the stronghold of the royal cause, in his dissensions with the Earls of Lancaster and Hereford. Henry III. made the Tower his principal residence, and 'to him,' says Brayley, 'it is indebted for most of that importance and splendour which, until the time of Elizabeth, occasioned it to be frequently inhabited by our Sovereigns.‡' *Westmoreland Buildings*, Aldersgate Street, and *Northumberland Alley*, Fenchurch Street, mark the residence of the two noble families of Nevil and Percy. Adjoining Newgate stood the 'Inn' of the Beauchamps, Earls of Warwick, now known by *Warwick Square* and *Warwick Lane*; and the mansion of John, Duke of Bretagne and Earl of Richmond, a contemporary of Edward II., still exists in the curious corruption of *Little Britain*. Upper Thames Street was filled with houses of the great, from its proximity, no doubt, to the river and the Tower. The

\* Riley, p. 92.

† Ibid. p. 21.

‡ Londiniana, vol. i. p. 92.



palace of Edward the Black Prince stood on Fish Street Hill; at Brokenwharf lived the Bigods and Mowbrays, Earls and Dukes of Norfolk, after their removal from the site of *Norfolk Row*, Lambeth; and the house of the Earl of Worcester, in the fifteenth century, occupied the present *Worcester Place*. *Suffolk Lane* records its original possession by the family of the De la Poles; and the adjoining alley of *Ducks-foot Lane* now indicates the 'Duke's foot-lane, or private road from his 'garden to the river.'\* The ancient liberty of Cold Harbrough (now corrupted into *Cole-harbour Lane*) was leased by the Earl of Hereford and Essex under Edward III. The name has been taken to have originally signified 'a place of 'entertainment of travellers and drovers, who only required 'rest and fodder for their horses or cattle, as distinguished 'from the warm lodging and provisions of an inn.† Some isolated edifices stood in the western suburbs, besides the episcopal mansions in the Strand; and the names of the 'inns' of Court retain the titles of their first possessors. The origin of Lincoln's Inn, Furnival's Inn, and Clifford's Inn dates back to the fourteenth century; and the names of Gray's Inn and *Portpool Lane* mark the ancient manor of Portpole, the residence of the Lords Gray of Wilton from 1315 till the reign of Henry VII.

We pass to that branch of the local nomenclature of London which is associated with trade, perhaps the most instructive portion of our subject. The earliest commercial importance of *Cæter Lunden*—exaggerated by some, depreciated by others—we are not concerned to discuss. The name of *Rotherhithe*, i. e. hryðra hýð, as the place where oxen were landed, and the more doubtful etymology of Lambeth or *Lambhithe*, as the landing-place for sheep, suggest an inquiry into the early import trade of the metropolis, a chapter in its history by no means worked out. Garlick Hithe supplied in later days the market held on *Garlick Hill*. Stow's derivation of *Queenhithe*, as 'pertaining 'to the Queen,' is contested by Mr. Riley, whose suggestion that it took its name from 'quern' or corn landed there, is supported by its spelling 'Cornhithe' in documents of the twelfth century. Two corn markets existed within the walls; the one, *Cornhill*, noted for its cheap corn from the days of Malmesbury, till its invasion by the 'phelipers or fripperers, 'dealers in second-hand clothes and furniture,' when it was removed to the ancient manor of Sir Hugh Nevill, known as

\* Cunningham's 'Handbook of London,' ed. 1850, p. 330.

† Archæol. vol. xl. p. 48.

'The Leden Hall;' the other, 'on the pavement within New-gate, opposite the Friars Minors,' where *Panyer Alley* still marks the abode of the 'Panyers,' or makers of bakers' baskets, in the fourteenth century. *Bread Street*, Cheapside, was an open market in 1302 for the bakers of Bromley and Stratford-le-Bow, who were forbidden to sell bread in their shops or houses. *East Cheap* and *Cheapside*, the ancient West Cheaping or Chepe, are of obvious derivation. The latter appears to have been a 'common market for any manner of merchandise,' until supplanted by Cornhill. *Mark*—originally *Mart*—*Lane* derives its name from the privilege of fair accorded by Edward I. to Sir Thomas Ross of Hamlake, whose manor of Blanch Apleton became corrupted into *Blind Chapel Court*; and *Cloth Fair* was the annual rendezvous of the drapers of London, who ranged their stalls round the great close of St. Bartholomew's, under special license granted by Henry II. to the priors. The *Poultry* is mentioned as early as 1317, its original name, according to Stow, having been Scalding Alley, as the place where the poultry were scalded; and the butchers of Eastcheap have left their memory in the name of *Pudding Lane*, once filled with their scalding-houses for hogs. Mention occurs in early city records of the 'Market of Grascurch'—now *Gracechurch Street*—originally a herb market; but the kindred derivation of Fenchurch, quasi 'fænum,' is more ingenious than probable. *Old Fish Street* and *Fish Street Hill* mark the earliest haunts of the fishmongers; and *Trig Lane* is identified with a family of that name (Andrew Trig, fishmonger, is mentioned in 1378), who long dwelt in Upper Thames Street (p. 425). We find them also 'beneath the pent-houses, adjoining the Stocks's flesh-market,' and *Friday Street*, Cheapside, as old as 1303, is derived by Stow from the 'fishmongers dwelling there, and serving Friday's market.'

The incorporation of the various domestic trades within the City contributed in no small measure to the municipal as well as the commercial importance of mediæval London. The guildsmen of the tenth century had been the earliest representatives of trade and the first champions of civic independence; and the alliance between commerce and municipal liberty, thus early established, and further confirmed by the twofold character of the guilds themselves, by the primitive functions of aldermen, and by the institution of port-geréfen, or custodians of the market, was perpetuated in the supervising authority exercised by the Mayor and Corporation over the various associations of trade. Every trade was bound to present to the City authorities the names and residences of its members; the

election of wardens was subjected to their control; the articles or 'ordinances' of each trade were submitted first to their approval (p. 239); the wages and prices within the City were fixed by their regulations (p. 253). The articles of the Spurriers recite that 'no alien of another country, or foreigner\* of this country shall follow and use the said trade, unless he is 'enfranchised before the Mayor, Aldermen, and Chamberlain' (p. 227). Space forbids us to do justice to this interesting subject; but Mr. Riley's pages afford abundant materials for the investigation. We must confine our remarks to one feature of importance, clearly illustrated by the street-nomenclature of London. We mean the local separation of the different trades, alluded to by Fitzstephen, and subsequently enforced by civic enactment. The object of this arrangement, often misinterpreted, was to enable the overseers or wardens to do their duty by periodical visitation; to 'facilitate the punishment of members transgressing the ordinances' (p. 330); and to 'prevent bad work being foisted off on customers, to the 'discredit of the trade' (p. 361). *Candlewick* (now Cannon) Street was the head-quarters of the Waxhandlers, a thriving trade in the days of Popery. *Soper Lane* (now Queen Street, Cheapside), belonged to the 'sopers' or makers of soap—Stow's 'Alan le Soper' was probably one of this fraternity—until superseded by the Pepperers or Spicers under Edward II., and by the Curriers or Cordwainers seventy years later (p. 33). *Cordwainer Street* is mentioned as far back as 1307, and *Hosier Lane*, Smithfield, is of equal antiquity. The Goldsmiths, the Silversmiths, the Ironmongers, the Painter-stainers, have all left their names in the neighbourhood of Cheapside; the Cutlers in *Cutler Street*, Houndsditch, their original place of settlement; the Horners in *Inkhorn Court*, Whitechapel; the wealthy fraternity of the Merchant Tailors in *Threadneedle*—properly Threeneedle Street. A civic ordinance restricts the freemen-skinners to *Budge-Row*, 'so named from the sale 'of the fur called "budge," prepared lambskin or goatskin,' and *Skinner Street*, Bishopsgate, marks the principal habitation of the trade under Richard II. *Founder's Court* remains in Lothbury, the abode in later days of the Brassfounders, who have been fancifully supposed to have given their name to the street, from the 'loathsome noise' that they had made at their work; and *Tokenhouse Yard* may possibly be associated with their em-

\* i.e. *forinseci*, as opposed to the native traders; a distinction jealously observed, and constantly alluded to in Mr. Riley's work.

ployment.\* *Sermon Lane* owes its origin, by a curious corruption, to the *Sheremoniërs*, or silver-clippers for the mint, held, as early as Edward I., on the adjoining spot known as *Old Change*. *Creed Lane*, *Amen Corner*, *Godliman Street*, and *Ave-Maria Lane*, are found in close proximity to St. Paul's; and in *Paternoster Row* lived the 'Paternosters,' or makers of rosaries for the worshippers, as early as the thirteenth century. The trade of the Limeburners is perpetuated in *Lime Street*, which has given its name to a ward; and probably in the district of *Limehouse*.† *Seacoal Lane* and *Coleman Street* are apparently of common origin. The former, says Mr. Riley, 'is named in the *Pipe Rolls*, 12 Henry III. (1228), being, no doubt, then used as a landing-place for sea-coal from the barges 'on the Flete River; and in the *Patent Rolls*, 41 Henry III. (1257), mention is made of sea-coal imported into London.' The latter he assigns to the 'charcoal-burners, or "colemen," 'who settled in that extremity of the City, adjoining the Moor, 'at a very early date.' Stow's account of '*the first builder or owner thereof*, Reginald Coleman, in 1483,' is disproved by the mention of that street in the Letter Books of 1306. *Trump Street*, Cheapside, is of interesting longevity, as recording the once popular trade of trumpers or trumpet-makers. We find the name of John Caryll, 'Trompour,' in 1308, and 'William de Trompour' in 1329. 'Their principal customers,' observes Mr. Riley, 'were not improbably the City *waits* or 'watchmen, each of whom was provided with a trumpet, also 'known as a *wait*, for sounding the hours of the watch, and 'giving the alarm.' The Church of St. Margaret Pattens marked the original haunt, in that neighbourhood, of the 'patten-makers,' now few in number, and dispersed, like the other trades, over the metropolis.

We find the same principle of isolation applied to foreigners. The Jews came over soon after the Conquest. *Old Jewry* still marks the place where their great synagogue was erected, and their head-quarters until their expulsion in 1291. *Jewin Street*, Cripplegate, forms part of their ancient burial-place; and *Poor Jewry Lane* is identified with their place of settlement under Cromwell. Their successors, the Lombards, the

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\* As the manufacturers of the 'Tokens,' the copper coinage of England between 1648 and 1672. See Cunningham's 'Hand-book,' p. 495.

† Called *Lymhostes* in a city-document of 1117, i.e. 'the houses 'where lime was burned.' An ingenious conjecture spells it *Leamouth-house*, conformably to its situation. *Monthly Mag.* vol. ix. p. 15.

first and greatest bankers of the capital, met daily in *Lombard Street* for the transaction of business, as early as the reign of Edward II. The *Steelyard* deserves notice as the privileged abode of the Hanse merchants, the custodians of Bishopsgate. *Tower Royal*, explained by Stow as ‘pertaining to kings of this realm,’ is described by Mr. Riley as a street built in the thirteenth century by the merchants of the *Vintry*, who imported wine from the town of La Réole, near Bordeaux. Whatever credit may attach to this not improbable conjecture, it can be matched by some equally curious corruptions, founded on similarity of sound. In Holborn we have still *Bull-and-Gate Street*, *quasi* Boulogne Gate, from the sign of a noted hostelry, designed perhaps in honour of Henry VIII., who took the place in 1544; and a street, once known as *Haugman’s Gains*, long existed to mark the asylum of the poor tradesmen of Hammes et Guynes, near Calais, after the recapture of that town from the English.

What share in the early commercial prosperity of London is due to this admixture of foreigners, would form a subject of much collateral interest. Many of them rose to considerable opulence, and filled civic offices of more or less importance. Robert of Catalonia appears as Sheriff in 1527; Ralph le Fevre and Anketin de Auvergne as aldermen of city wards in 1279; and in the next century we find Henry Picard, Mayor, evidently of foreign extraction, feasting four kings in one day at his mansion in the *Vintry*. The name of *Bucklersbury* is associated with the Bukerels, ‘one of the most powerful City families in the thirteenth century, and reputed to be of Italian descent.’ Andrew Bukerel was Mayor from 1231 to 1237, and held the influential office of farmer of the King’s Exchange. Stow’s account of ‘a certain Buckle’ conflicts with the mention of ‘the tenement of Bokerelesberi,’ in a City document of 1291, no doubt the residence of the family we have named.

Some other names of civic importance are also locally perpetuated. *Farringdon Ward* is a solitary instance of the ancient custom of naming each ward after its alderman. We find William Farindon or de Farndone, goldsmith, made Sheriff in 1281, and his son Nicholas four times Mayor in the next century. *Laurence-Pountney Lane* preserves in a corrupted form the name of Sir John Poultney, Mayor in 1333 and 1336, who founded there a chapel to St. Laurence; *Stoddes Lane* that of Sir John Stodie, vintner, and Mayor in 1357. In *Philpot Lane* stood the town mansion of Sir John Philpot, grocer, and Mayor under Richard II. *Bassishaw Ward* and *Basinghall Street* have been connected by historians of London

with the family of the Basings, who lived from the time of John to Edward III. in Blackwell Hall. Mr. Riley, for the first time, asserts the existence of two distinct families, and derives the former from 'the *haw* or *hang* (court-yard) of the 'Bassets.' *Crosby* Square was built in 1677 on the site of some offices attached to Crosby Hall, the palace of 'Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman,' Alderman of London in 1466. *Cullum* Street dates its interest before the Fire, as the abode of Sir John Cullum, Sheriff in 1646: *Picket* Street, Strand, owes its name and existence to Alderman Picket in the present century. *Gresham* Street, built in 1845, has tardily redeemed the City from the reproach of forgetting the name of one of her greatest benefactors in the sixteenth century, but we search in vain for the names of Fitz Alwyn, Walworth, and Whittington.

The dissolution of religious houses produced a change in the character of London not inferior in magnitude to that which had attended the Norman Conquest. The ecclesiastical element, previously predominant within the walls, was now exchanged for that of the aristocracy, and the large religious houses passed to the secular potentates, the favourites of the Court. Charter House, after passing through the hands of several noble owners, was sold in 1565 to the fourth Duke of Norfolk, with the exception of a portion called Rutland Court (now *Rutland* Place), the resting-place of the Dukes of Rutland on their migration from Upper Thames Street to Knightsbridge. Austinfriars fell to the Marquis of Winchester (whence *Great Winchester* Street); the priory of the Holy Trinity, Aldgate, to Sir Thomas Audley, Chancellor, who died there in 1554. *Duke* Street stands within the ancient precinct, and records its transfer to the Howards, by the marriage of Audley's daughter and sole heiress to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, beheaded in 1572. Another religious house became the residence of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, whose name survives in *Throgmorton* Street.

Outside the walls the change was similar, and is similarly recorded. The sale of the bishops' lands, especially in the northern and eastern suburbs, formed a fresh accession to the landed estates of the aristocracy around London. *Wentworth* Street, Whitechapel, now commemorates the grant of that parish to Sir Thomas Wentworth, Lord Chamberlain of Edward VI. Hornsey—the ancient Haring-ey, or meadow of hares—became the property of Sir John Wollaston till 1658; and *Oxford* Place has superseded the old manor-house of Hackney, granted by Edward VI. to the Earl of Pembroke, but held by the

Countess of Oxford under James I. Bermondsey Abbey was surrendered in 1537, and the last abbot rewarded with the bishopric of St. Asaph *in commendam*. On the ruins of the church rose the palace of the Ratcliffes, Earls of Sussex; and the name of *Sussex Place* still lingers in that neighbourhood. *Brandon Street*, *Suffolk Grove*, and *Duke Street*, mark the site of the adjoining mansion of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the brother-in-law of Henry VIII.; and a squalid congeries of alleys that of the *Mint*, established there by the King, on the Duke's removal to the Strand. *Aylesbury Street*, Clerkenwell, now covers the site of the house and gardens of the Bruces, Earls of Aylesbury, who acquired the priory of St. John's. Canonbury passed in 1570 to Sir John Spencer, and, on the marriage of his only daughter and heiress to the second Lord Compton, created Earl of Northampton in 1618, devolved on that family. Seventeen streets preserved the titles of that line, when the district began in 1800 to be covered with buildings. On the site of *Berkeley Court* and *Berkeley Street*, Clerkenwell, stood the mansion of the Lords Berkeley, their residence in the reign of Charles I., and probably much earlier.\* The Benedictine nunnery hard by was then the residence of the 'Loyal Duke of Newcastle,' now marked by the name of *Newcastle Street*, and *Albemarle Street*, there as elsewhere farther west, records the union of the houses of Monk and Cavendish, by the marriage of the second Duke of Albemarle with the daughter of the second Duke of Newcastle.†

Westward of Temple Bar the subversion of ecclesiastical property coincided with, and to some extent promoted, the first westward progress of fashion. On the Suppression, the abbey of Covent Garden, with its contiguous estates, after having been first granted to the Protector Somerset, came into the hands of the first Duke of Bedford. Such was the origin of *Bedfordbury*, now a nest of low alleys and streets, but once well-inhabited. The dingy offshoot of *Kynaston's Alley*—the abode in 1636 of Sir Francis Kynaston, the poet—points a contrast with its former character, when, under the auspices of the fourth earl, the piazza of Covent Garden first formed the focus of that fashionable region. *Brydges Street* and *Chandos Street* commemorate his marriage with Catherine, daughter and co-heiress of Giles Brydges, third Lord Chandos, whose mansion stood on this portion of the Bedford Estate. The title

\* Malcolm's 'Londinium Redivivum,' vol. iii. p. 209.

† Londinium, vol. i. p. 148.

of the fifth Earl, created Marquis of Tavistock at the Restoration, survives in *Tavistock Street*. His eldest son, the celebrated William Russell, married Lady Rachael Wriothesley, second daughter and eventually heiress of Thomas, Earl of Southampton, from whom *Southampton Street* has received its name.

The Strand presented another spectacle of clerical dispossession. Somerset House was built in 1549 on the sites of the town-mansions of the Bishops of Worcester, Lichfield, and Llandaff; Durham House (now *Durham Street*), the property of that see since the time of Edward I., was converted, under Elizabeth, into an abode for royalty, and the bishop, like others of his order, dismissed to the City. The Bishop of Exeter's inn, built by Walter Stapleton in the reign of Edward II., fell to the Earl of Essex, and is now marked by *Essex Street* and *Devereux Court*. The mansion of the Bishops of Bath and Wells, which had been wrested from them under Edward VI. by Lord Seymour, passed into the family of the Howards, Earls of Arundel and Surrey and Dukes of Norfolk, and *Howard Street*, *Arundel Street*, *Surrey Street*, and *Norfolk Street*, rose in the last century on its site. Norwich Inn had been exchanged by Henry VIII. with the Archbishop of York, in return for the palace of Whitehall, and was granted in 1624 to George Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

'The second duke,' (says Brayley), 'resided here for several years subsequent to the Restoration; but he eventually sold the whole estate for building on, and several streets were raised on the site of the old house and grounds. These, for a long period, went under the general name of *York Buildings*; but their particular appellations are *George Street*, *Villiers Street*, *Duke Street*, *Of Alley*, and *Buckingham Street*, the distinctive name and title of their former possessor being thus effectually preserved.' (*Londiniana*, vol. iii. p. 103.)

So also, when Durham House gave place to 'the bold 'Adelphi,' the names of the four brothers Adam, the architects and projectors, were preserved in John, Robert, James, and William Streets adjoining. A similar instance is found in the Borough, where John Street, Webbe Street, and Sutton Street, mark the later owner of the Manor of the Maze.

Various causes contributed to this settlement of the nobility in the Strand, which accordingly was made a continuous street in 1560. The attraction of royalty which, under Elizabeth, oscillated between Fleet Street and Whitehall, made that street—the link of communication between the two—a convenient 'half-way house' for the frequenters of the Court. The vicinage of the Thames, moreover, was of obvious im-



portance before the introduction of carriages into general use, and at a time when water-conveyance was the most luxurious appendage of baronial splendour. The Strand became, in the sixteenth, the Upper Thames Street of the fifteenth century. Margaret Queen of Scots, and sister of Henry VIII., resided in *Scotland Yard*, then 'a court enclosed with brick, and 'large buildings (built, according to Strype, by Kynald in '959) for the receipt of the kings of Scotland;' and the accession of James I. brought numbers of his countrymen to Charing Cross,\* who 'nestled,' says Howell, 'about the 'Court.'

North of the Strand, the district included between Chancery Lane and St. Martin's Lane was being rapidly filled with houses of the great, from the prosperous reign of Elizabeth to the latter part of the next century, when the Stuart aristocracy made St. Clement Danes the west-end parish of London. Mr. Diprose has done timely service in drawing attention to the historical associations of that part of the capital, which will survive the present wholesome demolition of a district long since degenerated into a nest of squalor, poverty, and vice. Drury House, built by Sir William Drury in the reign of Henry VIII., passed in 1673 to William Lord Craven, whose name is recognised in the dingy purlieu called *Craven Yard*. The old name of *Drury Lane*, which lost its aristocratic character early in the reign of William III., appears to have been 'Via de Aldwych,' the original of *Wych Street*.† The mansion of the Cecils, created Earls of Salisbury in 1605, stood in *Cecil Court*, St. Martin's Lane; and *Cranbourne Alley*, a paved foot-way for passengers in 1678, took its name from another title of that family. *Houghton Street* and *Clare Market* are found near the former residence of William Holles, created Baron Houghton in 1616, and Earl of Clare in 1624. *Holles Street*, built in 1647, is associated with the memory of the second earl, who lived on the site of *Clare House Court*.

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\* The etymology of Charing has been variously interpreted. Mr. Cunningham makes it equivalent to Char-meadow, from the Saxon termination *ing*, but attempts no further explanation. 'There is an 'absurd and vulgar tradition,' says Mr. Dyce, 'that Charing-Cross was 'so named because the body of Edward's "chere reine" rested there.' ('King Edward I.' Peele's Works, vol. i. p. 200.) It was once commonly spelt *Chairing* Cross, and described as the place where the members for Westminster were 'chaired.' Another derivation is *Sharing*—like Sherbourne Lane—as designating the place where two roads 'share' or divide.

† Cunningham's 'Handbook,' p. 162.

*Denzill* Street, so called by Gilbert Holles, the third earl, from his uncle Denzill, Lord Holles, bore witness in later times to the degeneracy of this once-fashionable region, as the headquarters of the fraternity of thieves and money-clippers known as 'the Denzill-Street Gang.' In Newcastle House, Great Sutton Street, died John Holles Duke of Newcastle, the last representative of this noble family; but *Vere* Street and *Stanhope* Street, here as in the neighbourhood of Cavendish Square, record the alliance of his daughter and heiress with the second Earl of Oxford. In *Carey* Street stood the 'house of Sir George Carey in 1655; and in Wild House (now *Great Wild* Street, from Humphrey Weld, Esq., its former owner) the Duchess of Ormond was living in the same year. Farther north, the *Turn-stiles* stood in the pasture-grounds of Holborn, placed there 'for the convenience of foot-passengers, and to prevent the straying of cattle;\*' but some isolated edifices of imposing aspect intercepted the view beyond. In the mansion erected under Elizabeth on part of the estate of the Bishop of Ely—now marked by *Christopher* Street and *Hatton* Garden—Sir Christopher Hatton died in 1591. Twenty years later rose Brooke House, the residence of Sir Fulke Greville, created Baron Brooke in 1620. Five thoroughfares preserve his memory, *Warwick* Place and Court, *Brooke's* Market and Street, and *Beauchamp* Street. *Kingsgate* Street, leading from Holborn to *Theobald's* Road, formed the commencement of the private road of James I. to his palace at Theobalds; and *King's* Road was part of his private way, at the back of Gray's Inn Lane, and so through Finsbury Fields and Kingsland, to Newmarket.

We have sketched the limits of the first general westward migration of the aristocracy before the Restoration, so far as they coincided with the progress of building on any considerable scale. In Faithorne's map of 1658, St. Martin's Lane appears as the western boundary, all houses beyond being detached. *Windmill* Street consisted of disjointed houses; and a windmill in a field on the west side, probably alluded to in a city document as early as 1350, remained to indicate the rural character of that district. *Suffolk* Street, however, existed in 1664, built on the site of a large house belonging to the Earls of Suffolk, but its importance dates from after the Restoration, when the adjoining residence of Secretary Coventry formed the original of *Coventry* Street. In *Newport*

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\* Brayley's 'Londiniana,' vol. ii. p. 125.

Street, Long Acre, stood the mansion of Lord Newport under Charles I.; but Leicester House—now *Leicester Square*—was of earlier celebrity. It had been founded by one of the Sidnies, Earls of Leicester (*Sidney Alley* still exists), whose predecessors had once lived near Newgate, and latterly removed for a brief sojourn to the Strand. *Green Street*, *Blue Street*, and *Orange Court* rose in after days to mark the distinguishing colours of his stables.\* Gerard in his '*Herbal*' (1596) speaks of the 'drie ditch banks about Pickadilla,'—the earliest reference to *Piccadilly* which Mr. Cunningham has been able to discover; and *Piccadilly Hall*, like *Copenhagen House* (the residence, during the Fire, of the Dutch ambassador, and now known by *Copenhagen Fields*), became a noted place of entertainment. According to one account, the original owner, 'one Higgins, a tailor,' reaped a fortune by the sale of 'pickadillies,' a kind of stiff, plaited collars, much worn in the reign of James I., and derived from *pica* (Span. and Ital.), a spearhead, from their fancied resemblance to those weapons.†

Before the close of the seventeenth century, a new London had risen upon the ruins of the old. Within the walls the ravages of fire had consumed 'almost five-sixths of the whole City; and without the walls, a space as extensive as the 'one-sixth part left unburnt within.' In spite, however, of this universal devastation, the original configuration of the City was preserved, when the process of rebuilding commenced. The jealousies of the citizens caused but few to recede from their claims to particular localities, and the old lines of thoroughfare were accordingly retained. The result, fatal as it was to the magnificent designs of renovation suggested by Evelyn and Wren, has beyond doubt rescued much of the historical interest of early London from oblivion. Old associations, kept alive and strengthened in adversity by the *religio loci*, still clung to blackened ruins, and the names of their former possessors lingered on the site, long after the place was diverted to other uses. This could scarcely have been the case had the system of architectural reconstruction been as complete as was proposed.

But although, in the main, the general aspect of buildings within the walls remained unchanged, if we regard their dis-

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\* Cunningham's '*Handbook*,' p. 211.

† See Gifford's Notes on Jonson and Blount's '*Glossographia*,' Ed. 1656, both quoted by Cunningham. Blount suggests another derivation of *Piccadilly-hall*, as 'the utmost, or skirt-house of the suburbs that 'way,' the term *Pickadil* also implying the 'hem or skirt of a garment.'

position rather than their construction (which undoubtedly was improved), yet the character of the inhabitants was, in one important particular, entirely transformed. A final impulse was given to the westward exodus of the aristocracy, the first symptoms of which we have already noticed. Their houses, with a few exceptions, had now been destroyed, and the sites of them occupied by streets, alleys, and courts. The residence of the Earls of Oxford in Walbrook, 'in a fair and large-built house, sometime pertaining to the prior of Tortington,' survived in the name of *Oxford Court*. *Sentlegar House*, Southwark, once the property of the Abbot of St. Augustine, and inhabited under Elizabeth by Sir Anthony Saint-Leger, had become familiarised, before the end of that century, by the corruption of *Sellinger's Wharf*; and the site of the mansion of the Lords Windsor, in Monkwell Street, was known by the name of *Windsor Place*, when the first Nonconformist place of worship in London was erected there after the Fire. *Devonshire House*, which once occupied the site of *Devonshire Square*, Bishopsgate, had ceased to be the residence of the Cavendishes before the Fire, having been converted into a conventicle in the time of the Civil War.

Another circumstance served to complete this social revolution. The inconveniences of the old city thoroughfares, reproduced after the Fire, added sensibly to the unpopularity of city life, as the comforts and luxuries of the aristocracy increased. 'The old lines of streets,' says Macaulay, 'originally traced in an age when even princesses performed their journey on horseback, were often too narrow to allow wheeled carriages to pass each other with ease, and were therefore ill-adapted for the residence of wealthy persons in an age when a coach and six was a fashionable luxury.' In proportion, moreover, as the taste for municipal honours declined among the aristocracy, civic ambition became identified with commercial success, and the City accordingly was almost exclusively appropriated to the residence of merchants. 'Noblemen also,' says Stow, 'dealt in merchandise before and under Elizabeth, and had their merchants' houses in the City;' but the change now consummated was only the climax of a local separation of trade and fashion which had been manifested at different times during the whole of the seventeenth century. Lastly, the anti-royalist sympathies of the burghers in the Civil War contributed, in all probability, to make the City unattractive to the courtiers of Charles II. A few men of rank remained within its precincts for reasons of political intrigue. Shaftesbury lived in Aldersgate, where the name of *Shaftesbury Place*

survives; and Buckingham exchanged his mansion in the Strand, which was pulled down, for the safe seclusion of Dowgate. The result of these changes is described by Addison some thirty years later, who remarks ‘that the Courts of two ‘countries do not so differ from one another, as *the Court and ‘the City*, in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In ‘short, the inhabitants of St. James’s, notwithstanding they ‘live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are ‘a distinct people from those of Cheapside.’

If, as we have seen, the course of fashion, like that of empire, is ever westward, like empire also it leaves its ruins behind it. During the reigns of Charles II. and James II., the mansions of the Elizabethan aristocracy in the Strand were either separated into tenements or pulled down, and their sites and gardens covered with contiguous buildings. The large mansion of Sir Edward Hungerford, created Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles II., was pulled down a few years later, *Hungerford Market* being partly formed by the separation of the estate. Lincoln’s Inn Fields and Covent Garden still retained within their enclosures many families of the great; but Bow Street, ‘well-inhabited’ in the time of Strype, ceased to be so in 1720; and that district was already being filled with a mixed population. *Whetstone Park*, where houses were first built by Mr. Whetstone, a vestryman of St. Giles’s, in the time of Charles I., existed as a memorial of its prosperity and decline; and *Lewknor Lane* (since converted into one of the numerous *Charles Streets*) the site of the house and gardens of Sir Lewis Lewknor under James I., was now the recognised abode of the dissolute—the *perniciæ appropriumque pagi*.

Accordingly, a further move was made, or rather the limits of this once exclusively fashionable district were extended. Lomsbery, a royal manor under Henry VIII., and the site of the king’s stables, now changed its character under the corruption of *Bloomsbury*, and ‘foreign princes were carried to see ‘*Bloomsbury Square* as one of the wonders of England.’ Hard by rose Montague House, the residence of Baron Montague under Charles II., rebuilt by the first Duke in the reign of Anne; in which the collections of the British Museum were first deposited and remained till within our own memory. Bedford House, Bloomsbury, was built in the reign of Charles II.; and here also we find the titles of that noble family on another portion of their estate. *Chenies Street* and *Francis Street* are added to the familiar names of Tavistock, Russell, and Bedford. *Howland Street* and *Streatham Street*

record the marriage of the second Duke with the daughter of John Howland of Streatham, in 1696." *Gower Street* and *Keppel Street*, built between 1778 and 1786, are associated with the memory of his son, made Lord-lieutenant of Ireland in 1756; in like manner as the more recent alliance of this line with the families of Torrington and Gordon, by the two marriages of the sixth Duke, is commemorated in two squares of those names.

Soho was the earliest rival of Bloomsbury, as the residence of the more opulent portion of the so-called 'upper-middle' class, whose numbers and prosperity were yearly increasing. Names of rank, however, occur in its street-nomenclature, identified with former inhabitants of that region, much of which owes its present aspect to the exertions of a wealthy builder, whose name is perpetuated in *Frith Street*. Soho Square was begun in the reign of Charles II., and became the residence of the Duke of Monmouth. From him the square was originally called *Monmouth Square*, and afterwards changed to *King Square*. Tradition reports, says Pennant, that on his death the admirers of the Duke re-changed the name to *Soho*, being the word of the day at the battle of Sedgmoor. Mr. Cunningham has clearly exposed this popular error by a reference to the rate-books of St. Martin's, in which 'Soho-fields' are mentioned as early as 1632, or more than fifty years before that battle was fought. 'Soho,' he adds, 'or "So-how," was 'an old cry in hunting, when the hare was found;' but the investigation, thus suggested, is more curious than important. *Monmouth Street*, erected nearly a century later, preserves the Duke's memory; his mansion passed to Lord Bateman, who has left his name in *Bateman's Buildings*. *Gerard Street* dates from 1681, and, like *Macclesfield Street*, marks the former residence of Gerard, Earl of Macclesfield. *Wardour Street*, like *Arundel Street*, took its name from Lord Arundel of Wardour, at the close of the last century. The fifth Lord Arundel, who died in 1726, married the daughter of the noted gamester Colonel Panton, the original owner of *Panton Street*, and the last proprietor of Piccadilly Hall; although the derivation of that street from *Panton*, a particular kind of horse-shoe, is mentioned by Mr. Timbs as having been long credited, from its contiguity to the Haymarket.\*

Long, however, before Soho sank to its present state of degeneracy—in other words, before foreign refugees began to oust its former population—the attraction of the Court, in a

\* Club Life in London, vol. ii. p. 223.

luxurious age, had gathered around it the most luxurious portion of society. The partiality of Charles II. for Whitehall and St. James's led to a corresponding migration of rank and fashion. The open green park, formed by the enclosure by Henry VIII. of the fields adjacent to the ancient hospital of St. James's, was now levelled and laid out, the series of ponds converted into an artificial lake, and avenues of trees planted, one of which records its reputation as an aviary by the name of *Birdcage Walk*.<sup>\*</sup> A cockpit-royal occupied the site where now the meetings of the Privy Council are held, and has given rise to the name of *Cockpit Steps*. *Pall Mall* and the *Mall* are associated with another royal diversion, minutely described by an authority quoted by Strutt. Fronting the Mall rose the original of Buckingham Palace, built in 1703 for the Duke of Buckingham on the ruins of Goring House, the former residence of Lord Arlington. The site was once known as the Mulberry Garden, a place of amusement somewhat similar to *Spring Gardens*—an eccentricity of the Elizabethan age, so called from a fountain set playing by the spectator treading on its hidden machinery—as may still be seen in the marble courts of the old palace of Cintra and the Alcazar of Seville. Marlborough House was built in 1709–10 for the great Duke of Marlborough; and Carlton House dates from the same year, as the residence of Henry Boyle, Baron Carlton. West of Charing Cross, *King Street* formed the principal means of access through Whitehall to the Houses of Parliament. Richmond House, now *Richmond Terrace*, formed the western extremity of the Privy Gardens; and in *Downing Street* (so called from Sir George Downing, Secretary of State in 1668) stood a few isolated mansions, one of which formed the residence of Aubrey de Vere, the last Earl of Oxford, till his death in 1702. North of St. James's Park, the space between the Mall and Piccadilly had by this time exchanged its rural aspect for the houses of the great; and the apple orchards of the time of Charles I. were known only by the name of *Apple-tree Yard*. St. James's Square, begun in 1676, formed the focus of this aristocratical region, and *Charles Street*, *York Street*, and *King Street* rose about the same time. The house of the Duke of Ormond survives in *Ormond Yard*; that of the Duchess of Cleveland in *Cleveland Row*. *Arlington Street* was built in 1689, on land granted by Charles II. to Henry

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<sup>\*</sup> A certain Storey was keeper of the aviaries, who has left his name in *Storey's Gate*, incorrectly described by Pennant as *Store's Gate*, or the 'store-house for ordnance in the time of Queen Mary.'

Bennet, the noted member of the Cabal. *Jermyn Street* and *St. Alban's Place* (now *Waterloo Place*) were already standing, and took their names from Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's, whose nephew, Lord Dover, has left his memory in *Dover Street*, *Piccadilly*.

This last-named thoroughfare formed for a long period the northern limits of fashion. Between *Devonshire House* and *Hyde Park Corner*, the route lay between a succession of stone-yards, but the eastern portion was well defined before the close of the seventeenth century; and its history is recorded in the names of many of its offshoots. The existence of two Lord Berkeleys, each possessing a town-house called after his name, has been overlooked by Pennant. The builder of the mansion in *Piccadilly*—afterwards called *Devonshire House*—was Sir John Berkeley, created Baron Berkeley of Stratton (whence *Stratton Street*) in 1658; George, thirteenth Earl of Berkeley, was then living in Clerkenwell. The first *Burlington House* was built by the father of Boyle, Earl Burlington and Cork, the architect, whose wife, the heiress of the Saviles, has left her memory in *Savile Row*. *Clarges Street* rose in 1717, called after Sir Walter Clarges, the nephew of Ann Clarges, wife of General Monk. *Albemarle Street* took its name from Christopher Monk, second Duke of Albemarle, to whom Clarendon House, now marked by the Clarendon Hotel, was sold in 1657; *Hamilton Place* from James Hamilton, ranger of Hyde Park under Charles II.; and *Bond Street* from Sir Thomas Bond, created a baronet in the same reign.

The continuous development of the capital, as illustrated in its street-nomenclature, offers from this period few features of interest. It is a simple narrative of 'adding house to house.' Social distinctions are no longer reflected in the modern names of localities; retail trade, for example, once so fruitful an index to topographers, now everywhere following the extension of fashion. The transfer of monastic property, around London, to the aristocracy, we have already noticed. The expansive impulses of population now tended, in a different way, to increase their wealth, at the expense of their local isolation; the natural effect of the enhanced value of land around the capital being to crowd their parks and gardens with contiguous buildings. One by one, their suburban estates were let on building leases, or the large landowners themselves turned builders on an extensive scale; and the streets thus formed derived their names, without their former significance, from the rolls of the peerage.

This suburban extension, so far as regards the migration of



the titled and opulent, was almost exclusively to the north-west and west. The northward progress of building beyond Piccadilly was met by a side stream, formed by the western expansion of Soho; and the result was Golden Square, once the abode of persons of rank. Some isolated edifices of importance still existed in the neighbourhood of what is now Regent Street; one of which resisted the encroachments of building till 1736, when *Argyll Place* was built through the Duke of Argyll's gardens into Oxford Road. *Berkeley Square*, named from Lord Berkeley's house in Piccadilly, was standing at the commencement of the last century, and Lansdowne House was built in it by Adam the architect for the Earl of Bute. In 1721, *May Fair* was built upon, and four years later Sir Richard Grosvenor assembled his tenants on that portion of his estate at a sumptuous entertainment, and named the various streets which surrounded *Grosvenor Square*.<sup>\*</sup> *Chesterfield House* became the residence of the celebrated Earl under George II., built on land belonging to Curzon, Lord Howe; and *Chesterfield Street*, *Stanhope Street*, and *Curzon Street* rose in consequence.

The row of houses north of the Tyburn Road was completed in 1729, and the road called *Oxford Street*. A similar enlargement of the north-western suburbs to that previously described, was now effected by the junction of Bloomsbury with the Marylebone estate, which was purchased in 1710 by John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, whose only daughter and heiress, Henrietta Holles, married Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer. By the marriage of the only daughter of this Earl, Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, to William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland, in 1734, the manor passed to the Portland family, till their conversion into lessees under the Crown in the present century. A wilderness of streets preserves the titles and alliances of these noble families, e. g., *Henrietta Street*, *Bentinck Street*, *Holles Street*, *Vere Street*, *Margaret Street*, *Cavendish Street*, *Harley Street*, *Foley Place*, *Weymouth Street*, &c. *Cavendish Square*, *Oxford Square*, and *Hanover Square* (so called in honour of George I.) were all built between 1716 and 1720, and added to this westward attraction of the aristocracy. The riches which flowed into this country after the general peace at Fontainebleau in 1763 renewed, with increased vigour, the progress of architectural activity, which every war at its commencement had suspended.

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<sup>\*</sup> Malcolm's '*Londin. Rediv.*' vol. iv. p. 331. A fair was once held annually at the north of Half-Moon Street, commencing on May-Day.

*Portland Place* was built by the brothers Adam in 1778, and the whole of the Duke of Portland's property let on building leases. The bowling-greens of Marylebone gave way in 1777 to *Beaumont Street*, part of *Devonshire Street*, and *Devonshire Place*; and the ancient manor-house in 1795 to *Devonshire Mews*. Farther west, at the end of the last century, stood a number of stately mansions, in what were then known as Marylebone Fields. *Manchester House* was built in 1776, and formed the first beginning of *Manchester Square*; and *Chandos Street*, *Montague Square*, and *Harcourt Street* are of similar origin. *Portman Square* was built in 1764, and took its name from the ancestor of the present Lord Portman, the owner at that time of 270 acres of that portion of Marylebone once belonging to the Priory of St. John. *Dorset Square*, *Orchard Street*, *Blandford Square*, and *Bryanstone Square* marked in later days the country-seats of this family.\*

The prebendal manor of *Tottenham Court* had been leased to the Countess of *Arlington* in the reign of Charles II. 'From her,' says Mr. Cunningham, 'it descended to her daughter, the Duchess of Grafton, and in this way was inherited by the family of the Fitzroys, Dukes of Grafton, descended from Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland.' *Fitzroy Square* was built in 1793, on the grounds belonging to the manor; and the names of *Arlington*, *Euston*, and *Cleveland* are preserved in other portions of this estate. Of the two *Grafton Streets*—one near *Bond Street*, the other near *Fitzroy Square*—the former marks the site of the Duke's mansion in 1707; of the latter he was merely ground-landlord.

The formation of the *New Road*, about 1758, led to a considerable expansion of the northern suburbs. *Pentonville* dates from 1780, and derives its name from Henry Penton, Esq., the chief proprietor of that estate. Six years later *Somers Town* sprang into existence, and the property of Lord Somers was rapidly covered with houses, the emigrant priests from France

\* Similar instances of this practice abound elsewhere; for example, *Wigmore Street* and *Wimpole Street* from the seats of the Earls of Oxford, and *Welbeck Street* and *Bolsover Street* from those of the Portland family; *Strutton Ground*, Westminster, by a corruption from *Stourton House*, belonging to Lord Dacre, whose town-house stood near *Dacre Street* adjoining; *Priory Street*, *Brecknock Street*, and *Bayham Terrace*, Camden Town, from Bayham Park, Sussex, and the Priory, Brecknock, the country-seats of the Marquess of Camden. *Endsleigh Street* and *Woburn Place* are found on the Bedford Estate; and *Eaton Square*, *Halkin Street*, and *Motcombe Street* on the property of the Grosvenor family in Belgravia.

settling there in large numbers. *Brill Row* (i. e. Bury Hill) contains a memorial of the ancient character of that region, if Stukeley's hypothesis of a Roman camp once existing on the spot be correct. *Camden Town* was begun in 1791, and the family history of the Marquess of Camden remains written in the names of *Pratt Street*, *Jeffreys Street*, and others, needless to enumerate.

Such, with the last few exceptions, were the chief centres of the aristocracy at different times during the last century. The residence of the Court at Kensington added, no doubt, in later times, to the popularity of the purely western suburbs. *Craven House*, which has given its name to *Craven Hill*, had been the residence of Lord Craven before 1700, on the removal of that family from *Drury Lane*, and was borrowed by Queen Anne as a nursery for her son, the Duke of Gloucester. Some detached mansions of considerable splendour formed the first beginnings of Chelsea. Such had been *Beaufort House*, inhabited by the Duke of Beaufort in 1682, when he left *Beaufort Buildings* in the Strand: such also was *Lindsey House*, removed from *Lincoln's Inn* to Chelsea in the reign of Charles I., and now marked by *Lindsey Place*. *Blacklands House* formed the country-seat of Viscount Cheyne, lord of the manor under James I., and *Cheyne Walk* perpetuates his memory. *Sloane Street*, *Cadogan Place*, and *Hans Place* were built at the commencement of the American war, and, together with *Oakley Square*, commemorate the marriage of the second Baron Cadogan, of Oakley, with the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Hans Sloane, by which the manor of Chelsea vested in the Cadogans.

A glance at the last fifty years shows fashion still true to its hereditary instincts. In the parish church of St. Clement Danes was solemnised, nearly two centuries ago, the marriage of Sir Thomas Grosvenor with Miss Davies, the heiress of Ebury manor. By this union—commemorated in another part of the Grosvenor estate by *Davies Street*—the district of Pimlico passed to the family of the Marquis of Westminster. *Belgrave Square* was built in 1825 on the King's Road fields, and formed the first nucleus of this city of palaces, replete with the names and titles of the Grosvenors. *Lupus Street*, *Chester Square*, *Grosvenor Square*, and *Ebury Street*, are a few instances included within the general name of *Belgravia*. The name of Wilton—that of the second son of the late Marquis—occurs in six different places, and *Stanley Street* records his alliance with the sister of the late Earl of Derby.

Our present system of street-nomenclature demands a few

remarks in conclusion, based on the two publications which stand last in our list. The former of these contains an index of upwards of 23,000 street-names compiled 'for the purpose of 'facilitating the selection of names for new streets, by giving 'certainty to those at present existing.' Both have been published under the direction of the Metropolitan Board of Works, created by the Metropolis Local Management Act, 18 & 19 Vict. c. 120. The results of ten years' administration by this long-needed central authority, as stated in the Report of the Board for 1866-7, consisted in the abolition of 2,565 subsidiary names, and the naming of 1,041 new streets: 'care 'being taken,' says the superintending architect, 'in selecting 'the names of streets, to adopt, whenever occasion offered, only 'such as were not in use in the metropolis, as far as was 'known.'

Names of subsidiary portions of streets are not recognised, and thereby one fruitful source of confusion is avoided, but these restrictions, however prudent, must necessarily be partial in their operation, so long as the irregularity of our street-architecture continues. As to the 'vain repetitions,' exhibited in the names of our streets, not the least conspicuous among the evils of our overgrown metropolis, they require a speedier and more wholesale curtailment, if the obvious convenience of its inhabitants be in the least consulted. We have analysed in a tabular form with some care the street-index before us, and recommend the result to the attention of those who possess the means of remedy. The first column is taken from a calculation of Brayley in 1826; and a comparison with the figures at present, indicated in the second column, will show that the evil has steadily increased:—

Name of Street	No. in 1826	Present Number	Abolish- ed since 1856	Name of Street	No. in 1826	Present Number	Abolish- ed since 1856
King . . .	99	95	20	Edward . . .	47	11	
Queen . . .	75	99	32	Frederick . . .	50	9	
Princes . . .	46	78	9	William . . .	88	13	
Regent . . .	...	38	5	Elizabeth . . .	57	23	
George . . .	76	109	19	Church . . .	57	151	10
John . . .	53	119	21	Chapel . . .	32	69	1
Charles . . .	41	91	9	Union . . .	72	129	19
James . . .	26	87	14	Cross . . .	33	65	4
Thomas . . .	...	58	...	High . . .	12	58	5
Henry . . .	...	47	6	New . . .	...	116	9
Alfred . . .	...	54	18				

*North Street* and *South Street* are repeated over 90 times, *East Street* and *West Street*, nearly 50; and *South-East Place* is found to rival *Great-New Street* in absurdity. Besides these are upwards of 70 *Albion Streets*, 27 *London Streets*, and 19 *Britannia Streets*. Forty-eight thoroughfares bear each the names of *Garden* and *Orchard*, 113 that of *Grove*, and 193 of *Park*, divided into the variations of street, road, row, terrace, place, lane, court, alley, &c., generally distinctions without meaning or significance, and doubtful palliatives of this bewildering monotony. It is needless to dwell on the importance of precision of reference, increasing every year with the growth of the capital; but if any evidence is wanted to show the necessity of some uniform system in our street-nomenclature, whereby the evils entailed by this 'damnable iteration' may be abridged, the difficulties experienced by anyone not thoroughly acquainted with London, nay, the perplexities of the postman himself, would furnish an instant and conclusive answer.

In connexion with the reform which this confusion worse confounded demands, lies a question of equal interest as regards the future, viz., the selection of names for the new streets which are almost daily being added to this 'province of houses.' It is idle, no doubt, to attempt to imitate the past, in commemorating facts of local history; for modern London possesses few features of topographical interest which could be thus represented. But there is no reason why the names of illustrious men, and the memory of national achievements, should not be systematically recorded in our street-calendar. 'This would at least preserve them,' remarks the author of the 'Curiosities of Literature' with pardonable enthusiasm, 'from the corruption of the people, and exhibit a perpetual monument of moral feeling, and of glory, to the rising genius of every age.' *Tripe Court*, Whitechapel, so called from the father of Strype, the historian, who once inhabited that dingy precinct; *Cobham Row*, Islington, the site of the mansion of the ill-fated Oldcastle, Baron Cobham; and *Czar Street*, Deptford, once the daily resort of Peter the Great, are all names to be preserved; indeed the number of street-names thus locally identified with great men might undoubtedly be considerably enlarged, in spite of the changes in the localities themselves. It would seem scarcely necessary to revert to Rome and Greece for assistance; but *Socrates Place*, *Trajan Street*, *Virgil Place*, *Horace Terrace*, and *Hannibal Road*, have all found a place in our street-directory.

*Cato Street* has been altered to *Homer Street*, and a district of Camberwell bears the imposing title of *Troy Town*.

We are no advocates of an indiscriminate system of hero-worship in our street-nomenclature; but neither can any objection be raised against thus immortalising our distinguished countrymen, provided that discretion guide the choice of names. We may borrow a lesson in this matter from the French, as all who are familiar with Paris will acknowledge; and we recommend to our parochial authorities an examination of Didot's '*Annuaire*,' as a useful instance of what judgment and method may achieve. '*Garrick Street* forms an honourable exception to our prevailing poverty of selection; and the conversion of the notorious *Grub Street* into *Milton Street* is not less appropriate than interesting, in point of contrast, from the fact that the poet was buried in the adjoining Cripplegate. Addison's name is preserved in Kensington from his residence at Holland House, but, with these exceptions, our literary celebrities are scarcely represented, and Shakspeare must be content at present with a tardy recognition in the suburbs. If the converse is any test of popularity—and we are not at all prepared to dispute it—strong evidence might be adduced of the hold that martial reputation has taken on the popular mind. Such, for example, is the mention of Collingwood (12), and Rodney (6); of Napier (11), Havelock (10), Raglan and Outram. *Cumberland Street* takes its name from the hero of Culloden; *Blenheim Street* and *Great Marlborough Street* (once a centre of fashion) from the Duke of Marlborough, who was alive when they were begun. Upwards of 80 streets bear the name of Wellington, and nearly 50 that of Nelson; and the triumphs of our arms are commemorated by Quebec Street, built in 1759; by nearly 30 streets named from Trafalgar and 40 from Waterloo, besides Vittoria (10), Salamanca (5), Talavera (2), and Alma, Inkermann, and Balaclava. Our statesmen are less fortunate, few of them being thus commemorated. *Chatham Place* still survives, but Pitt Bridge soon exchanged its first title for the earlier associations of Blackfriars. Royalty has received a more ample recognition. *King Street* and *Henrietta Street*, Covent Garden; *Queen Street*, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and *Rupert Street*, Haymarket, are associated in point of date with Charles I., and his wife and nephew; *Portugal Row* with Catherine of Portugal, the wife of Charles II.; *James Street* and *York Street*, Covent Garden, with the Duke of York, afterwards James II.; *Nassau Street*, Soho, with William of Nassau, afterwards William III.; *Osnabury Row*, Pimlico, with the Duke of York, Bishop of

Osnaburg, and second son of George III.; and *King William Street* and *Adelaide Street*, Strand, with William IV., in whose reign those improvements were made. Since then a multitude of Regent Streets has been called into existence in almost every part of the metropolis; and besides the names of Victoria and Albert, repeated each above a hundred times—a striking proof, if not of our loyalty, at least of the recent growth of London—the history of the reigning dynasty is abundantly recorded in the titles of York (127), Gloucester (87), Cambridge (56), Brunswick (76), and Hanover (35). The ethical meaning, if any, of these statistics we are not curious to inquire; but they afford sufficient proof of the evils of a good system mismanaged. The same exaggeration pervades an otherwise legitimate class of street-names, viz., that derived from the rolls of the Peerage, without reference to circumstances of local interest to which many undoubtedly owe their origin. Devonshire claims 70 streets of that name and Norfolk 60; Clarence and Richmond 50 each; Carlton, Clifton, Russell, Sussex, and Warwick, upwards of 40; Claremont, Dorset, Essex, Lansdowne, and Oxford come next with 30; and Salisbury, Suffolk, Southampton, Winchester, and Wilton with more than 20 each.

We may mention, in conclusion, some curiosities of our street-literature, leaving our readers to discover their meaning. Such are *Halfpenny Alley*, *All-farthing Lane*, *Bandy-leg Walk*, *Shoulder-of-Mutton Alley*, *Cat's-castle*, *Hen-and-Chicken Lane*, *Noah's-ark Alley*, *Jacob's-well Passage*, *XX Place*, *Shoot-up-hill Lane*, *Seven Sisters Road*, &c. Their singularity is perhaps their best claim to preservation, though their inhabitants, we suspect, would be sorely puzzled to account for their derivation. *Turnagain Lane* is a homely but expressive description of a *cul-de-sac*, and dates as far back as Edward III.; and *Honey Lane* is a curious instance of the *lucus à non*, being so called, says Stow, 'not of sweetness thereof, but rather of 'often washing and sweeping to keep it clean.' It is to be hoped that the two *Cut-throat Lanes* in the suburbs may be similarly explained. *Do-little Lane*, described by Stow as a 'street with no shops,' has disappeared, but *Labour-in-vain Street* is found in Shadwell. *Chick Lane*, Newgate, after passing through the titles of *Stinking Lane*, and *Butcher-hall Lane*, is now dignified with that of *King Edward Street*; but *Pig's Alley* and *Sheepgut Lane* have survived the extinction of *Blowbladder Street*. The foreign element in the seafaring population at the East-end, in the neighbourhood of the docks, is represented by *Jamaica Street*, *Hong-Kong Ter-*

race, *Chaur-Ghur* Row (lately altered to Cable Street), *Chin-Chu* Cottages, *Bombay* Street, and *Norway* Place; and an obscure thoroughfare in Shoreditch retains the enviable appellation of the *Land of Promise*. Some names of equal absurdity distinguish those accumulations of ephemeral lath and plaster, the stuccoed villas or 'bijou residences' of our suburban districts. Such are *Hephzibah* Terrace and *Tryphena* Place; the 14 *Ebenezer* Places: *Elysium* and *Paradise* Rows, repeated *ad nauseam*; *Grove-villas* Crescent and *Union* Vale; the *Acacia* Villas of Marylebone; *Belinda* and *Belitha* Villas; the 10 *Medina* Villas, and the 14 *Bellevue* Terraces. There are 12 *Broadways*, and 11 *Mount Pleasants*; 17 streets divide between them the names of *The Avenue*, *The Crescent*, and *The Terrace*; 23 are called *The Grove*, and 4 *The Paragon*; besides the silly affectations of *The Colonnade*, *The Lawn*, *The Parade*, *The Cedars*, and *The Sucep*. These rural conceits, however foolish, because nearly always meaningless and inappropriate, may perhaps be excused in the country; but within the radius of the postal districts of the metropolis convenience alone should require the abolition of these bombastic symbols of the *rus in urbe*. One, at least, of the evils of an overgrown capital will be removed, when necessity demands the complete revision of our modern street-nomenclature.

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ART. VII.—*Memoir of Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh.*

By JOHN VEITCH, M.A., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh: 1869.

THERE are few subjects of more just and keen regret in literature than the loss or absence of memorials of men who are known to have exercised a great power over their own generation. To have among us a great name and be conscious that it is nothing but a name, is a thing never realised without a touch of sadness. The blank felt by us in the absence of such a record is the measure of our obligation to him who worthily supplies it. Sometimes there are reasons only too sufficient why the world is disappointed. The lives of gifted men are not invariably clean lives. The companion who knows most about the vanished celebrity is conscious that he cannot present him to society as he was, so he is not presented at all. The world asks why but receives no answer, and the brilliant as well as the dark features in the character of the man are allowed to perish together.



It is impossible to be further from deserving such a fate than the late Sir William Hamilton. Morally and physically his nature was pure and honourable. He was peculiarly averse to courting effect in the eyes of men; he never did anything for fame or notice—anything that would leave a picture of his career or of any passages of it before the world. His life was therefore one that would have been peculiarly difficult to portray in a later generation, had no contemporary who knew him undertaken the task. Such are the considerations to be taken into account when we measure the service done to literature by this interesting volume.

The leading character in Hamilton's nature was a grand simplicity. It seemed to absorb and neutralise all affectation or angularities. These defects are often insensibly acquired by studious dreamy men, but he was as entirely free from them as the most cautious and prudent of prigs who has nothing else to think about but the respectability of his appearance in society. Anyone casually meeting him in his walks abroad, and guessing at his social position merely from his dress and manners, might have set him down as a retired capitalist, because, while perfectly well dressed, there was a simplicity in his attire, as of a man who did not require to give outward evidence of his wealth. Some people thought he must be rich because he was entirely free from the pecuniary embarrassments which afflicted more than one among his companions and neighbours. Others thought he must be poor because there was so little of display in his establishment. It seemed as if in his estimate, what a man has and how he spends it, is among the matters of domestic reserve not to be exposed to the world. His name was not paraded among patrons and profuse donors, but his contribution was always to be had when it was wanted, and in his own kind and unostentatious way he was a cheerful giver, as many an unprosperous man of merit well knew. This simplicity of character helped him materially in his grand design of subsidising all human knowledge to his use. He had for a long period of his life a group of friends around him, shifting as casualties carried away the old and accident brought the new. Many of these were much younger than himself, and all were of lower intellectual stature. But there was nothing of the pedantry of the Stoa in this group—no man saying it is mine to speak and yours to hear. It was a perfect republic of letters—a giving and taking, where indeed Hamilton got more than he gave, for nothing that anyone of the group could impart from his own little treasure of knowledge was lost to him. The young of this group—some twenty years

younger than himself, and attaching themselves to him at the time when those years made all the difference between the sage and the youth—forgot his age while feeling his superiority. He was more like a gifted contemporary to their minds and hearts. And when the fame of his achievements came, strangely as it did, not in the homage of his fellow-countrymen and townsmen but in the echoes from distant lands, the effect was like beholding the distant elevation into eminence of some schoolfellow—a

‘Divinely gifted man,  
Whose life in small estate began,  
And on a simple village green’

We propose hereafter to note more especially and fully some of the peculiar living minds on which he drew for the materials of thought in this kind of companionship. In the meantime let us see how it bore on the great intellectual mission falling to his lot. His companionship with his friends has a parallel in his choice of books—save that in them it might be more properly said that universality of reading was his choice. His mission was the demolition of the despotism of special schools in science and literature. To explain the object of his labours in another way, we may say that they were directed against that weakness of the human intellect that rushes into extremes of intellectual fashion as capriciously and as absolutely as the leaders in the gay world follow the shiftings of fashionable costume. Hamilton was an intellectual Luther lifting his testimony against the shifting despotism of this kind of vogue. But he found it in a more serious shape than it took in literature when he turned to science and philosophy. For example, he was keenly sensible to this peculiar defect in the profession to which he first desired to attach himself—medicine. The student acquires the belief that it is a folly and a scandal to look from the existing leaders in practice and opinion into the past; and the mind is narrowed by the submissive adoption of the absolute dictates of the leading teachers of the day.

The great idea that carried Hamilton through his conquering labours was that in the work of the human intellect there is nothing common or unclean. It was not possible, he thought, that any succession of men could ardently labour on, generation after generation, in the endeavour to solve the difficulties of the sciences of mind and matter, and yet leave no fruit of all their zealous labours. Hence was it that from the ponderous volumes of the fathers, the schoolmen, the civilians and

canonists, the early physicians and naturalists, and the monkish chroniclers, he sought to extract a knowledge of what the human intellect had done, so as to have full material for an examination of its nature and capacity.

His education and his professional projects were signally adapted to the training of his strong intellect to such a purpose. He first studied medicine—not theoretically merely but with a view to practice. Then he turned from that task to law and joined the bar, where he had fully as much professional work to do as a philosopher whose mind was elsewhere could hope to achieve. Thus he had two great avenues to a knowledge of the practical operation of theoretical creations. But a third profession might be said to be the choice of his heart—that was divinity. What sort of a pastor he would have made had he turned practically to this also it were hard to say. But he loved intensely the study of polemics, and perhaps enjoyed no literature better than the works of the two great masters, Luther and Calvin. The Dutch showed their appreciation of his genius in this shape by conferring on him the title—curious in this country as bestowed upon a layman—of Doctor in Divinity of the University of Leyden.

Sir William had a hobby as every good man has, the bad supplying its place with a vice. It was his felicity that his hobby squared admirably with the graver purpose of his life. He was a book collector, or bibliomaniac as it is scornfully called. But to few of the victims of that malady has it been given to show so much method in their madness. He was rapacious as a gatherer of volumes, and when he had them he nursed them tenderly, refreshing their bindings with his own hand and discovering unguents for giving them strength and comeliness. But none of this was thrown away; every book he had came within the universality of his purpose. Many a time does the victim of this weakness impose on himself with the delusion, and endeavour also, but in vain, to impose it upon his wife, that the countless volumes brought home one after another in interminable array are necessary for his enlightened studies. But here the justification was so sound and true, and so obvious as not to be worth putting in words. Yet collect as he might, the literary treasures available to anyone of moderate fortune would have been far too meagre a feast for his intellectual appetite. He had continually to go beyond his own shelves to the College Library or the nobler collection in the Advocates' Library, and he hunted out with ravenous avidity any rare morsels of literature not within these stores, which any private friend might happily be able to

supply him with. In the common mind there is a notion that a life spent in ceaseless research of this kind is a life spent in dreary hard work. There could not be a more utter mistake. It is the most delightful of all lives—a life in which the business of the man is also his ruling pleasure. The excitement that draws the sportsman to the chase—even that of the gambler at the table—is as nothing in comparison. It carries with it only the one sad penalty, that, worthy and beautiful as it is, these too absorbing attractions tempt some men to indulge in it to excess—and so it was with Hamilton.

The notion leading people to the belief that such a life is dull and laborious is the absurd one that the great scholars—the men who ‘know everything’—pursue their researches by solemnly reading through book after book from beginning to end, after the fashion of the devotees of the circulating libraries. Natural sagacity, strengthened by practice, gives powers for abbreviating and facilitating such work, as in all other work where high skill is called to bear upon it. There are certain classes of books—as those of the civilians, the chroniclers, and the old divines—where a great amount of repetition is a standard practice or etiquette. The skill of the investigator enables him to overleap the conventional commonplaces and alight on the morsels of originality he is in search of. The practice of an extensive and successful literary searcher may be compared to that of the head of the police in a large town. He does not know every inhabitant in it by headmark, but he has an organisation for immediately finding and producing any one of them who may be wanted.

The stores thus collected were placed by Hamilton in the custody of a signally retentive memory. As we may afterwards have to see, their varied and naturally discordant nature, and the enormous bulk of the whole, was a severe trial on his power of organising. Method, and a capacity for the completion of the outline of any branch of knowledge, were the faculties least readily at his disposal for the accomplishment of his great designs. When he set about arranging and grouping, crowds of things rushed in upon each other too fast for him to find the right place for each. Memory, however, always did its part; and thus it happened that when the matter in hand was by its nature of a limited character, every element necessary to create and to adorn it was ready at hand. This made him so much an object of wonder to those who gathered about him in casual acquaintance long before his name was known abroad. It would sometimes happen that one of a fraternity engaged in ransacking into some small remote corner

of human knowledge, if he alluded in the pride of his heart to some discovery he believed himself to have made, would be surprised to find how far one not free of his particular intellectual guild had already penetrated its inner mysteries. If Hamilton found that the special adept knew something unknown to himself—that a real discovery had been made—he would seize upon it with unfailing sagacity. The end was that the discoverer beheld his poor ewe lamb swept into the vast sheepfold of the aggrandising monopolist. None of these triumphs were accomplished for display. They all belonged to a kindly interchange of knowledge. He did not talk to mixed company. Of that he saw so little that it would perhaps be difficult to find any man now alive who had met him at any dinner-table but his own, where he had occasionally a pleasant easy circle. The tradition is that when he happened to be among strangers he kept silence. At all events, the conversations in which he drank in and poured forth knowledge were among his intimates, or, according to the expressive old Scotch term, his cronies.

Yet in these critical and inquisitive conversations there was an aim far higher than that of social chat. He had a craving to know all that the special devotees of any science or doctrine knew, and also to know all that they believed. It was the fundamental principle of his philosophy that nothing was to be taken for granted—nothing to be believed or disbelieved but on trial. There are many who concur in this as a general principle, but they find that life is not long enough for the testing of everything. We can get through but a small item of science in this way, therefore let us test the remainder by deputy—that is to say, let us take the established opinions. The difference between Hamilton and men of this class was in the extent of the field worked out by himself. If it was not a complete system physical and metaphysical, it went further than any other, on account of the principle of abstract toleration on which it was conducted, and the great powers and untiring perseverance of the conductor. He knew that investigations into opinions and beliefs that seemed to the ordinary wise man to be preposterous to deserve a thought, may nevertheless repay the investigator. He counted it very unsafe to treat any opinion, especially any one professing to contain a truth within it, as naught, unless it be first weighed in the balance and found wanting. When this result is reached, and it is found that the whole is a fallacy, there is yet gained for the service of psychological science the special exposure of this fallacy, heresy, superstition, or whatever else it might be called.

Hamilton's dealing with phrenology before taking up a position antagonistic to its claim as a science was a signal example of this spirit. The 'physiological and anatomical inquiries' on which he was to rest his conclusions 'continued,' we are told, 'for many years subsequent to 1826, and 'extended to points which Sir William had not originally intended to embrace, such as the weight and various relative proportions of the brain in man and animals under varying circumstances.' The results of his inquiries were published at different times in Dr. Monro's 'Anatomy of the Brain' (1831), in the 'Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal' (1850), and in the 'Medical Times' (1845). On the subject of the cerebellum and the brain generally, his researches were most careful and extended:—

'It was certain discoveries,' he tells us, 'which I made in regard to the laws of development and the functions of this organ [the cerebellum], and the desire of establishing these by an induction from as many of the species as possible of the animal kingdom, that led me into a more extensive inquiry than has hitherto been instituted by any professional physiologist. . . . My tables extend to above 1,000 brains of above 50 species of animals accurately weighed by a delicate balance.' To this Professor Veitch adds that 'he conducted his numerous experiments with his own hand—sawing open skulls—dissecting and testing the weight of brain.' (Pp. 116, 117.)

After all this he had surely in some measure achieved the right to speak as his accomplished friend Mr. George Moir says he did.

'So tolerant was Sir William of all opinions that I may say phrenology was the only doctrine he could not tolerate. He had studied it with care and mastered very completely the anatomy of the brain. . . . The result was, he had come to look on phrenology as a mischievous humbug.' (P. 116.)

To mesmerism, too, and its collateral phenomena he gave an experimental trial. 'Before,' he said, 'you set aside the science of the mesmerist, you ought to read the evidence in its favour given by all the greatest medical authorities in Germany.'

'Sir William had no doubt,' says a friend, 'of the power of mesmerism in nervous temperaments to produce sleep and other cognate phenomena; but he utterly disbelieved *clairvoyance*; and when Mr. Colquhoun used to bring forward instances to that effect, he would remind him of the story of the 1,000*l.* bank note which had been lying sealed up for years ready to be delivered to any clairvoyant who, without opening the envelope, should read its contents.' (P. 118.)

This comprehensive method of inquiry brought him deep into the literature of witchcraft, sorcery, necromancy, alchemy,

astrology, and all the old superstitious sciences of which there are, we suppose, no living devotees. His converse with men notorious for the entertainment of opinions denounced by a large portion of their fellows, or engaged in the pursuit of inquiries deemed utterly delusive, sometimes subjected him to remarks akin to the suspicion attached to those who keep miscellaneous and not always decorous company. It would be said at one time that surely Hamilton was going to Rome, so much trafficking had he with Popish priests and Jesuit fathers. At another time he was surely bitten with nonintrusionism, for evidently he had fallen into the hands of Chalmers and Welsh. Then, again, there was an alarm that he had gone off with the clairvoyants and animal magnetisers, for was it not true that he and John Colquhoun, the high-priest of these mysteries, were inseparable companions? These conferences with men, each deeply conversant with his own sphere of thought or knowledge, were a feature so conspicuous in the method of Hamilton's working out his conclusions, that it may be well to note the external conditions attending on them while these can be remembered, for the story is getting old.

In the year 1844 Sir William was stricken with paralysis. His fine intellect recovered itself, and, in the opinion of the best judges, remained unimpaired. But there was a sad and touching change in his aspect and his ways. Besides the prostration of the muscular power of a man very strong and active, the deep fire as of a devouring inward intelligence had gone from the eye, and the firm tension had left the lip. Yet much of what he has left to the world came from him after this calamity. One may suppose that he had said to himself, the time for these restless untiring researches after knowledge is over; let the fruits of it all be gathered in ere it be too late. His old friends assembled round him in his own house, cheering him with reminiscences of the old topics of discussion, but he was no longer the same restless aggressor on the domain of other men's thoughts and acquisitions. What has now to be told therefore must be understood to refer to the earlier period of his life.

A Frenchman devoted by taste and habit to the theatre could much more easily live without that stimulant than Sir William could have lived away from all great libraries. He would have perhaps preferred his lot to be cast in the neighbourhood of the Bodleian, but it was a fair compromise with fate to have at his disposal the Advocates' Library. This is the third in size among British libraries, the British Museum being the first and the Bodleian the second. Then,

although it is at the service of every literary investigator who can apply its resources to use, to the members of the Faculty of Advocates, of whom Sir William was one, it is their private library as if they were members of a club. The right of a possessor was of infinite consequence to Hamilton, for in the vehemence of his researches, he would have found it hard to bear with the formalities and delays absolutely necessary in the use of any public consulting library, such as that under Pannizzi's dome in the British Museum.

But even the Advocates' Library was subject to a weakness common to all such institutions. It was not available during all the twenty-four hours of the day. In fact it was closed some ten hours or so earlier than the time when the philosopher closed his researches. There was a borrowing privilege, but it only extended to twenty volumes a man—a mere mockery. However there was a joyous period for Sir William. He was for some years one of the curators of the library, and it was a courtesy to those who took the duties of a curator not to limit the number of books they might take to their own homes. There are marvellous stories about the number of volumes in the great restoration following the close of his term of office, and it is remembered that the volumes were conveyed back to their proper place of rest in a waggon.

It is natural when a group of men come daily together, that one should occupy a chief place in the eyes of the others, and become in some measure their leader. This was a position readily conceded to Walter Scott when he was a frequent visitor and writer there. To him Jeffrey, some fifteen years Hamilton's senior, might naturally have succeeded. He was not a voracious reader however, and he professed enjoying his literature in the select library of his own Tusculum. Hamilton very soon became the master. He held the place indeed by virtue of the power of knowledge. Every other frequenter of the library consulted him in difficulties and got a ready solution of them. It was currently said that he was acquainted with every book in the immense collection, and when the young ambitious student struggling with the difficulties of some tough inquiry sat for a time at the feet of Gamaliel, he came away with a crowd of new ideas, strengthened and supported by a list of books and a commentary on their respective bearing on the matter he had in hand.

Mr. Carlyle, in the reminiscences cited by Mr. Veitch, says:—

‘I cannot recollect when I first came to speak with him, which must have been by accident and his own voluntary favour on some slight occasion, probably in the Advocates' Library, which was my



principal or almost sole literary resource (lasting thanks to it alone of Scottish institutions) in those distracted, forgetful, and grimly-forbidding years.' (P. 122.)

In fact this library was Hamilton's club, and having followed him into it, and seen him established at its head, it may not be amiss to look in upon the group generally gathered round him; in seeing them about him we see a large part of Hamilton's social life. In sketching these his companions and disciples, it is proposed to deal only with those who are dead—by far the larger portion of those who were Hamilton's friends at this period of his career. There is the more inducement to dwell a little on this group, as the place where they met has, like those who frequented it, suffered changes as time has passed over it. In the Advocates' Library of that day there was an impressive and at the same time very pleasurable sense of academic seclusion. In the Parliamentary Committee whose report had the effect of adding Pannizzi's dome and reading-room to the British Museum, Carlyle gave in evidence this brief but genial recollection of the Advocates' Library. He had there followed his investigations in 'a room larger than the 'one we sit in at the British Museum; and there were not 'more than twenty people in it, each sitting in an alcove as 'large as the window here; all in profound silence; a large thick 'turkey carpet on the floor.' The scene thus drawn has since been sadly changed. While there were places for silent study, there were others for scholarly talk. The talk now predominates, and is not of the old kind. By some odd fatality, the library has become an auxiliary building to the Courts of Law, and a sort of house of call to those frequenting them. What a library will become when it is the place where client and agent consult together about their business in court, and witnesses are examined and disposed of till wanted, and clerks occupy the tables that were set for students, is easily conceived. The excuse for the calamitous collapse of a noble institution is that it has grown too great for the means of its owners, and they cannot afford to keep it in decent order. Let us leave the unpleasing topic, and go back thirty years to the group of scholars and thinkers in which Hamilton was the leading spirit.

The first to be introduced shall be George Brodie, the historian. His 'History of the British Empire from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration,' came forth in four octavo volumes in the year 1822. A deservedly eulogistic review in this Journal justly characterised it as 'the most 'valuable contribution to the constitutional history of our 'country that has appeared since the commencement of our

'labours.\*' In an appreciation of Brodie's claims to consideration, it was almost as necessary to recall this authorship to those about him while he lived as to the public at large now, since his eccentricities, and especially his egregious demonstrations of vanity, in a manner dissociated his personal from his literary history. The intercourse between the two men, always of course gravitating towards the objects of the historian's special studies, was of the most pleasant and genial kind. It was made so, however, by conditions that do not always tend to the pleasant and genial. There was no shadow of possible rivalry between them to disturb Brodie's self-complacency. Nothing could be farther from his thoughts than the possibility that his literary triumphs could ever be rivalled by the bookish baronet who had taken to the pursuit of letters instead of yielding to the natural instincts of his order in beating covers and following the hounds. From Brodie's comfortable point of view, he was himself the benignant patron, the other the docile disciple. When they talked together, this might indeed have seemed their relation to any casual observer who failed to notice the faint curl of good-humoured sarcasm on Hamilton's expressive lip as he received the sententious precepts of the master delivered with the solemnity due to their importance.

Other and smaller men were less magnanimous and delicate in dealing with the historian. There were excuses for them, for it was indeed difficult to resist the grotesque influence of his domineering egotism. Among those who have enjoyed Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, some may remember the stories about 'the Stove School' in the Parliament House. There the students in the library occasionally met in friendly chat the idlers at the bar waiting for business; and the group was occasionally joined by some advocate in great practice, taking a hand in the light repartee peculiar to the spot as a relaxation from the hot and hard work of forensic debate. The little groups of wits there assembled were remorseless in their own harmless kind of warfare, and Brodie's propensity to gravitate himself towards them much resembled the suicidal circles of the moth round the candle. Among their chief enjoyments, one was to feed his appetite for applause and flattery to the full extent of his large digestive powers. One of his enjoyments or recreations lay in pulling all contemporary occupants of the Temple of Fame out of their niches, and as a counterpart to this one of the enjoyments of the Stove School was to incite Brodie to pull all the others out, so as to leave

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\* Edin. Rev. p. 92, March 1824.

himself in sole possession. His vanity was fed with rumours that some juvenile attender of the stove was ambitious of playing Boswell to him, and was taking down from time to time accurate reports of all that dropped from his lips in that genial region. Hamilton was often present at these scenes, but he took no part in them. Perhaps he felt that there was something like treachery in making game of the man who had just let out to him those curious items of information about the terms of the writ for levying ship-money, or the debate in the Westminster Assembly on the lay eldership. But though Hamilton took no part in the sport, he could not help looking on with his grave and slightly sarcastic smile, as if the psychological experiment were not one that he himself would feel it agreeable to make, yet since it was made by others, he might as well observe the phenomena as they passed under his eye.

Another member of the group—John Riddell—had a far stronger hold on Hamilton's affections. They were fast friends though the two were signally unlike. Riddell was a great peerage and pedigree lawyer. He had rather drifted into this lucrative position by his peculiar genius than sought it as a profession. He was a man of general acquirements, and used to profess himself ambitious of a wider range of studies than those for which he was distinguished; but genealogy had over him the hold acquired upon some intellects by the higher mathematics. However much he strove to balance his mind upon the greater events of history, it would rush into the groove of some pedigree, leading to the distant and obscure recesses of family history. He was the terror of men who had a vague claim to be well descended. Many a brilliant but unsubstantial pedigree was torn to shreds and scattered by his rude handling. He was a formidable champion in these contests, and sometimes a dangerous one. He loved his art better than his trade, and might discover indelible blots on the escutcheon he was employed to blazon. He worked like a brother for Hamilton, and did him yeoman's service in securing his baronetcy, and proving his descent from the renowned covenanting leader, Sir Robert Hamilton of Preston. As the two stood frequently in deep conference, the bystander could not help noticing the contrast between him and the sinewy limbs and finely chiselled features of the philosopher. It seemed to be a hard task for the genealogist to keep his sprawling limbs in subordination, and one half of his face appeared to be on bad terms with the other. His style, as will be found in several volumes—not of a popular kind, though dealing greatly with the materials out of which romances are constructed—

was as chaotic as his appearance. To those who could *unriddle* him, as people naturally put it, there were valuable solutions to be found; nor was his style without some value in its very badness, since one of his books was recommended to a teacher of composition as containing a complete collection of examples of every form of depravity of which the English language is susceptible.

Another valued member of the literary republic working along with Hamilton in his favourite corner, and interchanging many confidences with him, was Dr. Thomas McCrie, the biographer of Knox and Melville. He had a knowledge deep-seated and infinitely valuable to his all-engrossing companion. No one was so well acquainted as he with the affluent collection hidden in the far recesses of the library, of manuscripts and pamphlets on the history of Scottish ecclesiastical affairs chiefly collected by Robert Wodrow, the laborious chronicler of the sufferings of the Covenanters. Hallam, though not personally acquainted with McCrie, gave his character in a brief and happy touch: 'It is impossible to think without respect of this most powerful writer, before whom there are few living controversialists that would not tremble; but his Presbyterian Hildebrandism is a little remarkable in this age.\*' He presented the two rarely united characters of devotion to his own peculiar sect and thorough honesty in telling the history of events in ecclesiastical history materially connected with its character and fortunes. To be sure, he did not tell all the things about the Presbyterians that writers like Robert Southey or Alban Butler might have delighted to relate: this was not in human nature; but what he did say was true and profound as to the facts, whatever we may think of the man's opinions. His strong prejudices took the curious direction of finding ingenious palliatives. It would have delighted him beyond measure had he anticipated what is now believed, that the early reformers were not so guilty of the destruction of the ecclesiastical buildings as even their friends used to believe. But as the charge stood, he pleased himself with the notion that, after all, the ruins were more picturesque than the complete buildings would have been.

We are told in this memoir of Hamilton that—

'Of his Scottish theological contemporaries he spoke in the warmest terms of Dr. McCrie, who he held had kept Calvinism free from the necessitarianism of Dr. Chalmers, though he admired Chalmers also, and stood with him as a colleague in kindly relations. Dr. John

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\* Constitutional History, vol. iii. p. 421.

Brown has praised for his learning and devotion to Biblical study, and took some interest in the controversy in which he was engaged in regard to the extent of the Atonement; but he seemed to doubt whether the question was solvable, or whether anything had been added to the earliest Calvinism by the debates of centuries on this point.' (Pp. 272, 273.)

Dr. John Brown was the representative of a race distinguished through several generations for theological learning. It did good service also in literature, and in this it is worthily represented at the present day. These two men, McCrie and Brown, were typical of a peculiarity in Scotland. The Dissenter holds a higher position there than he holds in England. In fact he does not admit himself to be a dissenter from the Church; he maintains that he holds by the old standards of the Church, whence those in charge of the Establishment have permitted it to drift. The Establishment had no two names to match with these—the one in ecclesiastical history, the other in theology—and they were ministers of the secession, a body somewhat unjustly charged with narrow learning and wide fanaticism. The time approached when Chalmers was no longer to be the colleague of Hamilton as a professor in the University; he too became a Dissenter in 1843. There was another secession minister, a zealous worker in the library, where he had many a philological contest with Hamilton. This was John Jamieson, the author of the four quarto volumes known as 'The Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language,' a book teeming with curious learning.

Another of the cronies was Thomas Thomson, the great record antiquary, and the founder of an archaeological school. Those who know nothing of him otherwise may possibly remember his frequent appearance in the life of Scott, who, talking of some historical difficulties, called them 'such things as who knows anything about but Thomas Thomson.' Had he done nothing else, it was something for a man to have contributed to the intellectual stores both of Scott and Hamilton; and indeed it was in teaching others, and showing them the way to work out archaeological difficulties, that he performed his chief services. His great resources seemed to be locked up by an insuperable indolence, and the use of the pen was exceedingly odious to him.

These were all men from whom a man greedy of all human knowledge could draw substantial material. Another, who brought his contribution from a totally different quarter in the mental world, was James Semple. His intellect was constructed out of German transcendentalism, and decorated with

becoming touches of the classical. He proved his fidelity to his creed by the tough work of translating the 'Critik der reinen Vernunft' into English.\* Hume, Kant, and Hamilton were the three names that filled his conversation. Some one, astonished at a remark by him showing ignorance of Shakespeare, asked if he really had not read the works of the greatest of dramatists? No—he hadn't and he wouldn't; he believed it would be a great waste of time. To the amazement—somewhat to the consternation, of his friends, he appeared in the capacity of editor of a long-established newspaper. His concern with it was a pecuniary speculation, and showed how much vitality such an undertaking has. There was always something to satisfy miscellaneous readers, although the editor wrote on the quantification of the Predicate or Bifurcate Analysis instead of Free Trade and the Navigation Laws. When asked if he was prepared to support the ballot, he said he would read over again what Cicero said about it, and so make up his mind. He had studied and passed much of his life in Germany. Whatever else he may have brought from that country, he did not bring his deportment and habits. He was exquisitely fastidious in his costume and social habits, and his thin delicate features and general manner had a thorough air of breeding and culture. Yet his name was associated with some strange tales of Burschen saturnalia. Soon after his book was published, he was made a judge in one of the West India Islands, where he died about 1840. There was for a short time some wonder whether Semple would so far come forth like a man of this world as to act the judge anywhere, and then he was forgotten.

We must not omit from this group the author of 'Isis Revelata,' John Colquhoun—that high-priest of the animal magnetic school, already referred to.† He had his own peculiar chair in the library, and on his approach it was vacated by any chance occupant. There he sat ready to receive all comers. Immovable as the sphinx, it was written on his broad serene face that the terrors of reason and ridicule would sweep by him in vain—that it was not in the power of things existing in this world to move him from his peculiar faith. He too became a

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\* Religion within the Bounds of Pure Reason, translated out of the original German by Immanuel Kant. By J. W. Semple, Advocat. 1838.

† Isis Revelata, an Inquiry into the Origin, Progress, and Present State of Animal Magnetism. By John Colquhoun, F.R.S.E. Two vols. 1836.

judge as sheriff of Dumbartonshire. Nobody asserted that his peculiar opinions had any pernicious influence on the administration of justice in that county, though there was some jesting on the influence they might have. It happened that a 'medium,' living some hundreds of miles from London, had, by his faculty of clairvoyance, seen Madame Tussaud's exhibition. It was suggested that the owner of the celebrated mob of wax statuary should bring an action for the regulation shilling, and get the verdict of a British jury on the question—did or did not this adept see what he said he saw? However small the sum immediately at issue, a large interest was at stake; for if this faculty were to spread, what would become of the investments of the whole world of showmen? The 'stove' discussed this point, and it was thought that the interest of such an inquiry would be much enhanced if it could be brought before Colquhoun.

That this man was a scholar and a profound investigator was matter of infinite satisfaction to Hamilton. He was, as we have seen, deeply interested in the phenomena—whatever they might be—that gave rise to all the wild nonsense floating in the atmosphere of public rumour. Over the ignorant quacks who lead popular delusions he would not have condescended to gain a triumph. If he let himself plunge into discussion on high matters, it was only when he could enjoy

'The fierce joy that warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.'

He could draw at will on Kircher, Paracelsus, Delrio, Van Helmot, Cardan, Wecker, Godelman, Polydore Virgil, and the host who dealt in magnets, sympathies, and alchemies. In these he found all the new doctrines anticipated, but in an exaggerated shape, well suited for making them ridiculous. He knew well however that this sort of grotesqueness is not so available in a foreign tongue as when it is clad in the simple vernacular in which the sober business of life is transacted. It was his good fortune to find a little volume, the work of a Scotsman, a certain Christopher Irvine of Bonshaw, an army-surgeon under Monk, where all he could desire was done to his hand.\* Treating it as a digest of doctrines accepted by the

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\* *Medicina Magnetica*; or, the rare and wonderful art of curing by sympathy, laid open in aphorisms, proved in conclusions, and digested into an easy method drawn from both; wherein the connection of the causes and effects of these strange operations are more fully considered than heretofore; all cleared and confirmed by pithy reasons, true experiments, and pleasant relations. By C. de Irvingio, Chirurgo-Medicine in the Army. 1656.

adepts of the day, Hamilton deemed this a masterly performance; and he pointed out how others, whose works are better known, were under unacknowledged obligations to its author. It is certainly a condensation of all that is wild, monstrous, and abominable in the doctrines of 'transplantation of diseases,' 'the lamp of life,' 'the powder of sympathy,' the 'weapon salve,' and 'the magic egg,' whereunto 'the blood warm as it floweth from the arm being put, is to be suffered to stand a little; then the whole which remains in each egg is to be shut up after the same manner as before it was at the other end, and let it dry. Then two or three of these eggs full of the sick man's blood, and thus shut up, are to be put under a hen that bringeth forth young ones, either with other eggs that are to be hatched, or with eggs full of other sick men's blood.' (P. 98.)

Sir William thought it probable that Butler might have found in this book the story about the 'supplemental noses' of Tagliacozzi, so powerfully told in a passage unfortunately unquotable in *Hudibras*. After telling the story from Van Helmot how the ingrafted nose dropped off on the death of its original owner in the flesh, Irvine says:—

'The like I have heard from a Doctor of Physic, a friend of mine, who did swear deeply that himself was an eye-witness of it. Is not all our doctrine here confirmed clearer than the light? Was not the inscitious nose as animated at the first, so still informed with the soul of the porter? Neither had it any from the man whose nose now it was made but only nourishment; the power of the assimilation which it hath from its proper form—it took it not from him but from the porter of whom it was yet truly a part, and who dying the nose became a dead nose, and did immediately tend to corruption. But who doth not here see most openly and evidently a concatenation? otherwise how could the nose of one that was at Bologna inform the nose of one that was at Brussels but by means of a concatenation? Our assertion therefore is confirmed by true and undoubted experience; from whence as from a plenteous spring divers rivulets do flow. Hence arose that glorious miracle of nature whereby a man may at a distance and in an instant open his mind to his friend though they be ten thousand miles asunder, by means of a little blood, flesh, and spirit—a secret not to be revealed to the unworthy multitude. Hence that lamp of life which at any distance showeth by its light the disposition of the body, and by its voluntary going out the death of the body whence it was taken.' (P. 31.)

Such were the passages cited by Hamilton to show that the stories of marvellous physical and psychological phenomena so rife twenty-five years ago were not new, and that they were better performed and better told by them of old time.



To return to our group. Two of the youngest of its members, James Ferrier and William Spalding, have now for several years been asleep with their elders. They were both afterwards associated in another group as professors at St. Andrews. Ferrier was of them all the one whose mind was closest in alliance with Hamilton's; and the fruit of their interchange of thought is in the possession of the world in his published works. The testimony to his deep feeling at the crisis of his master's paralytic attack, is touchingly told in this volume. His name stands in the midst of a literary family alliance—the nephew of Miss Ferrier the novelist, the son-in-law of Professor Wilson. Had he lived a little longer, he would have seen himself father-in-law to the Principal of the University of Edinburgh. With Spalding Hamilton's relations were peculiar and interesting. Though more than twenty years lay between them, the name of William Spalding came up with that of Hamilton as an aspirant to the chair of logic in 1836. Confident, and justly so, of his capacity to teach the science, he had entered the lists before it was known that Hamilton was prepared to accept the office. It was one of Jeffrey's countless acts of kindness to keep the two friends from disagreement about the matter. By his advice the younger man, following a common custom of the day, was to let his name remain in the list, that it might become known as that of one desirous of a professorship in the literary department of the universities. The chair of rhetoric, better adapted to the tenor of his studies, afterwards fell to him. Hamilton was no indiscriminate distributor of the fallacious kind of writing called 'testimonials;' but on this occasion he volunteered his testimony to the young man whose name had been weighed with his, saying, among other laudations, 'Of his honourable sentiments—of his assiduity in the performance of any duty he may incur—of his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge—of his high standard of excellence—and of his modest estimate of his own acquisitions—I can speak strongly.' Spalding was one of those who were attached to the service of this Review before their names had attained publicity. His earliest contribution,\* on the *Early English Dramatists*, in 1841, was hailed at once as coming from a new and strong hand. A great career seemed opening to him, but there was a worm at the root. Suffering for years from an organic disease, it seemed to be impressed on him that it would be a better investment of his remaining powers to train

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\* *Edin. Rev.*, April 1841, p. 209, article on 'Beaumont and Fletcher and their Contemporaries.'

others in the capacity for literary achievements than to continue the pursuit himself. That occupation, generally so utterly detested by gifted minds—the teacher's, he loved to excess; and he left a body of pupils to carry into another generation his ardent pursuit of knowledge, and his skilful method of dealing with it when acquired.

All the members of Sir William's circle were not so free from what are termed the irregularities of genius as those who have been one by one presented to the reader. We have seen how signally exact he was himself in conforming to all the proprieties of a respectable and decorous life. Men who act thus, even if they be good-hearted men, and not of the kind who will go to the other side when their neighbour has fallen among thieves, yet generally have a reluctance to rub shoulders with persons less punctilious than themselves. With Hamilton it was far otherwise. He had great tenderness for unlucky men of learning or genius, even though their evil star was of their own selecting. His conduct to them was like a substantial and terrestrial imitation of that capacity in the saint of old to exceed his proper quota of righteousness, and by works of supererogation endow others with some claim to salvation. Carlyle speaks in his contribution to this memoir of meeting at his house, as did many others, an erratic Edinburgh notability of the day, James Brown, Doctor of Laws. He was a member of the bar; but whether he had experienced the pleasurable crisis of even a first fee is doubtful. His soaring mind bound to the details of the law, would have been about as incongruous an object of contemplation as Pegasus in cart harness. Yet the inevitable pressure to which so much of our current literature is due, brought forth from him a great amount of work. He was assistant-editor of the seventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The chief drudgery of this vast conglomerate of science and literature fell to his hand; and when so occupied the *Advocates' Library* seemed not complete without him. He required supervision, for his imagination was apt to be riotous, and to realise in himself the hero of impossibilities. Though he never was far from Edinburgh, he is said to have clinched some statements about the Battle of Alexandria by saying he was present and held the dying Abercromby in his arms. His chief studies lay in a field congenial to such a mind—Egyptian hieroglyphics. But he had many accomplishments, and once in a freak wrote a pamphlet in French. He was a good-hearted kindly man, but not gifted with the power of pecuniary accumulation. Of him it might be said, with Gibbon, that his purse was open but seldom full. He was irascible—the hero

of a hundred social fights. Hamilton either had no occasion to quarrel with him, or would not, and was ever his firm friend and counsellor.

Another of Hamilton's weaker brethren, Thomas de Quincy, performed his escapades more conspicuously in the eyes of the world. To this wayward wandering child of genius Hamilton was ever a refuge and a rock of defence. As to De Quincy himself, however, there was so little of the ordinary human clay in his composition, that it was difficult to find any form of ordinary material kindliness to which he could be rendered susceptible. But he had children. They had lost their mother; and their father was far too distant a wanderer in dream-land to see and know what they needed in the years when the human creature's need is greatest. Lady Hamilton joined her husband in the good work: she became the stay and counsellor of the helpless young ones, and gave them as much of the service of a mother as circumstances permitted. There was a reward in finding that the children had much of the ability and none of the waywardness of their parent.

Sir William's kindness smiled long and steadily on one of the assistants of the library, whose life and character were not much less picturesque than De Quincy's. He was an Iceland-er, with the name of Thorlesen Gudmanson Repp. His conferences with Hamilton were on Sagas, the Eddas, and other matters of Scandinavian lore; but he was also in some measure a classical scholar, and he had many accomplishments, especially as a linguist. As an assistant librarian, having to make himself 'generally useful,' he was to some extent at the call of the individual members of the bar. In this way he might have been said to have four hundred masters, not all of them at all times thoroughly considerate. He was a delicate-looking man with a pale, complacent, and gentle face. His domestic life was as pure and pleasant as his countenance. But this prepossessing exterior was cursed with a temper as capricious and unruly as ever was committed to the charge of a tenement of clay. As one of Hamilton's most intimate friends remarked, he was like his own snow-covered volcano, Hecla—cold without, but fiery hot within. His attitude towards his employers, figuratively speaking, was as one who in the midst of a mob pulls off his coat and calls on the bystanders to come on—one at a time. If they did not come he would march up to them, and deal hither and thither among them a blow in the face, receiving or not receiving a return, according to the temper of the assailed. Among his gifts was a power of cutting sarcasm, and though he had little sagacity

for other and safer purposes, he had an almost infallible instinct for the discovery of a flaw in any history or character. He dealt his shafts impartially to friend or foe; but the friend being the nearer at hand got the larger share of the wounds. On Hamilton his assaults would fall as harmless and unnoticed as arrows on the rhinoceros. It was not however to be expected that any amount of genius or learning could palliate such things to the mass of the sufferers—men of high social position, most of them holding dignified offices. The influential men of the faculty naturally determined to be rid of him. He was popular however among the younger men; they had not suffered much from him; in fact, he would not have thought them game worth stooping to; and they rather enjoyed than resented the stings inflicted on their pompous seniors. The cause of the young men having the spirit of generosity on its side, Hamilton took it up as keenly as the youngest of them, and led the faction called by Henry Cockburn 'the *Reptiles*' against the great body of the men of his own standing. It was a long, hard contest; and the Scandinavian was not removed without a compromise in the shape of a small provision for his family.

The relations of Hamilton with the Icelanders' superior, called by eminence 'the Doctor,' were also close, but of a totally different kind. David Irving, LL.D., was a solid scholar of the strictest school of legitimate scholarship. He stooped to the acceptance of very little contemporary literature, and of none of the light, or what he would have called the frivolous order. This was rather too well known to the younger members of the bar, who used to torment him by desiring his critical estimate of the works of Charles Dickens, and others condemned in the eye of the legitimately learned by their acceptance into popular favour. He is known as the author of several meritorious biographical works, a History of Scottish Poetry (it would disturb his last sleep if we printed it Scottish), and a Treatise On the Civil Law. Every page of them, in the pompously balanced sentences, and the solemn citation of authorities legitimately erudite, recalls the man as he was in the flesh. A worthy man, and correct in his daily life, his outward deportment passed beyond the decorous and transgressed on the sublime or pompous. He had a large, naturally dignified figure, never seen by the vulgar world save in black small clothes. He wore an expansive hat, and in all respects was as close a model of a bishop as a layman could with propriety make himself. His slow, solemn step, pacing through the corridors, completed the air of academic repose

peculiar to the institution where he held rule. There was a long war between him and the philosopher. Hamilton was a good hater, but the Doctor was a better. They had been intimate at one time. The Doctor, indeed, owed his appointment to the man he fell out with. The ostensible cause of quarrel was chiefly about the poor assistant just mentioned. But in reality there was an antagonism in nature and habits between the two men. Both were in some respects afflicted with the frailty of bibliomania; but the one, as we have seen, had it with omnivorous symptoms; in the other it broke out in the fastidious and restrictive shape. The Doctor loved fine bindings, tall copies, perfect purity from stains of ink or marks of use, and, in short, all those luxuries and refinements in the library which are inconsistent with a promiscuous use of books. It was his instinct, therefore, to guard the books in his possession from the hands of their owners rather than to make arrangements for facilitating the use of them. This was a rather incompatible peculiarity in a library where some four hundred comers considered the books as their common property, to be applied to their personal use. This incompatibility gave the Doctor many a pang, and none caused nearly so many of these as Hamilton. Let us picture a pile of volumes raised like a Parisian barricade. They lie of all sizes and shapes, jumbled with each other in all the relations termed by the geologists 'unconformable stratification.' Some are open with their faces on the floor. Tiny Elziviers are stuck as marks into folio Stephenses, so as to make their backs strain alarmingly under the weight of superincumbent volumes. Perhaps a poker, as the easiest available mark, has been stuck between the pages of some big canonist. When the Doctor passed such a bulwark, with two fierce eyes glaring on him from the recess, there came a slight colour in his pale face, and a faint tremor over the lip. He knew the danger incurred by standing between an impatient philosopher and that exceedingly rare commentary by Occam on the first book of the Sentences—then, if propelled by a vigorous arm, one of these peaceful folios of the early fathers of the church might become a very formidable missile.

This collection was virtually enlarged to Sir William by the library of the writers to the Signet in the same range of buildings. The Advocates' Library is the heterogeneous growth of two centuries, deriving its nurture from various quarters. In its smaller brother, the volumes purchased at a late period were more closely selected for a body of general readers, and sometimes contained books which had not come within the

wider but less systematic range of the other. It was in the custody of his friend Macvey Napier until the year 1847, when it passed into the hands of his other friend, David Laing, well known as an antiquary and an adept in bibliography. In addition to these was the library of the University. Thus, no where else in Britain could a voracious devourer of books be so fortunate unless he set up his tabernacle under the shadow of the Bodleian. Edinburgh, too, is especially rich in private collections. In these he would pounce with the sagacity of the trained detective officer on anything likely to serve any of his multifarious inquiries. In justice to him, however, it must be said that he was a liberal lender, especially to those whom he thought capable of using more books than they could get access to. It was understood that at his death his library was found to have suffered from the unpunctuality of borrowers and his own carelessness in watching his wandering treasures.

We have now seen the way in which he collected his intellectual raw materials—let us look at the fashion in which he put them to use. This was the weak stage in the process of his teaching. The impulse to collect was ever so strong in him, that he could not stop and take to the functions of arranging and uttering. This part he would never perform without a pressure, and a strong pressure, from without. The first to apply this was Macvey Napier, the editor of this Review. He was one of those men known to possess great powers, who disappoint the world by not appearing to use them. The only book he published was a small volume on Bacon's works. It was his maxim to cultivate other intellects towards the rendering of a harvest, rather than to give forth fruit from his own. He had adopted the high maxim that the journal he conducted should not be a mere trading apparatus for the supply of attractive reading, but should do more substantial things for the promotion of high science and original literature. He fixed on Hamilton as one capable of aiding greatly in this pursuit, and persevered until he succeeded in his arduous undertaking. Let us hear the biographer tell the story:—

‘He accordingly applied to his friend Hamilton for a philosophical article, to appear in the first number of the “Review” under his editorship. The subject suggested was the introductory book of the “Cours de Philosophie” of M. Cousin, then in the midst of a very brilliant career as Professor in the Faculty of Letters at Paris, and the head of the new philosophical movement in France which, inspired from Scotland, had begun early in the century under the auspices of Degerando and Laromiguière, and been sustained by Royer Collard and Jouffroy. Sir William, as he tells us, personally felt averse from the task. “I

"was not unware," he says, "that a discussion of the leading doctrine of the book would prove unintelligible not only to 'the general reader,' but, with few exceptions, to our British metaphysicians at large. But, moreover, I was still farther disinclined to the undertaking, because it would behove me to come forward in overt opposition to a certain theory, which, however powerfully advocated, I felt altogether unable to admit; whilst its author, M. Cousin, was a philosopher for whose genius and character I already had the warmest admiration—an admiration which every succeeding year has only augmented, justified, and confirmed. . . . Mr. Napier, however, was resolute; it was the first number of the 'Review' under his direction; and the criticism was hastily written." Such was the origin of the afterwards famous essay on the Philosophy of the Unconditioned—the first of a series of contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review,' which, for force and keenness of dialectic, depth of thought, and extent of learning, have not in this century been surpassed, if equalled, by any writings on the subjects to which they refer. Mr. Napier showed both enlightenment and firmness in encouraging the author of those articles to their composition; and when, some seven years afterwards, their merits began to be recognised even in this country, and testimonies came in from men of high name on the Continent—where from the first they were duly appreciated—the courageous editor had his reward. "I confess," he says, writing to Sir William in 1836, "that I have a sort of selfish joy in this splendid approbation of those papers which I have been instrumental in drawing forth from you, and for the doing of which I have been blamed by those who should have known better what a journal like 'the Edinburgh Review' owes to science and the world." (Pp. 116, 147.)

Victor Cousin himself conceived an enthusiastic admiration for his critic, and in some sense his antagonist, which he never failed to express with his wonted eloquence, and a literary friendship sprang up between them (though we think they never met) of which proofs are to be found in the highly interesting letters of Cousin, contained in this volume. It was by Cousin's influence that Hamilton was elected a Corresponding Member of the French Institute.

With larger efforts, the process of extraction was of course more difficult. He began his edition of Reid in 1837. It was to be the simplest affair in the world; the original text to be accompanied with a few explanatory notes as it passed through the press. But the explanatory notes enlarged into treatises. The publisher and his personal friends urged him towards completion. They were successful in making him rapidly accumulate his pile of manuscript; but with every quire of paper he seemed to be getting farther from the end instead of approaching it. To give an appearance of something being done, the text was printed with the shorter notes, the longer

being reserved as an appendix. But when year after year passed without the appendix appearing, the publisher abandoned his part of the project. The matter printed had to be removed from his premises, and there was no other place where it could conveniently be stowed away save the drawing-room in Great King Street. It is a kind of trial which few of the ladies who have attained a high character for gentleness and patience have ever endured, to have the loose sheets of some ten or twelve hundred copies of a large book piled in the drawing-room. The deposit was only to be temporary, of course; but it lasted for years. In 1846 the work was, through some especial stimulant or other, brought into the light of day; but it was imperfect, stopping in the middle of a sentence.

Before the Church of Scotland broke up by the formation of the Free Church in 1843, he had seen that there were errors in the historical facts on which the party who were threatening to secede founded their views. It was his intention to state these in a pamphlet, proving to them that they were about to commit martyrdom in pure mistake. There was a curious simplicity in the idea that clergymen who had resolved to act under existing ecclesiastical impulses, would be convinced by any amount of evidence that they had mistaken the foundation of the opinions held by them. The exhortation, however, did not appear until just after what Chalmers called 'the disruption' had been accomplished. There was much jocularly at the time about the heavy responsibility of being unpunctual in giving a warning that might have saved three hundred men from ruin; and it was compared to the conduct of the pointsman who neglects to hoist the danger signal before the coming collision.

The story of the edition of Reid was repeated in the 'Discussions on Philosophy,'—the reprinting of his contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review.' The more he did the more appeared to be yet to do. Lady Hamilton, writing to her son in the summer of 1849, says:—

'Your papa still works indefatigably at the old subject, but I don't see much progress made towards the completion of the work. If I could only see any prospect of his ever finishing his intended book I would work night and day to get it off hands. He says it is to be completed this summer; but so long as he has the volumes of Luther's works beside him, he will go on translating and adding to his materials till he will disgust himself with the whole subject, and be distracted with such an overwhelming quantity of matter as he will not know how to get arranged.' (P. 324.)

This passage brings us to one of the most beautiful and in-



interesting points in a noble history. It is right that the world should know—as those nearer at hand did—how much the world owes to Lady Hamilton for putting it in possession of the services of her great husband. Instead of being a tale too often told, it is a tale too often omitted, to let us know what the man of peculiar gifts sometimes owes, in rendering them available, to the faithful partner of his days—to the encouraging, the assisting, and the directing wife. The services rendered by Lady Hamilton to her husband, and consequently to the world, remind us of those rendered under very similar circumstances by the late Mrs. Austin to John Austin, the great jurist. It was by her care that the fragmentary and incomplete writings of her husband on jurisprudence became accessible and intelligible to the public; and we are in truth indebted to these two ladies for the preservation of the most profound and abstruse discussions of law and metaphysics which have appeared in Britain in our time. Perhaps there never was a better picture than the following of such an one who, in the language of Scripture, was ‘a crown unto her husband;’ there certainly never was a truer portrait:—

‘From the first, Lady Hamilton’s devotion to her husband’s interests was untiring, and her identification with his work complete. Her rare practical ability was her husband’s never-failing ally. This was shown in a power of guidance and counsel, in the womanly tact which can thread its way through difficulties where mere intelligence is baffled, and in the extent to which she relieved her husband of the practical concerns that would, as a matter of course, have fallen to him, but for the details of which he lacked patience and capacity. To the labour involved in this and in the ordinary duties of her position, which she admirably fulfilled, was added the nearly constant work of amanuensis to her husband; for there was hardly, even from the first, anything of importance that Sir William wrote that had not also to be copied by Lady Hamilton. The number of pages in her handwriting—filled with abstruse metaphysical matter, original and quoted, and bristling with propositional and syllogistic formulæ—that are still preserved, is perfectly marvellous. Everything that was sent to the press, and all the courses of lectures, were written by her either to dictation or from a copy. This work she did in the truest spirit of love and devotion. She had a power, moreover, of keeping her husband up to what he had to do. She contended wisely against a sort of energetic indolence which characterised him, and which, while he was always labouring, made him apt to put aside the task actually before him, sometimes diverted by subjects of inquiry suggested in the course of study on the matter in hand, sometimes discouraged by the difficulty of reducing to order the immense mass of materials which he had accumulated in connexion with it. Then her resolute and cheerful disposition sustained and refreshed him, and never more so than when,

during the last twelve years of his life, his bodily strength was broken, and his spirit, though languid, yet ceased not from mental toil.' (P. 136.)

We find how heroically the lady drew upon these qualities at a period when it was a matter of critical moment that her husband should get the work before him completed. When Sir William was appointed in 1836 to the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, the appointment to that, as to other chairs, was in the hands of the Municipal Corporation of Edinburgh. Whatever peculiar capacities for the selection might be possessed by this body, they were not connected with a knowledge of the literature of logic and metaphysics. There is a story about the celebrated mathematician known as Sir James Ivory, that, when he was in his obscure early days a teacher in the burgh school of Dundee, one of the baillies of that town having paid a visit of inspection to his class-room when Ivory was teaching the elements of geometry out of the first book of Euclid, reported that he 'had thought Jamie Ivory had been appointed to teach mathematics, and he was 'just no farther on than the A B C.' The notions of Edinburgh town councillors on logic and metaphysics were on a parallel scale. In one of their reports on the duties of the chair cited by Mr. Veitch, they referred to the higher metaphysics as 'an abstruse subject, not generally considered as of 'any great or paramount utility' (p. 245). Yet the men were generally honest and earnest, and they made many excellent selections—this among the number. It seemed to be that their utter ignorance of the proper qualifications made them abandon the attempt to work out a conclusion for themselves, and that their natural sagacity as tradesmen enabled them to see who stood highest in the opinion of the most eminent men of the day—just as the same sagacity enabled them to decide whether some new and unknown correspondent offering to deal was a good man or 'Change.

Their selection was the more creditable that Hamilton had in some measure ruffled their civic dignity. It is often a rule with those having the patronage of any part of the public service that they must see a candidate before they appoint him. For policemen, messengers, domestics, and such persons, it is no doubt a proper regulation. Perhaps it may go as far into the intellectual field as the selection of parish schoolmasters. But that it should apply to men renowned enough to be appointed the teachers in a seat of learning known all over the civilised world, was at least indecorous. Sir William resolutely refused to submit to this ordeal, and so not only vindicated his own

dignity, but set a good precedent. That, after all this, he was elected, was creditable to the town council of the time—his great name carried all before it.

At home, however, and to the circle close round him, there was a lion in the path. His lectures might be like his books—a ceaseless piling up of materials never to show a tendency towards completeness. On the other hand, people whispered that he was an impracticable visionary who never could teach a class. All this was rendered the more alarming when he suggested that it might be as well to pass over a session that he might mature his lectures. It was seen by all his friends that this must not be. But the person who settled that it should not be was the laborious and devoted wife; and here is the picture of how she triumphed:—

‘This first course of lectures was composed during the currency of the session of five months. He gave three lectures a-week, and each lecture was, as a rule, written on the night preceding its delivery. The lecture-hour was one o’clock in the afternoon, and the lecturer seldom went to bed before five or six in the morning. He was generally roused about ten or eleven, and then hurried off to the College, portfolio under arm, at a swinging pace. Frequently, notwithstanding the late hour of going to bed, he had to be up before nine o’clock, in time to attend the Teind Court. All through the session Lady Hamilton sat up with her husband each night until near the grey dawn of the winter morning. Sir William wrote the pages of the lecture on rough sheets, and his wife, sitting in an adjoining room, copied them as he got them ready. On some occasions the subject of the lecture would prove less easily managed than on others, and then Sir William would be found writing as late as nine o’clock of a morning, while his faithful but wearied amanuensis had fallen asleep on a sofa. Sometimes the finishing touch to the lecture was left to be given just before the class-hour.’ (Pp. 206, 207.)

Before parting company with this book, it is due both to the author and the public to say that it is full of matter to be read with interest and profit. It is rare indeed that the life of a man whose path through study and philosophy has not been disturbed by moral convulsions—who has committed no murder or forgery, and has fallen into no picturesque difficulties—can yet be made so full of life and motion. This is from the continued close attention to the man’s restless and energetic intellectual life. There generally remain but a few dreary concluding pages when the biographer brings his hero to a paralytic stroke. But here the interest becomes heightened in the battle given by the strong intellect to the destroying physical agency. In the infinitely curious account of the case by Dr. Douglas Maclagan, we find the patient recalling his old

medical knowledge to make clinical comments on the diagnosis of his malady :—

‘The difficulty of articulation, of which he was painfully conscious, had evidently been uppermost in his mind, and upon this subject he began to question me, or rather to discourse to me on the occasion referred to. He spoke of the views of Sir Charles Bell and other modern physiologists, and referred to a paper in the transactions of one of the older scientific academies—Belgian according to my recollection—in which was enumerated the connexion of the ninth pair of nerves with the movements of the tongue—a subject on which he had himself written.’ (P. 380.)

Under conditions apt to prostrate the mind as well as the body, and to make even strong men lean on others, especially on their medical friends, the old spirit breaks out against ‘the medical faculty in general as strongly marked by the spirit of caste, the majority of adult members being almost inaccessible to new ideas.’ On a statement by the missionary Henry Martin, that medicine was not practised in Judæa in the time of Christ, we have the comment :—

‘This was an incredibly ignorant statement, as the Gospel abounds with medicine and physicians. The woman with the issue of blood, for example, who had spent her substance on the doctors without any good result, “had suffered many things of many physicians, and was “nothing bettered but rather grew worse;” a satire on the faculty of medicine as true now as it was then.’ (Pp. 316, 321.)

All this matter is very skilfully and successfully managed by Professor Veitch. He does not obtrude himself either in egotism or moralising; and he says just enough about others to give grouping and background to his picture, and bring out his hero as the prevailing figure. For our own part, it will be seen that we have made no attempt here to convey a notion of what Hamilton has done for psychological philosophy. A paper larger than the present would be necessary even as a mere introduction to his system. The man himself, and his place among other men, have been the sole objects of the present notice. Less is personally known of him by the world than of any of the great thinkers of this age, for though educated at Oxford, his life was spent as a recluse in Edinburgh; and we have thought it fitting that this journal, which had the honour of publishing some of the most remarkable productions of his genius, should bear this testimony to his virtues and to his wisdom.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Garden of Cyrus; or, the Quincuncial Lozenge, or Net-work Plantations of the Ancients, Artificially, Naturally, Mystically considered.* By SIR THOMAS BROWNE, M.D. Eighth edition. 8vo. London: 1852. [Originally published in 1658.]

2. *The Cross and the Serpent: being a brief History of the Triumph of the Cross through a long Series of Ages in Prophecy, Types, and Fulfilment.* By the Rev. WILLIAM HASLAM, Perpetual Curate of St. Michael's, Baldiu. 8vo. Oxford: 1849.

3. *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.* By S. BARING-GOULD, M.A. Second series. 8vo. London: 1868.

THAT fantastical piece, 'The Garden of Cyrus,' in which, whilst too intently exploring its alleys, the author, Sir Thomas Browne, was overtaken by night and bewildered in darkness, terminates rather abruptly on that account with a series of enigmatical propositions which, in no philosophical humour, he abandons to others for critical solution. From those propositions we shall select such only as bear more immediately upon the subject before us; not troubling ourselves or our readers with what Coleridge stigmatises as his ideal discoveries 'of quincunxes in heaven above, quincunxes in earth below, quincunxes in the mind of man, quincunxes in tones, in optic nerves, in roots of trees, in leaves, in everything.' Leaving, therefore, all such metaphysical, physiological, and vegetable phenomena out of the question, we shall limit our inquiries exclusively to those instances of decussation\* which are undeniably monuments of human ingenuity, or of which tradition and history have preserved the remembrance and use. 'If,' suggests our knight of intellectual errantry,

'If any shall further query, what that decussated figure intendeth in the medal of Alexander the Great? Why the goddesses sit commonly cross-legged in ancient draughts, since Juno is described in the same as a venetial posture to hinder the birth of Hercules? If any shall doubt why at the amphidromical feasts, on the fifth day after the child

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\* The word 'decussation' is perhaps not familiar to some of our readers, but it is strictly appropriate to the subject of this paper. As used by the older writers it means the act of crossing or intersection. The original meaning of *decussis* was the number ten, but as the Roman numeral sign for ten was X (two V's with their vertices joined), the word came to signify the intersection of two lines in the form of a cross.

was born, presents were sent from friends of polypusses and cuttle-fishes? Why five must be only left in that symbolical mutiny among the men of Cadmus? Why Proteus in Homer, the symbol of the first matter, before he settled himself in the midst of his sea-monsters, doth place them out by fives? Or why the noble Antoninus in some sense doth call the soul itself a rhombus? He shall not fall on trite and trivial disquisitions. And these we invent and propose unto acuter inquirers, nauseating cramb verities and questions over-queried.\*

In the earlier pages of his fanciful treatise, Browne incidentally alludes to some other curious instances of decussation, collated as well from Jewish as from Pagan sources, but in his eager pursuit of analogies, in one particular direction he has overlooked a much richer harvest in the other. Yet he is careful to intimate by the way his judgment concerning their probable signification, and characteristically remarks that those of his contemporaries who may have noticed the frequent recurrence of this symbolical figure on the various remains of antiquity, 'will hardly decline all thought of Christian signality in them.'†

This view of the matter has been stereotyped for ages. It originated with the earliest preachers of the Gospel in the East, where the decussated symbol, as an object of worship among the heathen, challenged their attention on every side; and in a subsequent era it was immensely reinforced by the unanimous reports of Spanish missionaries labouring in the far West, where also, very much to the surprise of those ardent and enthusiastical adventurers, the same symbol was found to be equally common and sacred; and thus, recognised by history on the one hand, and adopted by churchmen on the other, the doubly-fortified opinion has steadily floated down the stream of ages, the common possession of successive generations, and been received as an article of faith in the various centres of Christendom. By a multitude of writers it has been taken for granted that the decussated figure affords subsidiary and incontestible evidence of the truth of revealed religion; and except the

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\* Browne's Works, vol. ii. p. 561. (Bohn's Edit.)

† See Lipsius 'De Cruce,' lib. i. cap. 9, a chapter but too well calculated on the one hand to fascinate the mind of Sir Thomas Browne, and on the other to excite the sarcasms of such an inquirer as Gibbon, who has culled from it a few of the more prominent absurdities of the Christian writers mentioned above; 'They have investigated,' says he, 'with tolerable success the figure or the likeness of a cross 'in almost every object of nature or art; in the intersection of the 'meridian and equator, the human face, a bird flying, a man swimming, 'a mast and yard, a plough, a standard, &c., &c.'—*Decline and Fall*, ch. xx.

author of the Decline and Fall no one has ridiculed or impugned the popular judgment. We shall venture, nevertheless, to put this time-honoured credulity to the test of vulgar criticism; in order, as the case may be, to confirm its justice or expose its fallaciousness; and this we shall endeavour to do, not by appealing to the prepossessions or the fond conceits of divines at any time, but by noting some of the more remarkable and interesting phases under which the emblem appears in different countries and in different ages, and by shifting and comparing the earliest and latest traditions and sentiments in connexion with it; for only by some such inductive process as this will it be possible, we imagine, to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, or determine its precise signification and origin. In many respects, the theme, after all, is a novel one; for the greater part of the ground is really as much a *terra incognita* to ecclesiastical champions as to archæological explorers; but few comparatively in either class have ventured upon it, at least, in modern times, and then only upon its borders, as it were, to confirm a foregone opinion or indulge a momentary curiosity; so that the historical queries which were propounded two centuries and upwards ago by the whimsical philosopher of Norwich remain for all practical purposes unanswered to this hour.

From the dawn of organised Paganism in the eastern world to the final establishment of Christianity in the western, the CROSS was undoubtedly one of the commonest and most sacred of symbolical monuments; and, to a remarkable extent, it is so still in almost every land where that of Calvary is unrecognised or unknown. Apart from any distinctions of social or intellectual superiority, of caste, colour, nationality, or location in either hemisphere, it appears to have been the aboriginal possession of every people in antiquity; the elastic girdle, so to say, which embraced the most widely separated heathen communities; the most significant token of an universal brotherhood; the principal point of contact in every system of pagan mythology—

‘That mighty maze, but not without a plan,’

to which all the families of mankind were severally and irresistibly drawn, and by which their common descent was emphatically expressed, or by means of which each and all preserved, amid every vicissitude of fortune, a knowledge of the primeval happiness and dignity of their species. Where authentic history is silent on the subject, the material relics of past and long since forgotten races are not wanting to confirm

and strengthen this supposition. Diversified forms of the symbol are delineated more or less artistically, according to the progress achieved in civilisation at the period, on the ruined walls of temples and palaces, on natural rocks and sepulchral galleries, on the hoariest monoliths and the rudest statuary; on coins, medals, and vases of every description; and, in not a few instances, are preserved in the architectural proportions of subterranean as well as superterranean structures, of tumuli as well as fanes. The extraordinary sanctity attaching to the symbol, in every age and under every variety of circumstance, justified any expenditure incurred in its fabrication or embellishment; hence the most persistent labour, the most consummate ingenuity, were lavished upon it. Populations of essentially different culture, tastes, and pursuits—the highly-civilised and the demi-civilised, the settled and nomadic—vied with each other in their superstitious adoration of it, and in their efforts to extend the knowledge of its exceptional import and virtue amongst their latest posterities. The marvellous rock-hewn caves of Elephanta and Ellora, and the stately temples of Mathura and Terputty in the East, may be cited as characteristical examples of one laborious method of exhibiting it; and the megalithic structures of Callernish and Newgrange in the West, of another; whilst a third may be instanced in the great temple at Mitzla, ‘the city of the Moon,’ in Ojaaca, Central America, also excavated in the living rock, and manifesting the same stupendous labour and ingenuity as are observable in the cognate caverns of Salsette—of endeavours, we repeat, made by peoples as intellectually as geographically distinct, and followers withal of independent and unassociated deities, to magnify and perpetuate some grand primeval symbol.

The aureole or disc encircling the heads of gods and saints, and signifying perfection, was primarily intended to represent the solar orb; but in the course of time, as Sabeian worship travelled beyond the region of its source, and extraneous influences were brought to bear upon it, the same symbol reappears with an infinitude of scarcely distinguishable additions internally and externally, each of which may or may not (for it is impossible to decide either way) be intended to convey or preserve an esoteric lesson. The maze thus becomes as hopelessly inexorable as the labyrinth of Crete without a thread. All we can discern in these several developments from a simple to a complex form is, that the aureole with its adjuncts has done duty, first, as the representative of the sun, of the moon, and of the whole planetary system; secondly, as the emblems respectively of monotheism,



tritheism, and polytheism; and thirdly, of particular local divinities, as well as those of universal dominion. That it represented religious doctrines more or less recondite, based on the attributes of this and the other deity, is highly probable; for in Egypt and China, we know, it was used to symbolise a land of corn or plenty; and when divided into four equal segments, as will presently appear, it was the symbol of the primeval abode of man, the traditional Paradise of Eden. Divine potentiality, in particular, was sometimes indicated by two or more sceptres arranged at right angles, or quadrivally, with the nave of a wheel or a simple circle at the point of intersection; or sometimes by a six or eight-rayed star, the cusps of which were adorned with minor orbs, lilies, trefoils, &c., according to the particular theistic notions or the artistic conceits of the several priestly delineators. The like observation applies to the contradictory usage of the triangle or delta sign, which originally was the type of Baal, and afterwards of Mahadeva or Siva, and was presently used to denote, when placed with its apex upwards, fire, the element consecrated to the first-mentioned god; and when with its apex downwards it typified Vishnu, or water; whilst many other meanings, and some of them particularly gross, were attached to it. In fine, like the yantras or sectarian marks of the Hindoos, or the masonic signs of the earliest builders, there is scarcely a single emblem that has not undergone in the lapse of time modifications of one kind or another, so as to adapt it to the prevailing religious views, and caprices as often as not, of separate and independent communities. The Cross, as already intimated, constitutes no exception to this general rule; it has been more variously treated, perhaps, than any other symbol, or all other symbols put together; a fact which is significant of its extraordinary popularity in every age.

Of the several varieties of the Cross still in vogue, as national or ecclesiastical emblems, in this and other European States, and distinguished by the familiar appellations of St. George, Saint Andrew, the Maltese, the Greek, the Latin, &c. &c., there is not one amongst them the existence of which may not be traced to the remotest antiquity. They were the common property of the Eastern nations. No revolution or other casualty has wrought any perceptible difference in their several forms or delineations; they have passed from one hemisphere to the other intact; have survived dynasties, empires, and races; have been borne on the crest of each successive wave of Aryan population in its course towards the West; and, having been

reconsecrated in later times by their lineal descendants, are still recognised as military and national badges of distinction.

From the well-established fact, then, of so many nations in antiquity having held the Cross in such extraordinary reverence, it has been assumed by the author of the little apologue included in the brief list of books prefixed to this essay, that its origin, as a sacred symbol, was coeval with the creation of man; that the knowledge of it, in fact, was imparted by the Almighty himself to our first parents, preparatory to the closing of the gates of Paradise.

'I have suggested' says Mr. Haslam, 'that the Cross was conceived when the redemption of man was designed, or ever the Tempter was changed into the form of the gliding serpent. I cannot doubt that it was revealed with the prophecies, and transmitted with them as a part of the prediction in its more material form, generation to generation. . . . It was in prophecy, as it is now, an outward sign of an inward mystery, connected with a promise. It was the sign and pledge of that promise, and as such, in whatever sense the outward observer regarded it, there seems little doubt but that to the initiated it was a holy and blessed sign of hope in a fallen age; and a pledge of the promise of light in a period of darkness.' (Pp. 88, 89.)

The italics are those of the author, who subsequently adds:—

'The Cross was known to Noah before the Dispersion, and even before the Flood; and I will venture yet further, and say, the Cross was known to Adam; and that the knowledge of it, as a sacred sign, was imparted to him by the Almighty.' (P. 127.)

These are gigantic strides indeed. Nevertheless we need hardly pause in our inquiry to remark that, whatever may be deduced from the sacred books of the Hindoos, the Persians, and other civilised nations in antiquity, respecting the symbol of the Cross, both the Hebrew and Samaritan Scriptures are utterly silent on the subject of this extraordinary revelation. Nor do the later Jewish records countenance it in any way. Had this alleged 'promise' been made, either at the time indicated or subsequently, assuredly the chosen people of God would have preserved some knowledge of it, traditionally or otherwise.

Mr. Baring-Gould who, in his justly popular work on the 'Curious Myths of the Middle Ages,' has devoted a chapter exclusively to this subject, seeing 'that the Cross was a sacred sign long before our Saviour died upon it,' also believes that 'it formed a portion of primeval religion; traces of which exist over the whole world, among every people;' and he adds:—

'It is more than a coincidence that Osiris by the Cross should give

life eternal to the spirits of the just; that with the Cross Thor should smite the head of the great serpent, and bring to life those who were slain; that beneath the Cross the Muysca mothers [in South America] should lay their babes, trusting by that sign to secure them from the power of evil spirits; that with that symbol to protect them, the ancient inhabitants of northern Italy should lay them down in the dust.' (*The Legend of the Cross.*)

Some of these, we allow, are very curious coincidences indeed, but at the same time it must not be forgotten that there were many other universally time-honoured symbols, not only contemporaneous with the Cross, but oftentimes associated with it, any single one or class of which might be selected at pleasure and adduced, with an equal show of reason, in support of a conviction and practice connected with the religious systems in antiquity. Those systems were intrinsically the same; where they differed the difference was one of degree only. All being based on the very earliest traditions of mankind, they necessarily bore therefore a 'striking' resemblance to each other. A region of supreme felicity, a marvellously fruitful orchard, a subtle intruder in the guise of a serpent, and his expulsion thence by a superhuman being, are—singly or together—the distinguishing characteristics of almost every heathen mythology; a knowledge of which things was assiduously inculcated as well by emblematical as by simpler modes of teaching. In attempting to expound the mysteries of symbolism too much care cannot be taken to avoid that common fallacy of explaining one figure by something else equally insubstantial. Nothing can come of nothing. The Cross was an archetypical, not an antitypical emblem. Mr. Gould, it appears to us, has fallen into this common error. Among other coincidences enumerated by him is that of Thor 'bringing to life those who were slain.' Now it is very hard indeed to believe that in the resuscitation of a couple of goats—or rather of their skins, for the animals themselves are said to have furnished a timely supper for the Scandinavian hero and his companions—is symbolised the resurrection of mankind by the power of the Cross. Yet no other inference is to be drawn from his argument.

Although not absolutely silent on the subject of the Redeemer's expected advent, profane literature records nothing whatever of His vicarious sufferings, much less of His particular subjection to the Cross: on the contrary, Pagans as well as Jews conceived a totally different opinion of Him; the expectation of both was, that He was to be a temporal prince and a great conqueror, after the manner of the other great conquerors of

the world; whence we may safely conclude that the instrument of torture—the *σταυρός*, or infamous tree—was never symbolised at any time, that is, in any prechristian age. It would be passing strange indeed if it had been, seeing that punishment by crucifixion was invariably inflicted upon malefactors taken from the meanest class of society—most commonly, if not exclusively, upon those in servitude—and then only when guilty of the most flagrant crimes, whether in Rome, Greece, Persia, Carthage, Egypt, Palestine, or Assyria, in each of which countries there is some reason to believe that the inhuman practice at one time or another prevailed. On the Indian continent it was unknown; and by bearing this simple fact in his mind, an inquirer need be at little loss to account for such startling parallelisms as those which are found in the life of our Saviour and in the legendary history of Christna or Vishnu, the most popular of Hindoo deities. Of all corrupt imitations of a truth, in any age, the alleged sacrifice of Vishnu on a cross is by far the most corrupt, and we may add, fatuous; inasmuch as it nullifies the cardinal doctrine in the Brahminical system. The chief incidents in the wonderful story of the sable god and his virgin-mother are manifest plagiarisms from New Testament sources, or at all events from Christian tradition; for Christianity was as systematically preached on the Indian continent in apostolical times as in any other part of the East. Moreover, it is not pretended that the second avatar or mystical birth of Vishnu dates further back than A.D. 600.\*

Before proceeding to explain what we conceive to be the most probable origin and intention of the decussated symbol, it will be necessary to refer more particularly to its geographical distribution; limiting our inquiry, however, to a simple classification of the more important of its manifold occurrences, and pointing out by the way any special uses which either history or tradition has assigned to it. That each known variety has been derived from a common source, and is emblematical therefore of one and the same truth, may be inferred from the fact of forms identically the same, whether simple or complex, cropping up in contrary directions, in the western as well as the eastern hemisphere. We lay particular stress upon this circumstance, because, as with its origin so with its universality, an equally hasty judgment has been formed by a certain section of lay (to distinguish them from clerical) critics

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\* See *Asiat. Res.* vol. i. p. 273, for 'the motley story' of the incarnated Vishnu, as derived from the pages of the *Bhāgavat*.

—namely, that such recurrences are merely the result of accidental coincidence.

I. Amongst the earliest known types is the *crux ansata*, vulgarly called ‘the key of the Nile,’ because of its being found sculptured or otherwise represented so frequently upon Egyptian and Coptic monuments. It has, however, a very much older and more sacred signification than this. It was the symbol of symbols, the mystical Tau, ‘the hidden wisdom,’ not only of the ancient Egyptians, but also of the Chaldeans, Phœnicians, Mexicans, Peruvians, and of every other ancient people commemorated in history, in either hemisphere; and is formed very similarly to our letter T, with a roundlet or oval placed immediately above it. Thus it was figured on the gigantic emerald or glass statue of Serapis, which was transported (B.C. 293) by order of Ptolemy Soter from Sinope, on the southern shores of the Black Sea, re-erected within that famous labyrinth which encompassed the banks of Lake Mœris, and destroyed by the victorious army of Theodosius (A.D. 389), despite the earnest entreaties of the Egyptian priesthood to spare it, because it was the emblem of their god and of ‘the life to come.’ Sometimes, as may be seen on the breast of an Egyptian mummy in the Museum of the London University, the simple T only is planted on the frustum of a cone; and sometimes it is represented as springing from a heart; in the first instance signifying goodness, in the second, hope or expectation of reward. As in the oldest temples and catacombs of Egypt so this type likewise abounds in the ruined cities of Mexico and Central America, graven as well upon the most ancient cyclopean and polygonal walls as upon the more modern and perfect examples of masonry; and is displayed in an equally conspicuous manner upon the breasts of innumerable bronze statuettes which have been recently disinterred from the cemetery of Juigalpa (of unknown antiquity) in Nicaragua.\* Humboldt, in his *Travels*, incidentally mentions the fact of his having observed in the remotest corner of Asia—Kampschatka—‘the cross and other rude remains of hieroglyphics, similar to those of Egypt.’ We have not met in our researches with any illustrations of these, but infer that the mystical T was of the number, and note the circumstance in order to show the universality as well as the antiquity of the symbol.† With regard to its particular signification in Egypt much diversity of opinion prevails.

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\* See Boyle’s ‘Ride Across a Continent,’ vol. ii. p. 161.

† A solitary instance of its use, as a sepulchral symbol, has been

Several theories have been propounded to account for the peculiar shape of the *crux ansata*. Some critics have suggested that the T represents a table or an altar, and that the roundlet above it symbolises a vase or an egg upon that altar. But—not to insist ourselves upon the manifest distinctions between the *crux ansata* and the well-known hieroglyphic sign for an altar, and the fact of three taus forming the monogram of the Scandinavian Teutates, as well as that of the Egyptian Thaut—all such explanations have been held untenable by others, who have directed attention to certain Egyptian as well as Babylonian remains, in which the ovoid form of the upper member of the emblem is displayed as a handle; priests and others are exhibited so using it; sometimes, as in the Theban catacombs, the symbol is being carried like a bucket; and sometimes, as engraved on a Babylonian cylinder in Munter's Paris Cabinet of Antiquities, it is being upheld by an attendant or a worshipper in the presence of his king or his god. A third, and by far the most curious, exhibition of it may be seen on a stele from Khorsabad, whereon is depicted an eagle-headed man holding the circle in his right, and the tau in his left hand.\* Nevertheless, from the fact of the tau being much more frequently portrayed in this conjunction than otherwise, in all parts of the world, it seems to us almost indisputable that the oval or roundlet constitutes an integral part of the symbol, and is not an accidental or convenient addition to it; and this conclusion receives very considerable reinforcement when we view the emblem in its highest or most æsthetical of its various developments—namely, in the form of the *feroher*. Here, whether the demi-figure of the Chaldee archer-god, or Baal, in the act of discharging an arrow or a sunbeam from his bow, or whether, in a less elaborate method, his expanded pinions and short tunic only are depicted, the circle in either case is an invariable adjunct; by no stretch of the imagination can it be tortured into a handle, any more than the allied pennate circle in the Ophite hieroglyphs on the Bembine or Isiac table, or in the claws of the flying *Scarabæus*, the emblem of Pthah, or in the ædicule sculp-

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discovered, if we are not mistaken, in our own country. See *Archæ. Jour.*, vol. i. p. 412, fig. 4. It is likewise to be seen rudely engraved upon the backs of the two colossal statues which have been very recently transported from Easter Isle, in the South Pacific Ocean, and which are temporarily deposited beneath the portico of the British Museum.

\* See Botta's '*Mon. de Ninive*,' vol. ii. pl. 158. It occurs on a small inscribed plate affixed to the end of the pole of a war-chariot, and was placed there, no doubt, as a charm.

tured upon the rock of Yazili Kaia.\* The circle, too, is equally conspicuous in every example of the Mexican *feroher*.† There can be little doubt, we imagine, that in the first instance it was intended to denote the solar and terrestrial spheres respectively; and subsequently, when princes and conquerors had conceived the exalted idea of ruling by divine right, or pretended a divine origin, each adopted the circle, and, associating with it the equally expressive cross, the two conjoined thus became emblematical of dominion; and this symbol of royalty has been perpetuated to our own day by every Christian potentate in Europe, whose coronation orb surmounted by a pectoral cross is nothing more than an embodiment of the traditional *cruz ansata*. The *Kiakra* or *Tschakra*, commonly found in the hands of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, is a modification of it, and said to be the oldest ensign of majesty in India; and, when it decorates the image of the second-named deity, symbolises, according to Hindoo report, his eternal, ever-vigilant governance of this nether sphere. It is a curious fact, that his obsequious follower attaches as many virtues to it as does the devout Romanist to the Christian cross. '*Homines amplius oculis,*' says Seneca, '*quam auribus credunt: longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla!*'

When the Spanish missionaries first set foot upon the soil of America, in the fifteenth century, they were amazed to find that the Cross was as devoutly worshipped by the Red Indians as by themselves; and were in doubt whether to ascribe the fact to the pious labours of St. Thomas or to the cunning device of the Evil One. The hallowed symbol challenged their attention on every hand and in almost every variety of form. It appeared on the bas-reliefs of ruined and deserted, as well as on those of inhabited, palaces, and was the most conspicuous ornament in the great temple of Cozumel, off the coast of Yucatan. According to the particular locality, and the purpose which it served, it was formed of various materials—of marble and gypsum in the open spaces of cities and by the wayside, of wood in the *teocallis* or chapels on pyramidal summits and in subterranean sanctuaries, and of emerald or jasper in the palaces of kings and nobles. It figured on the vestments of priests, and was worn as an amulet by the people. It was not unfrequently represented, too, in shrines and sepulchres, which were cruciform. As its arms severally ex-

\* See M. Lajard's '*Recherches sur le Culte de Vénus*,' pl. xxii. fig. 2.

† Conf. Lord Kingsborough's '*Mex. Antiq.*' vol. iv. l. 2, and M. Baradère's '*Antiquités Mexicaines*,' pl. xxix. (*Première Expédition*.)

tended towards the four cardinal points, so in each of those directions of the continent it had been venerated from time immemorial. And, what is still more remarkable, the cross was not only associated with other subjects corresponding in every particular with those delineated on Babylonian monuments (such, for example, as a bleeding deity, an infolding serpent, and a sacred eagle, that 'ever-soaring bird,' the symbol of heaven); but it was also distinguished by the Catholic appellations—'the tree of subsistence,' 'the wood of health,' and 'the emblem of life.' The last-mentioned title, it will be remembered, was that by which it was popularly called in Egypt, and by which the swastika or holy Tau of the Buddhists is now known; thus placing any supposition of accidental coincidence beyond all reasonable debate.

In South America, too, the Cross was considered symbolical and sacred. The semi-civilised Muyscas and Peruvians\* in the north, and the savage inhabitants of Paraguay in the south, held it in the same superstitious veneration. As on the northern continent, so here it was believed to be endued with power to restrain evil spirits. On both continents it was the common symbol of the goddess of rain, and certain rites and ceremonies in connexion with this almost universal phase of paganism were annually performed in her honour; in which the religious feelings and practices of the two populations were characteristically expressed. In the springtime of the year, when fertilising showers were needed to promote vegetation and insure an abundant return to the husbandman, the sanguinary Mexican was wont to conciliate the favour of Centeotl, the daughter of heaven and goddess of corn, by nailing a young man or maiden to a cross, and, after a while, he despatched the poor victim by an arrow shot from his bow; thus exemplifying to the letter the terrors of the archer-god of his ancestors! The less barbarous Muyscas, on the contrary, when they would sacrifice to their goddess of waters, extended a couple of ropes transversely over the tranquil depths of some lake, or pool in a stream, thus forming a gigantic cross, and at the point of intersection threw in their offerings of food, gems, and precious oils. The practices of the Old World were doubtlessly mirrored in the New.†

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\* See Ricaut's *Trans. of Garcilazo de la Vega's Hist* p. 30, for the description of a white marble cross which was found in the royal palace of Cuzco. The Peruvians, he states, 'did not adore, but held it in great veneration, for which they could assign no reason.'

† Conf. Müller's '*Geschichte der Amerikanischen Urreligionen*,' pp.



II. Another form of the Cross common to both hemispheres was the Maltese, the four delta-like arms of which are, in the oldest known occurrences, conjoined to or issue from the nave of a wheel or a diminutive circle; an arrangement which admits of our determining its true origin and signification. In Assyria it seems to have been the emblem of royalty par excellence, for it figures on the breasts of the most powerful monarchs portrayed on the Nineveh remains, now in the British Museum, of which the colossal tablet from Nimroud, bearing the superscription of Asshur-idanni-pal is a notable example. It depends, with other sacred emblems, from the neck of the king.\* Primarily it typified the elysium of the four great gods of the Assyrian pantheon—Ra, and the first triad Ana, Belus, and Hea; and, when inserted in a roundlet, as may be seen in the left-hand corner of the stele just mentioned, is emblematical of Sansi, or the sun dominating the earth as well as the heavens. The title by which it is distinguished in our day was derived from a too conspicuous representation of it in Malta; where four huge phalli carved out of the solid granite, but which were subsequently metamorphosed by the virtuous knights of St. John, served for the arms. Other examples of it, in similar fashion, occur in the same locality and in the adjacent island of Gozzo; all of which were the handiwork, no doubt, of early Phœnician colonists. In an equally gross manner it is displayed on Etruscan and Pompeian monuments; but the more primitive and less objectionable type adorns the official garments of the

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371, 421, 498, and 499; Squier's 'Serpent Symbol in America,' p. 98; and Brinton's 'Myths of the New World,' pp. 95–97. In the opinion of the last-mentioned writer, whose very recently published work is both curious and valuable, 'the arms of the Cross were designed to 'point to the cardinal points, and represent the four winds, the rain 'bringers.' It seems to us that Mr. Brinton's argument involves a little too much; for he presently adds: 'As the emblem of the winds who 'dispense the fertilising showers it is emphatically the tree of our life, 'our subsistence, and our health. It never had any other meaning 'in America; and if, as it has been said, the tombs of the Mexicans 'were cruciform, it was perhaps with reference to a resurrection and a 'future life as portrayed under this symbol, indicating that the buried 'body would rise by the action of the four spirits of the world, as the 'buried seed takes on a new existence when watered by the vernal 'showers.' (P. 96.) The fact is, the Red Indian has preserved a fragmentary knowledge only of an universal symbol which his forefathers carried with them into the New World.

\* See also Layard's 'Mon. of Nin.' pl. lix. In a preceding plate (xli.), in which is depicted a distant subject-people bringing tribute to the king, the same symbol occurs in the form of ear-rings.

priesthood of the first-mentioned people; where, within the narrow circle, the four iota, corresponding with the cardinal points, clearly denote its source as well as its meaning.\* It thus appears, too, on a magnificent cruciform mosaic pavement which was discovered a few years since in the ruins of a Gallo-Roman villa at Pont d'Oli (Pons Aulæ), near Pau in the Basses-Pyrénées, accompanied by several other varieties of the Cross, including the St. George and the St. Andrew, all glowing 'in colours richly dight,' and surrounding a colossal bust of Proteus, 'settled in the midst of his sea-monsters,' as in the manner described by Browne, and whom Mr. Baring-Gould has mistaken for his marine successor, Neptune; having been deceived apparently by the tresul or trident with which the old prophet of the deep is armed.

That Sabean worship once extensively prevailed in the New World is a well-authenticated fact; it is yet practised to some extent by the wandering tribes on the northern continent; and was the national religion of the Peruvians at the time of the conquest. That it was also the religion of their more highly civilised predecessors on the soil, south of the equator more especially, is evidenced by the remains of fire-altars, both round and square, scattered about the shores of lakes Umayu and Titicaca; and which are the counterparts of the Gueber dokhmehs overhanging the Caspian Sea. Accordingly we find, amongst these and other vestiges of antiquity that indissolubly connected those long since extinct populations in the New with the races of the Old World, the well-defined symbol of the Maltese Cross. On the Mexican feroher before alluded to, and which is most elaborately carved in bas-relief on a massive piece of polygonous granite, constituting a portion of a cyclopean wall,† the cross is enclosed within the ring, and accompanying it are four tassel-like ornaments, graved equally well. Those accompaniments, however, are disposed without any particular regard to order, but the four arms of the Cross, nevertheless, severally and accurately point to the cardinal quarters. The same regularity is observable on a much smaller but not the less curious monument, which was discovered some time since in an ancient Peruvian huaca or catacomb; namely, a syrinx or pandean-pipe, cut out of a

\* See Micali's '*Antichi Monumenti*,' pl. xxix.

† This curious combination of exquisite workmanship and barbarous masonry is a rare but very suggestive circumstance in the primitive history of mankind. The same thing occurs on the cyclopean walls of Alatri, in the Pontifical States. See Dionigi's '*Viaggi in alcune Città del Lazio*,' pl. xxxii. Rome, 1809, fol.

solid mass of lapis ollaris; the sides of which are profusely ornamented, not only with Maltese Crosses, but also with other symbols very similar in style to those inscribed on the obelisks of Egypt and on the monoliths of this country.\* The like figure occurs on the equally ancient Otrusco black pottery. But by far the most remarkable example of this form of the Cross in the New World is that which appears on a second type of the Mexican feroher, engraved on a tablet of gypsum, and which is described at length by its discoverer, Captain Du Paix, and depicted by his friend, M. Baradère. Here the accompaniments—a shield, a helmet, and a couple of bead-annulets or rosaries—are, with a single exception, identical in every the minutest particular with an Assyrian monument emblematical of the Deity. In the former, a banner, decorated with a large Maltese Cross, is substituted for the hand of Baal grasping a bow, on the latter.†

III. A third and in many respects a much more interesting type of the Cross than the Maltese, whether considered in reference to its extreme antiquity, geographical distribution, or diversified form, is that which is popularly but erroneously designated 'the battle-axe' of Thor. Even in the particular form—the cross-pattée—thus commonly assigned to the northern Hercules, it dates many a long century anterior to his appearance on the mundane scene. Besides those numberless representations of it upon the hoariest monuments in Scandinavia, and its frequent appearance in the shape of a military or domestic implement, wrought in stone, specimens of the same thing in copper have been oftentimes found in Peru. It is equally well known on the Indian continent as the swastika of the Buddhists, and as the monograms respectively of Vishnu and Siva. Modern historians, misled perhaps by Sylvanus Morgan, or some such indiscriminating admirer of the heraldic gammadion or fylfot, have strangely blended the divine emblem of the Scandinavian warrior with the thunder-bolt most usually found in his left hand; but which, in fact, is nothing more than the haft or apparatus for discharging or giving additional force to his miölnir or hamar; neither the one nor the other bears the smallest resemblance to the figure in question; the first was a strap of ox-hide or leather; the second, the Teutonic kiliee or throwing-stick, as clearly ap-

\* See Trans. Roy. Soc. Edinb., vol. xx. p. 121, for a fuller description, as well as an engraving, of this curious object of ancient art.

† Conf. Baradère's 'Mex. Antiq.' pl. xxix. (Prém. Expéd.), and Rawlinson's 'Five Great Monarchies,' vol. ii. p. 233.

pears from the several descriptions of its peculiar reciprocating flight preserved in the Eddas. Thor's symbol of governance differed but little from that of every other deified hero; it was simply the last letter of the Samaritan alphabet, the tau or tav in its decussated or most primitive form; that mark which the prophet was commanded to impress upon the foreheads of the faithful in Judah (Ezek. ix. 4); that magical sign which the pious Scandinavian was wont to place on his horn of mead before raising it to his lips; and which was the ordinary symbol of power formerly adopted alike by kings and priests, governors and ministers throughout the North. The same hieratic character runs like a golden thread through the web of Phœnician, Syriac, Palmyrene, Old Sclavic, and other the most primitive inscriptions of a sacred nature. And to this hour it is employed by the women of India and of the north-eastern parts of Africa as a mark of possession or taboo, which they severally impress upon the vessels containing their stores of grain, &c.

Like the vast majority of symbolical monuments of extreme antiquity, the so-called cruciform hammer of Thor has been subjected to an infinitude of modifications, of which the armorial ensigns of the Isle of Man and of ancient Sardinia are among the most curious; yet the real purport of it is made all the more obvious by the emblems with which it is commonly associated. The comparatively modern Runic and the most ancient Asiatic remains tell the same story. By means of the additions in question we can discern in some measure the several developments of religious faith in opposite quarters of the globe; trace, in short, the geographical course of particular phases of paganism, of monotheistic and polytheistic principles. Almost all the known varieties of this symbol occur in the sculptures from Khorsabad, and in the ivories from Nimroud. The multiplication of small dots, minor orbs, and other adjuncts disposed about the ends of its arms, and in the angles of intersection, are undoubtedly emblematical of celestial as well as terrestrial sovereignty, denoting the number of superior deities and their particular attributes. Very similar representations of it have been found among the Chinese, by whom it is acknowledged to be one of the most ancient of figures, and was known to them long anterior to the Sakya-Buddha era; the Lao tseu, as it is called, is portrayed upon the walls of their pagodas, and upon the lanterns which are used to illumine the most sacred recesses within them. It symbolises their heaven. The Siou-star (one of the emblems of Isis) and the Hermetic sign, both of them modifications of

it, are repeated again and again in the great temple of Ramesses II. (the Memnonium of the French) at Thebes, and amidst the ruins of Axum, where it was observed by the traveller Bruce. In the Hermetic form, it figures alike in the Egyptian and Hindoo-monograms of planets; but in these exemplifications the position of the cross constantly varies, being placed sometimes above, and sometimes below, or by the side of the accompanying disc; and intended, it would seem, not only to distinguish one sphere or heaven from another, but also to indicate the degree of happiness in each. It has been observed, too, in Persia; and is used to this day in Northern India to mark the jars of sacred water taken from the Indus and Ganges. It is especially esteemed by the inhabitants of Southern India as the emblem of disembodied Jaina saints. Again, it is the mystical sign, the Tao Sze, of the multitudinous Buddhists scattered about the East; the chief ornament on the sceptres and crowns of the Bonpa deities of Thibet, who dispute the palm of antiquity with all other divinities; and is beautifully expressed in the Artee or musical bell, borne by the figure of Balgovind, the herald or messenger of heaven. It was the distinctive badge too of the ancient sect of Xaca Japonicus, or the first reforming Buddha of the Japanese. Very remarkable illustrations of it, carved in the most durable rock and inserted in the exterior walls of temples and other edifices of Mexico and Central America, may be seen in that volume of the late Lord Kingsborough's great work to which reference has already been made. Returning to our own hemisphere, its form may be traced in every quarter of Europe, extending back from the introduction of Christianity to the remotest antiquity. In later times it figures on the sculptured stones of Scotland, at Balquidder, Mortlach, St. Andrews, &c.;\* and in earlier ages, long antecedent to the time of Roman, and even of Etruscan civilisation, it was used as a religious emblem by the inhabitants of Northern Italy, whose cinerary urns, which have been exhumed from the terrameres or ancient lake-beds between Parma and Piacenza, as well as from other spots, are invariably impressed with it; most commonly on the lids, and not unfrequently in very elegant forms. The date of 1000 B.C. has been assigned by Italian antiquaries to the lacustrine cemeteries whence these remains of the primitive inhabitants of Europe have been taken. The beautiful Alba Longa vases in terra cotta, upon which the same symbol is

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\* Conf. the examples given in Dr. Stuart's sumptuous work, published under the auspices of the Spalding Club.

variously depicted, are too well known to need more than a passing notice in this place. It was the emblem of Libitina or Persephone, the awful Queen of the Shades, 'the arbiter of mortal fate';\* and is therefore commonly found on the dress of the *tumulorum fossor* in the Roman catacombs. It was likewise used on the roll of the Roman soldiery as the sign of life, whilst  $\ominus$  designated death. Finally it is repeated on innumerable coins and medals of all times and of all peoples; from the rude mintages of Ægina and Sicily, as well as from the more skilful hands of the Bactrian and Continental Greeks. It is noteworthy too, in reference to its extreme popularity, or superstitious veneration in which it has been almost universally held, that the cross-patée or cruciform hammer was amongst the very last of purely pagan symbols which was religiously preserved in Europe long after the establishment of Christianity. To the close of the Middle Ages, the stole or Isian mantle of the Cistercian monk was usually adorned with it; and nuns wore it suspended from their necklaces in precisely the same manner as did the vestal-virgins of pagan Rome. It may be seen upon the bells of many of our parish churches in the northern, midland, and eastern counties, as at Appleby, Mexborough, Hathersage, Waddington, Bishop's Norton, West Barkwith, and other places, where it was placed as a magical sign to subdue the vicious spirit of the tempest. It is said to be still used for the like purpose, during storms of rain and wind, by the peasantry in Iceland and in the southern parts of Germany.

Our commonplace-book contains nearly two hundred distinct representations of the Prechristian Cross, which we have found combined as often as not with other emblems of a sacred character, and which have been collected from all parts of the world; the bare enumeration, not to mention the explanation, of which would obviously far exceed our present limits. Nor, indeed, is any greater multiplication of instances of its occurrence necessary in order to illustrate or establish our own particular theory respecting the origin and real import of so common a symbol. Its undoubted antiquity, no less than its extraordinary diffusion, evidences that it must have been, as it may be said to be still in unchristianised lands, emblematical of some fundamental doctrine or mystery. The reader will not have failed to observe that it is most usually associated with *water*; it was 'the key of the Nile,' that mystical instrument by means of which, in the popular judgment of his Egyptian

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\* See Millin's '*Galerie Mythologique*,' pl. cxxxi. and cxliv.

devotees, Osiris produced the annual, revivifying inundations of the sacred stream; it is discernible in that mysterious pitcher or vase portrayed on the brazen table of Bembus beforementioned, with its four lips discharging as many streams of water in opposite directions; it was the emblem of the water-deities of the Babylonians in the East and of the Gothic nations in the West; as well as that of the rain-deities respectively of the mixed populations in America. We have seen with what peculiar rites the symbol was honoured by those widely-separated races in the western hemisphere; and the monumental slabs of Nineveh, now in the museums of London and Paris, show us how it was similarly honoured by the successors of the Chaldees in the eastern. On those monuments, the worship of the eagle-headed and four-winged Nisroch, the god of fertilising showers, is represented times out of number; kings and priests, with their offerings of fruit and oxen, are crowded about his conical-shaped altars, which are not only embellished with the leaves of the lotus, typifying creative power, but also with three or more crosses interweaved, and forming a kind of lattice-work about them—a quinary arrangement which others besides old Sir Thomas Browne would probably consider but a type of the celebrated pensile gardens of Babylon; it dates, however, far anterior to that magnificent creation of oriental despotism. And lastly, not to overtax the patience of our readers by multiplying examples, it was the emblem of Vishnu, ages before his second avatar and alleged crucifixion, and symbolised his dominion over all rivers, lakes, and seas—an emblem in marked distinction to that which has been misplaced in the hands of Neptune by the nations of the West, namely, the tresul of Siva, which, in the East, never had any reference whatever to the watery element; but, on the contrary, denoted that the third person in the Hindoo trimurti presided over the three regions of heaven, sky, and earth.

Again, the Prechristian Cross is not unfrequently associated with a *tree* or *trees*, the ordinary symbols of vegetation throughout the world, and of the higher deities more particularly in the Greek and Roman pantheons; but when viewed in certain conjunctions, ‘the mystical tree,’ with which we are concerned, will be found to possess a much more recondite signification than pantheism. ‘The Cross,’ observes the late Colonel Wilford, in the *Asiatic Researches*,

‘The Cross, though not an object of worship among the Buddhists, is a favourite emblem and device among them. It is exactly the cross of the Manichees, with leaves and flowers springing from it (and fruit also, as I am told); is called “the divine tree,” “the tree of the gods,” “the

"tree of life and knowledge," and productive of whatever is good and desirable, and is placed in the terrestrial paradise.' (Vol. x. p. 124.)

Agreeably with this view, it is portrayed on the most ancient British and Gallic or Massilian coins. The heads of four trees or blossoming shrubs, each of which is the exact counterpart of one carved in bas-relief on a Nineveh altar, meet in the centre of the disc, whilst the intervening spaces are alternately occupied by ruder representations of pyramidal apexes and conical mountain-tops crowned with stilæ and some other objects not so easily to be distinguished.\* The symbolic tree is one of the most conspicuous ornaments on the Nineveh tablets; fruitful branches of it are found in the hands of deified men and priests, and the fruit itself (to which presently we shall refer more at large), alternating with lotus-leaves, adorns the robes of the latter. Mr. Bonomi has given an ample description of the symbolical tree in the following passage; but what he designates as 'the Greek honeysuckle' we conceive to be either the lotus-leaf, or the corona of the date-palm, the symbol of immortality:—

'In the corner of the room [in the palace of Khorsabad], is sculptured,' he says, 'an ornament somewhat resembling that interlacing of the two aquatic plants of Egypt depicted on the thrones of the Pharaohs, and holding among Egyptian emblems the same rank and importance that this emblem does among the Assyrians. The centre stem occupies the corner of the room, its branches extending equally on both sides of the angle. The stem is interrupted at intervals by transverse scroll-like ornaments, and has likewise spikes and points all the way up to the top, which fans out something like a palm-tree, every interweavement of the branches terminating in the Greek honeysuckle.'†

Here we have not only the tree itself forming a large cross, but also its stem 'interrupted at intervals by transverse scroll-like ornaments'—i. e. the hieroglyphic signs of the triune deity—exhibiting the same figure. But the most remarkable configuration of the symbol, in this particular connexion, is that which is described at length by Maurice in his *Indian Antiquities*; and which, judging from the extreme simplicity of its contrivance, we may assume to be as primitive as it is characteristic:—

'It is a fact,' says he, 'not less remarkable than well attested that the Druids in their groves were accustomed to select the most stately and beautiful tree as an emblem of the deity they adored, and having cut off

\* Conf. De Saulcy's '*Revue de la Numismatique Française*,' vol. i. p. 162, and Dr. Inman's '*Ancient Faiths*,' vol. i. p. 160, fig. 66.

† Nineveh and its Palaces, p. 182.



the side branches, they affixed two of the largest of them to the highest part of the trunk, in such a manner that those branches extended on each side like the arms of a man, and, together with the body, presented the appearance of a huge cross, and on the bark in several places was also inscribed the letter tau.' (Vol. vi. p. 49.)

Maurice is mistaken, we think, in interpreting this curiosity 'as an emblem of the deity' adored by the most primitive of the Keltic race; in our judgment, it symbolised the elysium of their gods. His view of the matter, however, is countenanced to some extent by a similar device of the Jews, and called by them Sephiroth—a metaphysical term denoting the inscrutable nature and wisdom of the Almighty. According to the Rabbi Schabte, as quoted by Dwight,\* the mystical tree of his nation embodied three ideas, or distinct emblems of the Divinity—'the root, the stem, and the branches,'—and these three, he adds, 'are one.' The Hebrew symbol was sometimes conjoined with three or more 'circles of perfection,' and which were suspended most probably upon the arms of the sylvestrial cross, much in the same manner as we find them delineated on some of the Nineveh altars. But our own conclusion is warranted by other exemplifications, as well as by the more commonly received definitions of it. In the demolition of the famous Serapeum at Alexandria, to which we briefly referred before, the tree-tau was also found, and was placed there, Mr. King argues, 'as the symbol of eternal life.' But he adds:—

'This cross seems to be the Egyptain tau, that ancient symbol of the generative power, and therefore transformed into the Bacchic mysteries. Such a cross is found on the wall of a house in Pompeii in juxtaposition with the phallus, both symbols embodying the same idea.' †

There is yet a third combination that demands a specific notice. The decussated symbol is not unfrequently planted upon what Christian archaeologists designate 'a calvary'—that is, upon a *mount* or a *cone*. Thus it is represented in both hemispheres.‡ The megalithic structure of Callernish, in the island of Lewis, before mentioned, is the most perfect example of the practice extant in Europe. The mount is preserved to this day. This, to be brief, was the recognised conventional mode of expressing a particular primitive truth or mystery from the days of the Chaldeans to those of the Gnostics, or from one extremity of the civilised world to the other. It is seen in the treatment of the ash Yggdrasill of the Scandinavians, as

\* Sermons, No. lxxi.

† The Gnostics and their Gems, pl. 214, p. vi.

‡ See Stephens' 'Central Amer.' vol. ii. p. 348. Edit. 1842.

well as in that of the Bo-tree of the Buddhists. The prototype was not the Egyptian, but the Babylonian *crux ansata*, the lower member of which constitutes a conical support for the oval or sphere above it. With the Gnostics, who occupied the debatable ground between primitive Christianity and philosophic paganism, and who inscribed it upon their tombs, the cone symbolised death as well as life.\* In every heathen mythology it was the universal emblem of the goddess or mother of heaven, by whatsoever name she was addressed, whether as Mylitta, Astarte, Aphrodite, Isis, Mata, or Venus; and the several eminences consecrated to her worship were, like those upon which Jupiter was originally adored, of a conical or pyramidal shape. This, too, is the ordinary form of the altars dedicated to the Assyrian god of fertility. In exceptional instances, the cone is introduced upon one or the other of the sides, or is distinguishable in the always accompanying mystical tree. The cross with which it is commonly associated is formed, as previously stated, by the hieratic sign or signs of the deity being placed athwart the stem of the tree, and sometimes, which is particularly remarkable, is expressed in the action of the attendant priests. Most usually these are two in number, but occasionally four, and each is represented with a bunch of fruit in the form of a cone, in his right hand, and a vessel of water in his left. The last-mentioned appendages clearly denote the worship of Nisroch, and their method of offering appears to be very similar to that which is described in the Hebrew Scriptures as the ceremony of waving; on which occasions the Levitical priests were accustomed to make a movement of the sheaf of first-fruits, or other presentation, in the direction of the four quarters of the world, thereby intending to indicate, as it is thought, the omnipresence of the Almighty (Lev. xxiii. 11, 20). So likewise here the officiating ministers are represented, not only waving their four wings, but also some kind of fruit, as well as the 'zor,' or water of force (as it is termed in the Zend-avesta), by which that fruit is principally nourished, about the altars of the Assyrian god. Nor is this, we may observe by the way, the only kind of gesticulation mentioned in the Old Testament and exhibited on the Nineveh remains. On several steles the Assyrian worshippers, who are commonly attended by the four-winged and eagle-headed priests, typifying the 'ever-soaring bird' of paradise, and armed in the manner just described with the celestial fruit, &c., are depicted in the

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\* See Lajard's '*Rec. sur le Culte de Vénus*,' pp. 37 *et seq.*, for proof of this and of many other curious facts in connexion with it.

act of pointing the fore-finger of the right hand either towards the symbolical tree or the hieratic sign of the deity placed immediately above it—a practice which, the reader will remember, is emphatically denounced by Isaiah (ch. lviii. 9). What this particularly obnoxious motion indicated, beyond ostensible idolatry, is neither apparent in material nor in literary monuments, and is now most probably past finding out. The prophet undoubtedly refers to a practice much more reprehensible than the mere holding forth the middle-finger—the infamis digitus of the ancients—or to any similar act of vulgarity and insolence, as the passage is ordinarily interpreted by the textualists.\*

It is very generally supposed that the conical object which is depicted under so many different phases on the Nineveh remains—on the garments of kings and priests, and on the trappings of horses, as well as on most of their altars and thrones—must be none other than the resinous fir-cone, and a fit emblem therefore of Baal or fire. This opinion owes its origin not improbably to the myth of Bacchus, whose thyrsus, which he brought from the East when he returned from his Indian expedition, was said to be surmounted by ‘a pine or fir-cone.’ How such an object could have promoted hilarity and intoxication is difficult of understanding. The locality whence the emblem was undoubtedly derived—namely, Babylon†—coupled with its frequent repetition upon other ancient monuments besides those in question, has suggested to our mind that in no instance is the object intended to represent a pine or fir-cone, but rather the stimulating fruit of that ‘prince of vegetation,’ as Linnæus styles it, the date-palm, and which, as we learn from Pliny, was consecrated to the worship of almost every heathen divinity. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the economical properties of that magnificent tree, or to fathom the depths of the mysteries associated with it. It is the Scriptural emblem of all that is dignified, beautiful, and good; it entered largely into the ornamentation of Solomon’s Temple, as well as into that more glorious edifice which the prophet beheld

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\* Conf. Layard’s ‘Mon. of Nin.’ *passim*, and Mrs. Belnos’ beautiful work on ‘The Sundhya,’ pls. iv. and v. The Sundhya is the recital of prayers accompanied with certain modras or gesticulations daily and hourly exhibited on the banks of the Ganges by Hindoo devotees. Mrs. Belnos says, ‘no other meaning is attached to these figures, but ‘that they are pleasing to the deities.’ The divorce of faith and knowledge is here, as in all other unchristianised lands without exception, most complete.

† See Bryant’s ‘Anc. Myth.’ vol. iv. pp. 273, &c.

in a trance.\* It was the universal symbol of majesty and immortality throughout the East; where, within the intertropical regions to which it is chiefly confined, it constituted the staple nourishment of man and beast. Half-a-dozen full-grown trees sufficed for the support of a family. Great as is its worth in this age, it must have been of infinitely greater worth in antiquity, or when the vast plains of Lower Assyria were swarming with inhabitants, native and alien; and it is easy to conceive, therefore, with what feelings of interest and exquisite pleasure such an object would be universally regarded. That minatory text, 'the palm-tree shall languish,' was synonymous with famine. But, in a mythological sense, this unrivalled production of the vegetable kingdom presented peculiarly interesting features to the grateful Assyrian and pious devotee of Nisroch. It was the type of his paradisiacal tree, perpetually verdant, abundantly fruitful, the most stately and erect, and the highest therefore unto heaven; it would flourish in cool and moist places only, on the banks of rivers and water-courses; there, beneath its unbrageous arms, which made a pleasant oasis of verdure, he enjoyed, in a degree beyond the conception of people restricted to colder latitudes, a foretaste of the beatific rest reserved for the faithful of every rank in another sphere; and, above all, it typified in its peculiar growth the sacred habitation or mountain of his gods; for, when it has attained to colossal maturity, its entangled roots, springing far above the surface of the soil, take the form of a conical hillock.

In order to see how this view of ours passes from plausible conjecture to absolute certainty, the reader need but compare the illustrated pages of Layard and Botta, making a little allowance, of course, for the hieratical or conventional mode of treatment by the Assyrian artists; and we doubt not he will afterwards conclude with us, that the oft-recurring symbolical tree, with its interweaved stem, dependant fruit, and fan-like corona, can be none other than the date-palm—the toddy-tope, as it is expressively called by our bibacious countrymen in the East—an apposite emblem among all pagans and oriental peoples in antiquity of prospective celestial happiness and terrestrial prosperity, of local abundance and universal contentment.† Its mode of fertilisation has suggested to a certain

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\* Conf. 1 Kings vi. and Ezek. xlv., &c.

† See Layard's 'Mon. of Nin.' pl. vi., in which the mystical tree is represented with two streams of water flowing from above it. In some other plates the fruit is seen depending from lengthened fibres, just as is the case with the date-palm, but which would be extremely un-

class of inquirers a very different interpretation from that which we have proposed. Viewing it in particular relations, they have associated with it the occult doctrines of much later ages, and entirely overlooked the more simple and, as we believe, primary meaning of the symbol. No doubt all the accessories of a pagan idol are significant, and those in question may possibly be, notwithstanding our scepticism, quite as recondite and even as indelicate as supposed; nevertheless a false, equally with a true, system of religion is subjected to the common accidents of time, to variations, transmutations, and decay. The growth of corruption, however, in any case is most usually, if not invariably, intermittent and slow.\*

We observed at the outset, that among the more costly and laborious exhibitions of the decussated figure, it was recognisable in the architectural proportions of superterranean as well as subterranean structures; in the conformation of ancient fanes as well as of still more ancient tumuli. Such illustrations of it are far too remarkable to be dismissed in a cursory manner; for besides serving to establish as completely as any of the preceding our theory respecting the signification of the symbol, they point also to the most probable origin and intention of those imperishable masses of masonry and brickwork called by one poet 'the star ypointed pyramids,' and not inaptly described by another as wearying Time with their burden:—

‘Leur masse indestructible a fatigué le temps.’

Of the immense antiquity of those monuments all archæologists are agreed. Not so with regard to their destination.

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natural in any representation of the pine or fir-tree. See also Botta, vol. i. pls. 48 and 75; and vol. ii. pls. 105 and 113, where the date-fruit and lotus, the symbols of sanctity and royalty, are conjoined, and the form of the first is faithfully portrayed.

\* See ‘Ancient Faiths,’ by Dr. Thomas Inman; a book which, for laborious ingenuity, almost surpasses the ‘Anacalypsis’ of Godfrey Higgins. The learned author, so far as he has proceeded with his work, is an outspoken rationalist, and has managed to eliminate a very questionable element from almost every symbol coming within his purview. As a rule, all symbols originated in phallic worship, which, in his judgment too, universally prevailed in antiquity. The Hebrews formed no exception to this rule; on the contrary, they were quite as bad, if not worse indeed, than their neighbours. The very names and titles of their priests, judges, and kings, when submitted to the doctor’s etymological alambic, confirm the foregone conclusion. The Ark of the Covenant contained, and the Temple of Solomon was decorated with, phallic emblems! *Credere quod vides, et vides.*

Perhaps those of which we read in the mythic records of the Hindoos, in the obscure pages of their Puranas, dated long anterior to any which have survived to our time;\* but be that as it may, the pyramid of Gizeh, one of the grandest examples of mechanical skill in the world, is supposed by one distinguished savant amongst us to be at once a metrological monument and a symbol of the Deluge; and a second, of equal repute in literary and scientific circles, considers it to be unique as an architectural experiment—in fact, a primary work of the Egyptians. We are not disposed ourselves to accept either of these views. With regard to the first, we would observe that mankind is not prone to perpetuate its own disgrace in any form whatever; pride, not humility, is its natural temperament; moreover, in this particular instance, the fact of the drowning of the world is engraven on tablets more durable than stone or brass—namely, in the history and traditions of every nation and community, civilised and savage; whilst with regard to the second, to suppose a construction such as that in the vicinity of Cairo (the finest of those audacia saxa pyramidum, as they are styled by Statius) to be the work of ‘prentice hands,’ is, in our humble judgment, about as improbable as that York Minster was erected by the first of the allophylian tribes that set foot on these shores. Such conclusions are equally opposed to experience and reason. Another Œdipus must be sought to solve the riddle of the pyramidal sphinx.

Fifty years ago Mr. Faber, in his ‘Origin of Pagan Idolatry,’ placed artificial tumuli, pyramids, and pagodas in the same category, conceiving that all were transcripts of the holy mountain which was generally supposed to have stood in the centre of Eden; or rather, as intimated in more than one place by the Psalmist, the garden itself was situated on an eminence (conf. Ps. iii. and lxxviii.). The result of our present researches has led us to attach no inconsiderable importance to this opinion. It did not enter into the scheme of that learned writer to work out or exemplify his theory; the prime antiquity of pyramidal structures alone concerned him. Thomas Maurice, who is no mean authority, held the same view. He conceived the use to which pyramids in particular were anciently applied to have been threefold—namely, as tombs, temples, and observatories; and this view he labours to establish in the third volume of his ‘Indian Antiquities.’ Now whatever may be

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\* See Wilson’s ‘Solar System of the Ancients,’ vol. i. pp. 266, 270, &c.

their actual date, or with whatsoever people they may have originated, whether in Africa or Asia, in the lower valley of the Nile or in the plains of Chaldea, the pyramids of Egypt were unquestionably destined to very opposite purposes. According to Herodotus, they were introduced by the Hyksos; and Proclus, the Platonic philosopher, connects them with the science of astronomy—a science which, he adds, the Egyptians derived from the Chaldeans. Hence we may reasonably infer that they served as well for temples for planetary worship as for observatories. Subsequently to the descent of the Shepherds, their hallowed precincts were invaded by royalty, from motives of pride and superstition; and the principal chamber in each was assigned to mortuary uses, just in the same manner and for the same reasons as Christian temples were abused in medieval days. The exalted pretensions to holiness and to a near relationship with the higher deities, on the part of the Pharaohs, may have reconciled their subjects to this desecration of a doubly-sacred edifice; at all events, sooner or later the more wealthy and influential amongst them, and the priestly class more especially, followed the example of their rulers, and multiplied on every hand structures of a similar character, but vastly inferior, of course, in size and magnificence to their prototypes; sometimes forming a cenotaph, at others a sepulchre. A custom which appealed at once to the self-complacent feelings and inspired the fondest expectations of one people would be very readily apprehended and adopted by another; for, as we shall immediately see, the chamber of death itself, with its adjuncts, was a multiform symbol of life. In no other manner can we account for the numberless imitations of such structures in all parts of the world, severally ruder or grander in their conceptions, according to their remoteness or proximity to the centres of civilisation. In the first-mentioned instances the emblem of the Cross conjoined with the paradisiacal mount, is preserved within the pile rather than without, for the obvious reason that, being constructed almost exclusively of earth, time or the elements would otherwise have speedily effaced all traces of it. Of this system of arrangement, the cyclopean temple before alluded to within the tumulus of Newgrange on the banks of the Boyne, and the so-called Giganteia, in the Island of Gozzo adjacent to Malta, are illustrations in point. In both the form of the Cross is that which was appropriated by the Latins—the *crux immissa*—but with rounded arms. So likewise, in the judgment of Danish antiquaries, the decussated figure is preserved in the construction more particularly of that better class of Scandi-

navian cromlechs which bear upon their pyramidal capstones the marks of rude tooling and carving; and upon which, together with a few Runic characters, is inscribed one or more four-angled crosses or fylfots within a circle, the presumed symbols of Baal or Woden. If this be really so—for we ourselves are neither disposed to adopt or deny the supposition—then must the Kodie-Culls, on the coast of Malabar (the oldest monuments of the kind on the Indian continent, as their name implies, and superior in many respects to those found in the northern parts of Europe), as well as their counterparts in the district of Gower, Glamorganshire, be held to express the same primitive doctrinal mystery as the nobler structures elsewhere. But this by the way.

No country in the world can compare with India for the exposition of the pyramidal cross. There the stupendous labours of Egypt are rivalled, and sometimes surpassed. Indeed, but for the fact of such monuments of patient industry and unexampled skill being still in existence, the accounts of some others which have long since disappeared, having succumbed to the ravages of time and to the fury of the bigoted Mussulman, would sound in our ears as incredible as the story of Porsenna's tomb, which 'o'ertopp'd old Pelion,' and made 'Ossa like a wart.' Yet something not very dissimilar in character to it was formerly the boast of the ancient city of Benares on the banks of the Ganges. We allude to the great temple of Bindh Madhu which was demolished in the seventeenth century by the Emperor Aurungzebe. Tavernier, the French baron, who travelled thither about the year 1680, has preserved a brief description of it.\* The body of the temple was constructed in the figure of a colossal cross (i. e. a St. Andrew's Cross), with a lofty dome at the centre, above which rose a massive structure of a pyramidal form. At the four extremities of the cross there were four other pyramids of proportionate dimensions, and which were ascended from the outside by steps, with balconies at stated distances for places of rest, reminding us of the temple of Belus, as described in the pages of Herodotus. The remains of a similar building are found at Mhuttra, on the banks of the Jumna. This and many others, including the subterranean temple at Elephanta and the caverns of Ellora and Salsette, are described at length in the well-known work by Maurice; who adds, that besides these, there was yet another device in which the Hindoo displayed the all-pervading sign; this was by pyramidal towers placed cross-

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\* Voyage de Tavernier, tom. iv. p. 149. Edit. à Rouen.



wise. At the famous temple of Chillambrum, on the Coromandal coast, there were seven lofty walls, one within the other, round the central quadrangle, and as many pyramidal gateways in the midst of each side which form the limbs of a vast cross, consisting altogether of twenty-eight pyramids. There are consequently fourteen in a line, which expands more than a mile in one continuous direction!

Nor are these the only wonders associated with this metropolis of pyramids. The interior ornaments were in harmony with the whole; from the nave of one of the principal structures there hang, on the tops of four buttresses, festoons of chains, in length altogether 548 feet. Each garland, consisting of twenty links, is made of one piece of granite 60 feet long; the links themselves are monstrous rings, thirty-two inches in circumference, and polished as smooth as glass. One chain is broken, and hangs down from the pillar; the rest are as perfect as on the day when they were suspended.\* The utility of these extraordinary garlands has greatly puzzled the European spectator. We will venture to suggest, that they are intended to represent the circles of perfection, the hieratic signs of the superior deities; corresponding with those which formerly accompanied the sylvestrial crosses of the Jews and the Kelts, and which are discernible upon every Persepolitan and Assyrian altar; as beyond all question the inclosures within the seven walls betoken the planetary spheres; and the monument in its entirety the celestial hills encompassing Meru. The peculiar shape of each structure leaves no doubt of this. 'There is a beautiful pyramid at Sa'náth, near Benares,' writes Colonel Wilford in the '*Asiatic Researches*,' 'built by a king of Gaur or Bengal. It is conical, and of earth with a coating of bricks; and about seventy feet high. In the inscription found there some years ago, it is declared to be intended as a representation of Meru, which is represented of a conical figure by the Hindoos, but like a square pyramid by the followers of Buddha.' (Vol. viii. p. 260.) The fortunate preservation of such a stupendous architectural monument as this of Chillambrum will serve in some measure to reassure the incredulous, that the famous mausoleum of Lars Porsenna, in Etruria, is not the mere offspring of fancy. From Pliny's description of that magnificent edifice, which he borrowed from the pages of M. Terentius Varro, it appears that the symbol

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\* See Langlés' '*Mon. de l'Hindoustan*,' tom. ii. p. 27, and Von Bohlen, '*Das Alte Indien*,' p. 85.

of the Cross was thrice repeated.\* It was most probably constructed on the model of the old Chaldean temples; its several petasi or stages being upheld, not by pyramids as traditionally reported, but by pyramidal columns. By accepting this explanation, all difficulty with regard to its altitude and dimensions vanishes, for the labyrinth and other details were common enough both in the East and the West. The addition of the bells determines, in our judgment, its oriental character.

Thus have we traversed the ground over which we proposed at starting to guide our readers, and selected almost at random such illustrations of the decussated figure as are unquestionably the work of human ingenuity—from the petty model in flint and chert to the stately erection in brick and marble—and which, we imagine, will effectually establish our conclusion respecting its true signification and origin. Maybe, the reader has long since anticipated us in that conclusion. Nevertheless we will recapitulate as briefly as possible the principal heads of our theme. We have endeavoured, in the first place, to demonstrate the universality of the symbol; and, secondly, that under every variety of circumstance, as well in every age as by every people, from the dawn of secular history to the present hour, it has been held by all in the same superstitious veneration, been honoured with the same distinguishing rites, and always has expressed the same doctrine or mystery. The language of definition varies, of course; but the definition itself is substantially the same in every case. In Egypt, Assyria, and Britain it was emblematical of creative power and eternity; in India, China, and Scandinavia, of heaven and immortality; in the two Americas, of re-juvenescence and freedom from physical suffering; whilst in both hemispheres it was the common symbol of the resurrection or ‘the sign of the life to come;’ and, finally, in all heathen communities without exception it was the emphatic type, the sole enduring evidence, of the Divine Unity. This circumstance alone determines its extreme antiquity—an antiquity, in all likelihood, long antecedent to the foundation of either of the three great systems of religion in the East. And, lastly, we have seen how, as a rule, it is found in conjunction with a stream or streams of water, with exuberant vegetation, and with a hill or a mountainous region—in a word, with a land of beauty, fertility, and joy. Thus it was expressed upon those circular and sacred cakes of the Egyptians, composed of the richest materials—of flour, of honey, of milk; and, with which the serpent and bull, as well as other

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\* See Nat. Hist., lib. xxxvi. cap. 19.

reptiles and beasts, consecrated to the service of Isis and their higher divinities, were daily fed; and upon certain festivals were eaten with extraordinary ceremony by the people and their priests. The cross-cake, says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, was their hieroglyph for 'civilised land;' obviously a land superior to their own, as it was indeed to all other mundane territories; for it was that distant, traditional country of sempiternal contentment and repose, of exquisite delight and serenity, where Nature unassisted by man produces all that is necessary for his sustentation; where

‘The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,  
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow;’

and whose midst was crowned with a sacred and glorious eminence—the umbilicus orbis terrarum—towards which the heathen in all parts of the world and in all ages turned a wistful gaze in every act of devotion, and hoped to be admitted, or rather to be restored, at the close of this transitory scene. The gardens of Alcinous and Laertes, of which we read in Homeric song, and not improbably that also in Babylon, were transcripts of it. The sacred eminence in the midst of a superabundant, happy region figures more or less distinctly in almost every mythology, ancient and modern. It was the Mesamphalos of the earlier Greeks, and the Omphalion of the Cretans, dominating the Elysian Fields, upon whose tops, bathed in pure, brilliant, incomparable light, the gods passed their days in ceaseless joys; and whither the disembodied spirits of the brave and good winged their way. It was the sacred Asgard of the Scandinavians, springing from the centre of a fruitful land, which was watered by the four primeval rivers of milk, severally flowing in the direction of the cardinal points, ‘the abode of happiness and the height of bliss.’ It is the Harām-berezaitim of the Parsi, upon which the golden throne of Ahú-mano is set, and at the base of which are ranged the glorious mansions of his Izads or ministering spirits and of the blessed whom they serve. It is the Tien-C’han, ‘the celestial mountain-land,’ ‘the enchanted gardens’ of the Chinese and Tartars, watered by the four perennial fountains of Tychin, or Immortality; and the hill-encompassed Ilá of the Singhalese and Thibetians, ‘the everlasting dwelling-place of the wise and the just.’ It is the Sinéru of the contemplative Buddhist, on the summit of which is Tawrátisa, the habitation of Sekrá, the supreme god; and where the four-limbed D’amba-tree perpetually blossoms, filling the surrounding atmosphere with life-sustaining odours, and from between

the roots of which proceed the four sacred streams, running in as many contrary directions. It is the *Slávratta*, 'the celestial earth,' of the Hindoo, the summit of his golden mountain *Meru*, the city of *Brahma*, in the centre of *Jambádwípa*, and from the four sides of which gush forth the four primeval rivers, reflecting in their passage the colorific glories of their source, and severally flowing northward, southward, eastward, and westward. And, to conclude this enumeration of concurrent legends, it is that Garden in the East, on the summit of a mountain of jacinth, inaccessible to the sinful Arab, 'a garden of rich soil and equable temperature, well-watered, and abounding with trees and flowers of rare colours and fragrance.'

We had proceeded thus far with our task when we were gratified, by the courtesy of Colonel Meadows Taylor (a name as well known in archaeological as in military circles at home and in the East), with the sight of a couple of photographs, representing two extremely ancient stone crosses which were discovered a few months ago by the late Mr. Mulheran, C. E., in the sequestered wilds of Central India. Their position and adjuncts, just within the *Vindhya* zone, add very considerably indeed to the interest of them. They are granite monoliths and quite perfect; and bear a marked resemblance to those which are scattered about the western parts of Cornwall (especially the Cross of St. Buryan), and which have fortunately escaped 'improvement' at the hands of medieval enthusiasts. The larger of the two stands 10 feet 9 inches, and the smaller 8 feet 6 inches above the ground. It is particularly noteworthy, that each dominates a group of cairns and cromlechs or dolmens; monuments which, as the Colonel informs us, are precisely similar in character to those which he formerly surveyed near the village of *Rajunkolloor*, within the principality of *Shorapoor*, in the *Deccan*, and which he has illustrated and fully described in the proceedings of the *Royal Irish Academy*.\* He is inclined therefore to assign the erection of both sets of structures to the same people. It is no easy matter under any circumstances to discriminate between one so-called *Druidical* fabric and another, and it is still more difficult to determine their ages, even approximatively; but, without offering any opinion with respect to the antiquity of the cairns, &c., surrounding them, we think that these crosses in the *Deccan* may be safely classed amongst the most venerable relics of the kind on the Indian continent; for according to

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\* Vol. xxiv. Part 5. 4to. Dublin: 1865.

the report of the European officer who first lighted upon them, 'the vicinity of the groups of cromlechs and crosses had, at some remote period, been cultivated; parts of the hills had been cut into terraces, levelled, and were supported by large stone banks or walls; but the country, for many miles in every direction, was, and had been for centuries and centuries, entirely uninhabited, and was grown over with dense forests.' As this elevated and long-neglected region has been (if it be no misnomer to say so), the miserable possession of the low-castes, or non-Aryan helots, from immemorial time, we may confidently assume therefore that the monoliths in question were erected by the aboriginal population of the soil—a population which was driven, not improbably three thousand years at the least before the advent of our Saviour, from the richer plains below by the first Aryan invader and bigot who had crossed the Five Streams, and found a temporary refuge in the nearest range of hills to the west of Chandah, until a fiercer fanatic, the Mogul, appeared upon the scene, and finally subdued both the conqueror and his victims. Here, then, amongst 'these now fragmentary peoples from the débris of a widely-spread primeval race' (to borrow a phrase from a recent writer on the non-Aryan languages of the Continent), we find the symbol of the Cross, not only expressing the same mystery as in all other parts of the world, but its erection doubtlessly dating from one of the very earliest migrations of our species. It is impossible to adduce any clearer or stronger proof of its primitive antiquity than this.

If, in conclusion, any reader entertains a lingering doubt respecting the real origin and purpose of the symbol of the Cross, as it is represented again and again on the ruined temples of Assyria, Egypt, India, and Anahuac; in the architectural proportions of pyramidal structures in the East and the West, as well as in those which are scattered throughout Polynesia, more especially in the islands of Tonga, Viti, and Easter, thus completing a zone about the habitable globe; as it appears upon numberless vases, medals, and coins of the earliest known types, centuries anterior to the introduction of Christianity; and as its teaching is expressed in the concordant customs, rites, and traditions of former nations and communities, who were widely separated from, and for the most part ignorant of the existence of each other, and who possessed, so far as we are aware, no other emblematical figure in common; if, we repeat, this long series of coincidences, this immense accumulation of facts, all, as we have endeavoured to show, converging to a single point, is insufficient to convince

any reader of its true significance, we can only remind him once more of the fond expectations, the typical philosophy of existing races of mankind; refer him to the most primitive and learned people in the East—

‘ Those heirs of all the ages in the foremost file of Time ’—

appeal to the united testimony of Buddhists and Brahmins, who together constitute nearly half the population of the world, and from whom he may learn that the decussated figure, whether in a simple or a complex form, symbolises the traditional happy abode of their primeval ancestors—that ‘ Paradise of Eden towards the East,’ as we find it expressed in the Hebrew. And, let us ask, what better picture, or more significant characters, in the complicated alphabet of symbolism, could have been selected for the purpose than a circle and a cross: the one to denote a region of absolute purity and perpetual felicity; the other, those four perennial streams that divided and watered the several quarters of it? May we not, then, adopt the conclusion of the late lamented Professor Hardwick, who, in reference to the common belief among the heathen throughout all time in the original felicity of our species, has eloquently remarked: ‘ All these and similar traditions are but mocking satires of the old Hebrew story; jarred and broken notes of the same strain; but with all their exaggerations they intimate how in the background of man’s vision lay a paradise of holy joy—a paradise secured from every kind of profanation, and made inaccessible to the guilty; a paradise full of objects that were calculated to delight the senses, and to elevate the mind; a paradise that granted to its tenant rich and rare immunities, and that fed with its perennial streams the tree of life and immortality.’

- ART. IX.—1. *Chapters and Speeches on the Irish Land Question.* By JOHN STUART MILL. London: 1870.
2. *The Irish People and the Irish Land.* By ISAAC BUTT, Q.C. Dublin: 1867.
3. *The Land Question in Ireland.* By JONATHAN PYM, M.P. Dublin: 1867.
4. *The Land Difficulty in Ireland, with an Effort to solve it.* By GERALD FITZGIBBON, Esq., Master in Chancery. London: 1869.
5. *The Irish Land.* By GEORGE CAMPBELL, Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces of India. London: 1869.
6. *Studies of the Land and Tenantry of Ireland.* By B. SAMUELSON, M.P. London: 1869.
7. *Land Culture and Land Tenure in Ireland.* By PETER MACLAGAN, M.P. Edinburgh: 1869.
8. *Letters on the Irish Land Question.* By the 'TIMES' COMMISSIONER. 1869.
9. *The Irish Land Question.* By JAMES CAIRD, M.P. London: 1869.
10. *Letter to Sir John Gray, M.P.* By JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS. 'Dublin Freeman's Journal,' September, 1869.
11. *Two Reports for the Irish Government on the History of the Landlord and Tenant Question, &c. &c.* By W. NEILSON HANCOCK, LL.D. Dublin: 1869.
12. *A Proposal for the Settlement of the Irish Land Question.* By EDWARD O'BRIEN, High Sheriff of the County of Limerick. London: 1869.
13. *Mr. Mill's Plan for the Pacification of Ireland examined.* By Lord DUFFERIN. London: 1868.
14. *The Prussian Land Tenure Reforms, and a Farmer-Proprietary for Ireland.* By HENRY DIX HUTTON, Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: 1867.

DURING the three years that have passed since we treated in these pages of the Irish Land Question, there has been a marked change in the spirit in which that question has come to be regarded in Ireland. An investigation of the causes that have led to this change may perhaps help us to find out whether there is any possible solution of this problem, that, without a

grave infringement of the admitted rights of property, will be sufficiently liberal to the Irish tenant to put a stop to further agitation, and thus help to realise the long-deferred hope of introducing peace and contentment amongst our Irish fellow-subjects.

A few months before we discussed this question in January 1867, a Landlord and Tenant Bill had been brought in by the Liberal Government, in great measure based on, or at least embodying, the chief principles affirmed in a draft Bill prepared by the late Mr. Dillon, M.P. for Tipperary, and which had been formally accepted by the Irish Liberal Representatives as a fair solution of the question. The measure introduced by Mr. Chichester Fortescue—then, as now, Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—was based on an alteration of the assumption of law, that all permanent improvements in and on the soil are the landlord's property; and its chief proposals were intended to secure to every improving tenant, either by repayment in cash if disturbed, or by proportionate enjoyment, full compensation for all improvements made by him during his tenancy—whether with or without the previous expressed consent of his landlord. It was proposed that a secured tenure for not less than thirty-one years should be practically a set-off against all claims on the landlord at the end of the lease, for any improvements voluntarily executed during its term; or, more accurately, that in such cases compensation should be regulated exclusively by express contract between the lessor and the lessee. The object of this clause was evidently to induce landlords to grant leases for the term stated. In the cases of tenures for any shorter term than thirty-one years, the existence of an implied contract to compensate was assumed; and it was, therefore, proposed to enforce this implied contract by law. It was further proposed that instead of the annuity provided by the Act of 1860, a lump sum should be paid to the tenant, and that the 'measure' of the compensation should be the additional letting-value of the farm at the close of the tenancy.

In the Bill drawn by Mr. Dillon there had been introduced a just and thoughtful provision, whose omission from Mr. Fortescue's Bill we have always been at a loss to account for. Mr. Dillon's Bill provided that the tenant's compensation 'should not exceed the expenditure incurred in making such 'improvements' (sect. 9). This clause was omitted from the Government Bill, and we have drawn attention to its omission, as we conceive that in any future legislation to secure compensation for a tenant's improvements, the principle affirmed therein



should, in the interest equally of the tenant and the landlord, be adhered to.

Adopting the suggestion of the Land Tenure Committee of 1865, Mr. Fortescue also proposed to substitute a lump sum as compensation in case of a tenant's removal, in lieu of the annuity provided by the Act of 1860. This change was a wise one, and should be borne in mind whenever the question of compensation is again under the consideration of Parliament. In several other points of detail we conceive that the Government Bill of 1866 was susceptible of improvement; but, taken as a whole, it may be regarded as an earnest and statesman-like effort to deal with a perplexing question. Founded as it was on the Bill proposed to Government by Mr. Dillon on behalf of the Irish Liberal representatives, it was, as might have been expected, very generally accepted in Ireland. Indeed, we may say it was looked on at that time by all but the most extreme men on both sides as the foundation at least of a fair and final settlement. It is a fact worth recalling to the notice of those whose duty it will shortly be to legislate on the same subject, that what seems to have caused Mr. Fortescue's measure of 1866 to be so well received amongst the tenant class in Ireland, was the strong encouragement it gave to the granting of leases. Indeed, the 'Dublin Freeman's Journal'—then as now the leading organ of the Irish tenant-right party—went so far as to declare, when comparing Mr. Fortescue's and Lord Naas's Bills in February 1867, that 'the whole value of the (former) measure consisted in the magic word "leases," and the means of inducing landlords to grant them.'

Unfortunately, however, before the Government were able to carry their project into execution, a change of Ministry was brought about, and the reins of government in Ireland were transferred from the hands of Mr. Fortescue to those of Lord Naas. As a matter of course, the 'settlement of the land question,' which for so many years had been the *bête noire* of successive Irish secretaries, was one of the earliest subjects to which the attention of Lord Naas was directed; and accordingly, early in the session of 1867, he introduced a Bill to deal with the whole question. It is needless to enter here into the various details of that measure. Though framed in a liberal spirit, it contained little that was new, and was chiefly remarkable for its adoption of the principle that had been so strenuously objected to by the leading members of Lord Naas's own party in the recent discussions on Mr. C. Fortescue's Bill, namely, that of recognising the right of the tenant to compen-

sation for improvements effected without the expressed consent of his landlord. The chief novelty in Lord Naas's Bill was the proposition to allow tenants to borrow money for improvements on their farms, subject to the approval of a government official, and without obtaining the consent of the owner—such loans to be made a charge on the owner's estate. Although at first sight this seems to English eyes to be an interference with the rights of property, we should not, if looking at the proposal from the stand-point of the public good, be disposed to object to the experiment being tried in Ireland, on the condition that a similar right were reserved for the owners in those cases of tenures by lease where it might be the tenant who would be the obstacle to improvement, and where the landlord is at present powerless alike for good as for evil. It is for the benefit of the commonwealth that the land of Ireland should be made as productive as possible; therefore one object, at least, of legislation should be to bring about that result by encouraging enterprise in tenants as well as in landlords, while carefully avoiding everything calculated to discourage it in either. One would suppose that such a reciprocity would commend itself to anyone really anxious for agricultural and social advancement, and who has faith in the theory that insecurity is the chief bar to the Irish tenants' improvement. It is therefore somewhat discouraging to find that the late Mr. Dillon, when under examination before the Committee of 1865, expressed his unwillingness to accept on the tenant's behalf such a reciprocity of rights. As this is a point of no little importance, we quote the words of Mr. Dillon's answer to Q. 2124:—‘I think it would ‘hardly be compatible with that right of possession which a ‘tenant has, that the landlord could go in at any time he liked ‘and disturb him in his possession, for the purpose of making ‘those improvements which he might choose to make, and to ‘make him pay interest upon it. I do not think it would be ‘compatible with that right of possession which is the most ‘valuable right a tenant has.’ Regarding the question from the same point of view that may possibly have presented itself to Mr. Dillon's mind when making this answer, we can conceive a reasonable objection being raised on the tenant's behalf to recognising such an unlimited right of interference on the part of the landlord, as in the case of a crotchety man might really be made vexatious. But with the same safeguard for the tenant that the law would provide for the landlord, in the interposition of a skilled and unbiassed tribunal to arbitrate between them, if called in by either party, there would be no risk of either being ‘improved out of his property.’ Indeed,

one strong objection that, on economic grounds we entertain to the crude theory of Fixity of Tenure, as it is often popularly understood in Ireland, is our dread of depriving of all future power over, or interest in their properties, those landlords who, without the least intention of displacing the occupying tenants, may be anxious to improve their estates.

Like all his predecessors in office, Lord Naas was hampered by the want of detailed and authentic information as to the *facts* of the present relations between Irish landlords and their tenants. We have little doubt indeed that those who are now preparing a tenant-right Bill for Ireland have frequently been embarrassed from the same cause. It may seem a strange assertion that, on a subject which has been so long under discussion, any further information is still required. Scarcely a day passes, however, without affording fresh proof that the whole *truth* as to Ireland's social condition has not yet been fully and authoritatively ascertained; and that there is not therefore available for the use either of the Ministry or of Parliament as ample information as would be desirable when it is called on to legislate on so momentous a question.\* The contradictory statements that anyone at all closely reading the reports of the proceedings at the late tenant-right meetings will find made even by the leaders of the popular movement, on matters of supposed fact, are sufficient proof that the full truth is not yet generally known. On so unquestionably difficult a subject we should be much surprised if there were not wide differences of opinion as to remedies; but one is hardly prepared for the startling discrepancies as to the nature of the disease itself, which are to be found between the statements of those who seem to be accepted in Ireland as authorities on the subject.

For instance, at a late conference of landlords and tenants in Longford, presided over by the Earl of Granard, who is an extensive landowner, and whose experience of tenant-right meetings must be now well matured, that noble lord is reported to have said, 'Most of the general improvements that have been effected by tenants in Ireland have been made within the last twenty years.' That Lord Granard did not

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\* On this point Mr. Campbell says, 'We have hardly sufficient information to enable Parliament to legislate in a way which would meet all cases in all parts of Ireland. The Devon Commission collected a mass of information, but it is now somewhat out of date. . . . If there must be legislation in detail, another preliminary Commission would probably be necessary.' (Pp. 89, 90.)

intend this as a mere casual statement, is proved by his having made it the basis of an elaborate argument in favour of 'a Government standard of valuation for letting purposes.' But if we refer to the evidence given only five years ago before Mr. Maguire's Committee by Bishop Keane, who appeared as the chosen spokesman of the Irish tenants, we find him stating that, though 'the process of drainage had very much increased' since Emancipation 'on the part of the landlords, agents, gentlemen farmers, and leaseholders,' yet he 'looked on the improvements made by the tenants as *nothing* for the last twenty or thirty years' compared with what they ought to have been, and with what they had been at an earlier period than Emancipation! Now, it is evident that Bishop Keane and Lord Granard cannot both be right; and yet each speaks with a tone of authority and as of a matter ascertained beyond doubt. The point on which they differ is, nevertheless, one purely of fact, and one moreover on which it is of immense importance that Parliament should be accurately informed when called on to legislate as to tenants' existing improvements.\*

The latest exhaustive inquiry that has been held into the state of Ireland was the Devon Commission. Now, although we still often hear the Report and the evidence before that Commission quoted as if it gave a picture of Ireland as it actually is, it is notorious that the social condition of that country has so greatly changed since 1844 that what was then a faithful representation of Ireland no more resembles her present aspect than the portrait of a man of sixty gives us an idea of what the same man was like at twenty. For all present practical purposes Arthur Young's tour is nearly as useful a reference as the Devon Commission.

The only authoritative inquiries that, since Lord Devon's Commission reported, have been held into the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland, have been the Committee of 1865 in the Commons, and that presided over by the Marquess of Clanricarde in the Lords in 1867. Before the former only six witnesses were examined—all chosen as being, amongst

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\* Mr. Maclagan, M.P., writing on this question says, after detailing some examples of tenants who have made *bonâ fide* improvements of late years: 'These are good examples of improving tenants, and must not be considered as representatives of the generality of the tenants in the south; for, though much is said about tenants' improvements, it will often be difficult to discover improvements that have been made of late years.' (P. 37.)

the various classes they represented, specially favourable to what is called the cause of the tenant. The witnesses who gave evidence before the Lords were thirteen in number, and were mostly representatives rather of the landlords' than of the tenants' interests, only two tenant-farmers having been examined. A vast deal of the evidence on either side was not of much practical value, and in the case of the Commons Committee many of the statements made by the witnesses failed to produce their intended effect, when subjected to the test of severe cross-examination. In fact, both Committees left the question very much where they found it, having elicited but comparatively few of those 'stern facts' that are notoriously so difficult to get at in Irish affairs, and without which all legislation must to some extent be a 'leap in the dark.'

In the autumn of 1867 an influential section of the Press in this country urged on the Government the policy of issuing a Royal Commission of inquiry into the land question in Ireland, at the same time that the Royal Commission presided over by Earl Powis was appointed to inquire and report on the condition of Primary Education in that part of the kingdom. With the Reform Bill before them, it was evident that the hands of the Government would be too full during the Session of 1868 to be able to grapple with either the question of the Irish land or with that of popular education. Clearly therefore to issue a Commission with instructions to report within a year, or even within eighteen months, would entail no loss of time in reaching an ultimate settlement of the land question, while the data it would furnish could not fail to be of immense value when the time for legislation arrived. But amongst those who mistrusted the Government it might have been thought that the object of the Ministry in issuing a Royal Commission was only to gain time—to 'stave off the evil hour.' They had already been distinctly accused of such an intention when issuing the Commission on Education, and it was most likely that the same would be said in the case of a Commission to inquire into the relations subsisting between landlords and tenants. There were even those who believed that there might be found landlords in Ireland who would take advantage of the defined respite to clear off their tenants wholesale, and so prepare for the 'bad time coming.' Without pausing to inquire whether it was likely that any such action would really have been taken by Irish landlords, we may mention a suggestion that it is within our own knowledge was made in 1867 to Lord Nass, or more

correctly to the Earl of Mayo, as he had then become—namely, that a Commission of inquiry into the whole social state of Ireland should be at once issued, with power to call up and examine witnesses on oath; that it should be directed to report within a given time—say, within one year, or (if that time were found insufficient to secure an exhaustive inquiry), within two years; and further, that, concurrently with the issuing of the Commission, Parliament should be asked to pass a short Bill to restrain evictions on title in Ireland until such time as the Royal Commission should have reported. Such a scheme as this, it was suggested, would, in the first place, have secured that when legislation could be undertaken, all parties would know what they were about; and that, in the next place, it would have tended to tranquillise excitement and check heedless agitation in Ireland, by proving that both the Ministry and Parliament were really in earnest. It is believed that the late Ministry had it in contemplation to issue such a Commission, but whether or not the latter part of the above suggestion was to have been acted on, we are not in a position to say. The most important perhaps of all the results of such an inquiry would have been that the plausible theorists and inaccurate talkers who, whether on the aristocratic or popular platform, are in Ireland too generally accepted as authorities by their respective parties, would have been forced to descend to the uncongenial level of *facts*, and have had to substantiate or to withdraw their heedless or reckless assertions. We think it is in one of Lever's amusing Irish novels that a story is told of an embryo Galwegian fire-eater whose warlike vapourings were cut short by a practical question from a local 'hero of a hundred fights.' The lad had been boasting of his skill as a marksman, and cited his being able 'to cut the stem off a 'wineglass' at fifteen paces, in proof of what a dangerous antagonist he would be in that coming 'first duel' on which his heart seemed bent. 'Tell me,' interrupted the ancient warrior, 'did you ever cut the stem off a glass that had a pistol in its hand?' Now, what the pistol would have been to the wineglass, an acute cross-examiner, like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, would have been to those targets for illusage and misrepresentation, be they tenants or landlords, that are so numerous on the other side of the Channel!

The time, however, is now past when it would be possible, or perhaps even desirable, to issue such a Commission as we have referred to. Indeed, the general impatience to set this disturbing question at rest would not now brook the delay inseparable from such an investigation. It has therefore become

necessary for Ministers to make use of those numerous sources for obtaining statistical information that are always open to them in the various public departments. Such an inquiry has been lately made through the agency of the Boards of Poor Law Guardians throughout Ireland, as to the number and duration of the agricultural leases that there may be now in existence. Doubtless there will be other important questions to which sufficiently accurate replies may be received before the Cabinet finally decides on the details of the forthcoming Bill.

It has been rumoured also that an inquiry has been set on foot by a committee of large landowners, with the view of practically contradicting by a publication of facts some of those popular accusations against their order, which they allege to be inaccurate. This inquiry is believed to be still in progress; and we presume that it is intended to have the returns tabulated and put into a compendious form, so as to be available for the use of both Houses of Parliament before the opening of the Session. The queries proposed in the circular are said to be fair and practical, and to refer to matters of fact rather than of opinion. If this be so, and that the questions be fairly answered, and the tables dealt with in entire good faith (as we have no reason to doubt that they will be), these returns may be of considerable value. But the more valuable the statistics supplied by them may prove to be, the greater cause will there be to regret that they were not collected by an entirely impartial authority; and thus have been placed above the reach of all suspicion.

We have seen that up to a very late period the demands made on the Irish tenants' behalf fell far short of what we now find them. In 1843 Mr. Daniel O'Connell stated his plan to be 'that the tenant shall be allowed the value of his labour and improvements, unless he gets a renewed lease.' 'My plan,' said he, 'is that no man shall be a tenant for less than twenty-one years.' Speaking at a later date when evictions were far more common than happily they are at present, Mr. O'Connell repudiated the now popular doctrine of fixity of tenure, which he even went so far as to say would be 'mischievous,' inasmuch as it ignored the many for the benefit of the comparatively few. It is true that the really statesmanlike Bill prepared by the late Mr. Justice Shee, and to which prominent allusion has been lately made by Mr. G. H. Moore in his striking letter to the editor of the '*Times*,' was prevented from becoming law quite as much by the ill-judged opposition of a few enthusiasts who thought it did not go far

enough, as by the equally ill-judged resistance of the landlord party who thought it went too far. But the failure thus brought about was accepted as a caution by the popular party in Ireland, and accordingly we find not only that the phrase fixity of tenure was hardly ever heard during the twelve years that immediately followed 1854, but that the idea of making such a demand was over and over again distinctly repudiated, even at the most advanced tenant-right meetings. Since the late Mr. Frederick Lucas was first elected as its representative, the county of Meath has always taken the lead in every agitation for tenant-right. It was accordingly again foremost in taking the field when the agitation recommenced in 1865, after the effects of the three bad seasons of 1862-3-4 had led to a partial renewal of evictions; and at a county meeting held at Navan in April 1865, we find a Roman Catholic clergyman, the Reverend Mr. Dowling, who moved the first resolution, using the following words: 'the people of Meath never advocated fixity of tenure and a general valuation of rents. Meath wanted Sharman Crawford's Bill.' Later in the same year, Bishop Keane, in his evidence before Mr. Maguire's Committee, used the following remarkable words:—

'If I use the word "fixity" for security of tenure, all I mean by it is a title to fair compensation to the tenant on the part of the landlord when the tenant may be leaving a holding that he has improved. I do not know that anyone in Ireland at present attaches a different meaning to it. There was a time when other things were in the minds of some, and it is to be regretted that they were for this reason: that the exaggerated claims put forward excited exaggerated fears on the part of the landlords, and the landlords raised a cry of confiscation, when in reality the immense mass of the people in Ireland are only looking forward to a fair Compensation Bill.'

Such was the state of popular feeling on this subject in 1867, when, as we have already seen, the changes of Ministry that so rapidly succeeded one another, and the political disturbance created by a general election, put a stop for a while to remedial legislation on the Tenure of Land in Ireland.

The course of events that followed the failure of Lord Mayo's Land Bill has been such as, until now, to put it out of the power of either of the great political parties to grapple with the difficulty. The two Sessions of 1868 and 1869 were respectively taken up with Reform and Disestablishment. But Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Bright's repeated declarations, both in and out of Parliament, were accepted in Ireland as an assurance that the introduction of a good measure of tenant-right was only to be postponed for as short a time as might



be absolutely necessary. Therefore, although not much was heard about tenant-right during the excitement caused by the prolonged discussions on Disestablishment, it was well understood that 'the lion was not dead, but sleeping;' and when at length the time of awakening arrived, it soon became evident that the slumber had vastly increased both the vigour and the appetite of the sleeper.\*

We have already pointed out that up to 1866, the programme of the Tenant-Right party was compensation for prospective improvements, and the encouragement of secured tenures by leases of thirty-one years' duration. In the autumn of that year, Mr. Butt published his proposal to give to all tenants who had been in occupation of agricultural holdings for at least three years Parliamentary leases for a term not to exceed sixty-three years, and supported his views in a pamphlet of singular ability, entitled 'A Plea for the Celtic Race.' This he followed up in 1867 by a larger work in the form of a letter to Lord Lifford, and published under the title of 'The Irish People and the Irish Land.' While treating his subject in this work at much greater length than in his earlier pamphlet, Mr. Butt adhered to his former proposal, still looking to leases as the means of attaining the desired security. In recapitulating the points touched on in his letter to Lord Lifford, he says, 'The principle of that which I propose is this—the occupier of the soil ought to be secured in its possession by a lease. We ought not to base our land system on short and uncertain tenures;' and further on, 'I give to the landlord the power of getting rid of the tenant

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\* There can be little doubt that much of the popular excitement and of the exaggerated expectations that have been aroused in Ireland is attributable to the conduct of certain members of the Conservative party during the Parliamentary discussions on Disestablishment in 1869. Actuated by party motives and hoping to impede the course of legislation on the Irish Church, by forcing the Government into a premature declaration of its intentions with regard to the Irish Land Question, even leading members of the Conservative party condescended to misrepresent and exaggerate the language of Ministers, especially of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. But while these noblemen and gentlemen professed to believe that the intentions of Government with regard to Irish property were of a highly revolutionary character, they overlooked or disregarded the fact that their own highly-coloured reports might be really believed, or might be turned by agitators—as actually proved to be the case—to purposes most hostile to the interests of their fellow-landowners in Ireland !

‘ unless he proves himself a good tenant—good both in payment of rent and in the proper cultivation of his farm ’ (p. 240). So far, therefore, we have failed to find any distinct mention or suggestion of that ‘ fixity ’ of tenure of which we now hear so much.

A leading journal has lately informed its readers that it was the Cork Farmers’ Club that first conceived the idea of ‘ substituting eternity for the sixty-three years’ tenure proposed ‘ by Mr. Butt.’ Such, however, is not the fact; and we believe that it is to an English and not to an Irish source that we are indebted for the modern revival of the doctrine of Fixity of Tenure. Whatever credit may attach to the resuscitation of the watchword that has set all Ireland in a flame is said to be due to the popular author of ‘ Tom Brown’s School Days,’ whose proposal took the form of giving to every agricultural tenant in Ireland a right to demand a fee-farm grant, on the one condition of punctually paying his rent. This view was ably supported in the ‘ Spectator,’ and was adopted by Sir John Gray, M.P., who, in a speech to his constituents at Kilkenny in January 1868, proposed to them the bold scheme of Mr. Thomas Hughes, with certain modifications, as ‘ something like a true tenant-right.’ But even then Sir John Gray was far from going the full length to which popular demands, if taken literally, have since extended. He proposed to amalgamate with Mr. Hughes’s scheme that proposed by Mr. Bright in his speech at the Dublin banquet, in 1866, and which in his description of it the member for Kilkenny amplified into a proposal that ‘ every absentee landlord should be *forced* to sell his land.’ ‘ I would not like,’ said Sir John Gray, ‘ to say to a landlord, “ You must give a “ lease in fee-farm whether you like it or not,” without giving him an alternative. . . . I think it would be *unjust* and *cruel* to tie him down to the land as to a stake, when his ownership had become hampered by restrictions of which he did not approve. . . . Such a man,’ continued the speaker, ‘ ought to be allowed to sell, and be even *materially assisted* towards getting the highest price. . . . I would say to the Irish landlord, “ Give a fee-farm or sell—take your choice.” ’ But of that ‘ material assistance ’ on which Sir J. Gray very fairly laid so much stress as a necessary safeguard from ‘ injustice and cruelty,’ we now hear not a word. When we reflect that Sir J. Gray’s speech was the practical commencement of the tenant-right agitation in its present form, and that hardly twenty-two months have elapsed since that speech

was delivered, we can scarcely wonder if most Irish landlords, and some English ones,\* should have begun to feel anxious as to their future in the face of so strangely rapid a development of public opinion! But this throwing over of what used then to be called the 'safeguard to the just rights of the landlord,' is by no means confined to the above instance. Mr. Bright's proposition that *inducements should be held out to Irish absentee landowners to sell their properties to the State, for ultimate resale to the occupiers*, is now quoted in Ireland as 'the proposition of the President of the Board of Trade to force the sale of absentee estates.' Mr. Mill's proposal was to give absolute fixity of tenure at a rent to be determined at first, and which was to remain for ever unaltered. It included, however, the very material proviso that the future rent was to be 'an annual payment that was to be an equivalent to the landlord for the rent he now receives, and for the present value of whatever prospect there might be of an increase from any other source than the peasant's own exertions.' Another extremely important proviso remained behind, i.e. 'this annual sum should be secured to the landlord, under the guarantee of the State;' so that he would be saved from all expense of collection, and all future losses that might arise from the inability or unwillingness of the tenants to pay their fixed rents. According to the present popular programme—whose advocates are constantly quoting Mr. Mill in support of their demands—the only part of his real scheme which is remembered is that which benefits the tenant. The security and increase of rent that were to be the landlord's equivalent for the loss of his other advantages are never mentioned.

We must, however, except, when making this statement, the scheme proposed by Mr. E. O'Brien, son of the late well-known William Smith O'Brien, and at present High Sheriff for the county of Limerick. We may say at once that of all the 'extreme' schemes proposed we consider that of Mr. O'Brien the most practical, the least unjust to the landlords, and on the whole the best thought out that we have met with. Mr. O'Brien starts with the expression of opinion that 'the true end to be kept in view is nothing less than the pacification of Ireland by the final settlement of the land question ;

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\* 'The claim for the extension of tenant-right to England, which has been agitated in some of the chambers of agriculture, has already sensibly affected the land market, disinclining prudent persons to invest in property so threatened. It is also alarming mortgagees not a little.' (*Law Times*, December 1869.)

‘and that for the attainment of such an end scarcely any sacrifice would be too great.’ He proceeds to consider the demand for ‘fixity of tenure,’ the ‘one cry that rises clear above the din of discussion and complaint—which has long assailed and at last penetrated the ears of our statesmen.’ This cry is not, he tells us, ‘a mere cry of impracticable socialists; it springs from a vague but true perception of the causes of the depression under which the agricultural interest, and with it the whole prosperity of Ireland, labours.’ The causes of this depression he believes to be ‘the general want of security for improvements (whether effected by the landlord or the tenant) and the want of freedom in the circulation of land.’ The chief feature of his plan he states to be ‘the establishment throughout Ireland of a legal right founded on and closely resembling the privilege which custom has secured to the Ulster tenants.’ The nature of the tenant-right which he proposes would be ‘the right of occupiers to hold their farms for ever at a fixed rent (which would be the present fair letting value), and to sell or bequeath their interest subject to certain conditions.’ The persons who should be entitled to acquire this tenant-right should be all tenants of *bonâ fide* agricultural holdings, ‘holding by lease or yearly tenancy on the 1st of January, 1870,’ with certain important exceptions, to which we shall again refer. ‘The mode of acquisition should be by statutable form of lease for ever, to which persons having the next interest in reversion, or their trustees, should be parties.’ We now come to the ‘safeguard against injustice,’ which, in common with Mr. Mill, Mr. O’Brien thinks the landlord fairly entitled to, and which is altogether omitted in the popular treatment of the subject. In this scheme the landlord’s ‘compensation,’ if we may call it so, takes the form of ‘a lump sum equal to four years’ rent of the holding, to be paid to the immediate landlord, or to trustees for the reversioner.’ According to Mr. Mill’s proposition, it will be remembered that this compensation was to be a permanent increase of the annual rent. Here we have a marked instance of the superiority of practical knowledge over theory; the country squire having hit on a scheme that would at least work, and not be permanently unpopular; while the philosopher proposes what (though at first sight it seems very much the same thing) would create perpetual heartburnings in the breast of even the ‘fixed’ Irish tenant, who dislikes nothing so much as what he calls a ‘rised rent.’ The exceptions to those entitled to claim ‘fixity’ under Mr. O’Brien’s scheme are most important, as, if they were agreed to by the popular party, his scheme would

be freed from much that is objectionable in the crude policy that is understood to be embodied in the term *Fixity of Tenure* as popularly used in Ireland. The exceptions he proposes are as follow:—1. Tenants of demesne lands. 2. Tenants in Ulster of farms the customary tenant-right of which has been bought up by the landlord. 3. Tenants of farms held by custom on very short terms.\* 4. Tenants not residing within (say) ten miles of the farm. 5. Labourers habitually employed by the landlord, and occupying holdings with houses set apart for them as such labourers.† 6. Middlemen, and generally all persons whose occupation is not farming, as agents, bailiffs, clergymen, &c. We do not think that any provision is made in Mr. O'Brien's scheme for reserving power to the owner, even through appeal to a public tribunal, to insist on the execution of improvements, such as drainage—which may be neglected by the tenant and which may yet be manifestly for his advantage, as well as necessary for that of the district.‡ Practical men, who know by experience the difficulties often thrown in the way of improvements—especially arterial drainage—by impracticable or ignorant leaseholders or freeholders, will see how important to the future agricultural progress of

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\* These would, we presume, include all corn-acre tenancies, and those annual lettings of grazing farms that have of late years become very common, especially in Meath.

† This seems so reasonable that it is difficult to conceive that an objection could be raised to it; but the following report of a dialogue that actually took place a few weeks ago, in which a shining light amongst tenant-righters took the part of answerer, will tend to show the ideas that are just now afloat in the popular mind in Ireland:—  
 'Q. Is fixity of tenure to apply to the smallest holdings?—A. Yes. Q. Even to the case of a labourer's cottage and garden?—A. Yes. Q. If my ploughman neglects his work or steals my oats, cannot I get rid of him and get another in his place?—A. Certainly; but you must not take his house and garden from him. Q. But where am I to lodge his successor? Must I build another house for him?—A. I suppose so. Q. If, however, the second man die—can I get my second ploughman's house from his widow?—A. No. Q. I must build a third then?—A. Well, I suppose you must!'

‡ Even now cases are by no means unfrequent where, from past subdivision of farms, the allotments of the land between different small holders is extremely inconvenient, and leads to trespass and consequent ill-will. In practice it is found almost impossible to correct this palpable evil except by a somewhat despotic exercise of landlord authority. This, as well as many other similar impediments to good husbandry and general improvement, would be perpetuated by 'Fixity of Tenure.'

Ireland it will be that in any scheme of legislation intended to give security of occupancy to the Irish tenant, some such power as we have alluded to should be reserved either to the owner of the land or to some tribunal of reference—such as the Board of Works.\*

We cannot close our remarks on Mr. O'Brien's thoughtful and earnest pamphlet without laying before our readers his final paragraph—

'In conclusion, I would venture to suggest that everyone who sets himself seriously to investigate this subject should begin by asking himself to which of two ends, *that are probably for the moment incompatible*, legislation ought in his opinion to be directed—whether to the establishment of some system which, *though unsuited to the immediate exigencies of Ireland*, shall be in strict harmony with the doctrines of political economy, and approach as nearly as possible to theoretic perfection, or to the removal of the deep-seated disloyalty that paralyses Irish enterprise and threatens not Ireland only, but the Empire, with perils none the less formidable because to superficial observers they sometimes seem contemptible.'

The italics in the above passage are ours, and we have called attention to the words so noted as in them lies the gist of the whole matter. In other words, Mr. O'Brien asks us:—1. Are the fundamental doctrines of political economy compatible with Ireland's prosperity? 2. Can Irish disloyalty be uprooted by any legislation falling short of an actual transfer of the ownership of the soil? To both questions we unhesitatingly answer—Yes. And in this opinion we are supported by every one of the practical English and Scottish gentlemen who have visited Ireland during the past year for the purpose of seeing things with their own eyes.

The present popular demand which is expressed in the pithy formula, fixity of tenure at fair rents, has been broadly defined as the giving a right of perpetual occupancy to every present

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\* The following is Mr. Samuelson's opinion on this branch of the question:—'The labourers' houses are wretched beyond description, and 'it would be extremely undesirable, if for no other reason, at any rate 'for the sake of the example which many proprietors have begun to 'set by the erection of suitable dwellings for these poor people, that 'the landlords should cease to have any interest in their estates beyond 'that of annuitants. It is quite true that the improvement which has 'been begun by them is yet very limited compared with the work to 'be done. But in a country where large and wealthy farmers are so 'few in number, I fear that generations must pass away before the 'labourers' houses are improved, unless it be by the public spirit and 'humanity of the landlords.' (Pp. 23, 24.)

agricultural tenant in Ireland, at a rent to be fixed by an impartial valuer.\* Those who make this demand, do so on the following grounds:—1. That ‘capricious’ evictions are now possible, and actually do take place; 2. That in order to secure the property of the tenant, and by so doing to calm the prevailing discontent, ‘capricious’ evictions must be put an end to; 3. That this cannot be done by any other means than those proposed. In other words, it is said that to promote Ireland’s future prosperity it is absolutely necessary to make every man who may at this moment happen to be in occupation of land in Ireland, the perpetual owner of that land, subject to the payment of a rent-charge; and to take away from those who have hitherto been the owners all the advantages of ownership except the right of receiving a rent, fixed as to the supposed producing power of the soil, but varying according to the prices of farm produce.† These are the propositions into which it will be the duty of the Ministry and of Parliament to examine, and which we now propose very briefly to consider, before we pass on to a review of the less extreme proposals that have been made for pacifying Ireland.

In a remarkable correspondence, to which we shall further on have occasion again to refer, a Roman Catholic dignitary is reported to have said that, ‘if in order to save the whole ‘country from the ruin that would be brought upon it by the ‘extirpation of the farming class,’—which he admitted would be an ‘extreme case,’—it became necessary to make the tenants

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\* Professor E. Thorold Rogers wrote a letter to Sir John Gray which appeared in the ‘Dublin Freeman’s Journal’ in September of the past year, in which, after having had, as he explains, the best opportunities for learning the views of the leaders of the tenant-right agitation, he agrees with them in believing that ‘the only remedy is that of turning ‘the non-occupying landowner into the recipient of a fixed rent-charge, ‘payable in money, but calculated to save changes in the value of money, ‘in produce.’ He adds, ‘I would also put a treble income-tax on the ‘absentee owner of such rent-charge.’ So that the Professor would first dispossess the landlord by converting his rights over the soil into a rent-charge, and then mulct him by taxing that rent-charge three-fold.

† Mr. MacLagan having given a definition very similar to the above of what he understands, ‘after full inquiry,’ by the term ‘Fixity of Tenure,’ says, ‘This somewhat resembles what we call “Feus” in ‘Scotland, where a tenant gets the land for ever at a fixed rent. But ‘the tenant never expects that that rent shall be the agricultural value ‘of the land, but he cheerfully gives a very much larger sum. Thus ‘land worth agriculturally 1*l.* per acre will be feued for 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 20*l.*, ‘or more per acre according to circumstances, the tenant paying ever ‘afterwards the rent agreed on at first, without any more valuations.’

of Ireland 'hold their farms independently of their landlords,' then 'there could be no doubt of the justice of that remedy.' We may at once say that we frankly accept this proposition—one that would be equally applicable to Great Britain as to Ireland, and one, we must add, based on an hypothesis that is not a whit more likely to be realised in the one country than in the other.\* It is the fashion to represent Irish landlords as perpetually indulging in capricious evictions. The lamentable scenes of 1846–7–8 are held up over and over again before the minds of an excitable people as pictures of landlord-tyranny—as it is. The great and rapid decline of the population between the census of 1841 and that which next followed it, is still spoken of at public meetings as if it were solely the work of the landlords. Now we would put to those who speak thus the pithy question that Mr. Butt so forcibly intersperses with his detail of Ireland's wrongs—Is this true?†

Do any of those who now represent a practical transfer of the Irish land as the sole possible means of preserving the Irish race, and who found their argument on the events of the famine period, honestly believe that fixity of tenure—nay, that absolute ownership of the land they tilled—would have saved from destruction or emigration—would (to use a popular formula) have 'rooted on the soil' those hundreds of thousands of the poor Irish peasantry, who, in company with a vast number of Irish landlords, disappeared amidst the universal desolation of the potato-famine? We are far from seeking to screen the landlords of Ireland from any blame that is their just due. We are quite willing to admit that that blame is very heavy—we know full well that there are still not a few men amongst them in whose hands it is neither just nor politic to leave the irresponsible power the law now gives them. We would gladly aid in taking from such men that evil power; but we still protest, in the name of policy, of justice, and of truth, against making out the Irish landlords to be worse than

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\* In the 'Criminal and Judicial Statistics of Ireland' there are to be found returns and estimates of the total number of Civil Bill Ejectments and Ejectments in the Superior Courts, that have taken place in Ireland during the past three years. The number has been lessening year by year, from 1,668 cases in 1866 to 1,334 cases in 1868. The average of the three years gives of such ejectments 1,455 for each year, of which 1,015 would probably be for non-payment of rent, while only 440 would be for 'overholding.' There would be therefore of such a character as might be popularly termed 'capricious,' only one eviction for about 13,000 of the present population of Ireland!

† Plea for the Celtic Race.



they really are, and of exciting against them in the minds of an impulsive peasantry those evil feelings that have too often found a vent in murderous outrage. We do not refer alone to those late deplorable exhibitions where persons whose holy office should have been their safeguard, permitted themselves to be betrayed—we will hope in the excitement of unprepared popular speaking—into using expressions that, spoken when and where they were, fell little short of being actual incitements to assassination, and which must have been a source of bitter pain and scandal to all but the most ignorant and unthinking of their co-religionists. We speak as well of those who, whether in the press or on the platform, are day after day, or week after week, holding up the landlords of Ireland, as a body, to undeserved odium. The fact seems to be ignored that there are such things as bad tenants in Ireland. Yet those who have lately visited that country with the special object of ascertaining her true condition, and whose experience of the tenure and management of land in Great Britain entitles them to speak with authority, tell us that there are on a vast number of Irish estates tenants who have practical, if not legal, fixity of tenure, so long as they pay the very moderate rents demanded; but who are, nevertheless, ‘such bad tenants, so impoverished, so ignorant, so unimproving, that their presence on a well-managed English estate would not be tolerated for six months.’ Such things are ignored by those who habitually paint what is called ‘landlordism’ in the most odious colours. That there are two sides to the picture is never admitted, or, if it be, care is always taken to keep the same side to the wall!\*

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\* Mr. MacLagan says, ‘Times are changed and landlords are changed with them. . . . The class of noblemen and gentlemen owners of extensive estates, whose families have been long in possession of their lands, generally show more consideration—I should say indulgence—for tenants on their estates, than in almost any estate in England or Scotland. The farms are low rented, and the tenants contented, though they are only tenants from year to year. In many cases the tenants are now assisted in all permanent improvements; perhaps in some instances this is carried too far, for it is quite as possible to spoil a tenant as it is to spoil a child, by over-indulgence. . . . I do not say there are no bad landlords in Ireland. I know some cases of cruel oppression, and in legislating we should put it out of the power of a bad landlord to perpetrate injustice, cruelty, and oppression; but we should not fetter the good landlord. . . . From what I have seen of the landlords, I am most hopeful of the future of Ireland so far as they are concerned.’ Our Irish friends would do well to bear in mind that these

It is too generally assumed that Irish landlords have had no share in bringing about that agricultural improvement that has according to all accounts been slowly but surely in progress in most parts of Ireland since 1851. We believe that that improvement has been considerable, although Mr. Caird, a high authority on such matters, and not a stranger to Ireland's past condition, expresses his disappointment at not having found it greater than it is. Be that as it may, the statements made by many of the witnesses before Lord Clanricarde's Committee leave no doubt that very large sums have been spent of late years by many Irish landlords—chiefly the owners of extensive estates—in building, draining, and other improvements on their properties. It may be quite possible—indeed we have no doubt whatever that it is so—that the expenditure, if counting labour as well as money, of the tenantry of Ireland in what are (at any rate from their point of view) improvements, has been far in excess of that of all the landlords put together; but it is also true that a portion at least of what the tenants have themselves done, particularly of late years, they have been induced to do by the example and encouragement, sometimes in money or allowances, sometimes in exhortation and advice, that they have received from their landlords or their agents. If we want to act justly as regards the past, we must bear these facts in mind. If we want to encourage improvement in the future, and not rest satisfied merely with stopping an outcry and relegating the responsibility of the ultimate day of reckoning to our sons or our grandsons, we shall be careful so to shape our legislation as to enlist in the cause of progress the assistance of every energetic Irishman, whether he be an owner or an occupier of the land. Those who represent fixity of tenure pure and simple, as the one only possible remedy for Irish evils, seem to us to base their conclusions upon an erroneous assumption. When pressed in argument, they are obliged to admit the backward state of Irish agriculture, the poverty of many of the small farming class, and the still low, though improved condition of the labourer. They aver (which as we have seen is not generally true) that Irish landlords do nothing for their estates except receive the rents. They say, what is unfortunately only too true, that as a rule the Irish yearly tenant has no legal security that what he sows he shall reap. They say, which is only to a small extent true, that the

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are the opinions of one of the 'Scotch Radicals' whose aid will be indispensable in carrying any measure that is to deal with the Irish Land Question.

labourers are poor and discontented because farmers without security will not employ more labour than is absolutely necessary to preserve the hand-to-mouth existence of an Irish tenant-at-will.\* Now we freely admit that in all these statements there is a certain modicum of truth. But the one erroneous assumption that underlies the whole is that *security of tenure* is the *only* thing the present occupiers of the Irish soil want to insure their own and their country's prosperity. In the first place it must be borne in mind that even those witnesses most favourable to the popular cause, who gave evidence before the Committee of 1865, stated it as their opinion that occupiers of less than from fifteen to twenty acres† of 'good' land could not as a rule 'get on;' and yet such holdings are about half of the whole that are to be found in Ireland.‡ There are many also, who have not got that plodding industry that is

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\* We lately heard of a well-to-do tenant in an eminently tillage district, whose rent is 100*l.* a-year, and who holds a cheap farm on a twenty-one years' lease, going to his landlord with the following request: 'I want your honour to put a slated roof on my house and offices, and I am willing to pay 5 per cent. interest on what you spend on it. / *I find labour getting so dear now* that I intend putting most of my land 'in grass, and then I shan't have straw to thatch the roofs; so I'd 'rather pay the extra money for the comfort of slates.' The landlord to whom the request was made acceded to it. He, however, could not help expressing to the tenant his surprise at the statement as to the rate of wages having become exorbitant, he himself being able to get as many men as he wished at 7*s.* a week, *constant employment*.

† Evidence of Bishop Keane, Q. 3820. Evidence of Mr. J. B. Dillon, Q. 2109.

‡ This is an opinion which we do not share. 'Philocelt' tells us that 'there are not a few resident landlords — keenly interested in the management of their estates, who though too humane to eject such a tenant (one holding less than fifteen acres), as long as he pays his rent, trust to the chapter of accidents to get rid of him some time or other. They don't believe, in spite of multiplied instances to the contrary, throughout Europe and in Ireland itself, that 'small holders can prosper.' 'Philocelt' entirely dissents, as do we, from such a view, and he quotes Lord Carnarvon to prove that 'a certain proportion of small holdings are very useful.' Mr. Maclagan, Mr. Samuelson, and Mr. Caird, after a careful consideration of this question, have arrived at the same conclusion. Both Mr. Maclagan and Mr. Samuelson quote in support of this opinion the balance-sheets of small model farms that they inspected—the one at Pilltown in Kilkenny, the other at Oldcastle in Meath. Anyone examining these accounts will be led to doubt the truth of the oft-repeated assertion that the Irish small farmer, if he would only till his land to the best advantage, would better his social position by becoming a hired farm labourer.

required, above all men, by a peasant cultivator, be he tenant or owner of the land he tills. There are the habitual idlers, whose well-known faces are never missed at fair or market, wake or wedding, and whose wretched farms too plainly tell the tale of their neglect.\* In a word, there are amongst Irish farmers, as amongst every other class in the world, idle and thriftless men who are all the better for being accessible to a little kindly and judicious pressure as a means of arousing their slumbering energy. We are very far indeed from undervaluing the many good qualities of our Irish fellow-countrymen, but we are convinced that it serves no good purpose to ignore in them the existence of defects that are to be found in every country, and amongst all classes of society.

It has been lately said by an able public writer, that 'fixity of tenure would stereotype every evil that Ireland now suffers from, excepting insecurity alone.' Without altogether agreeing with this bold assertion, we confess our misgivings that a measure merely rooting the present occupiers in the soil, subject to no further conditions than the payment of a fixed rent, would in the end retard that progress in civilisation that Ireland so much requires. While it is essential to secure to the already improving tenant, and to the tenant who is anxious to improve, the fullest security for the enjoyment of what he has created, it is equally necessary to be careful that the scheme of legislation proposed shall not deprive those landlords who also may be anxious to improve, of all interest—or, perhaps, we should say, of all power to do so. Mr. Campbell, in the thoughtful and impartial volume named in the list at the head of this article, tells us that having examined the Irish land question by the light of his Indian experience, he has come to the conclusion that 'though we must go a good deal further than any land Bill yet proposed,' . . . 'it is unnecessary to transfer the whole of the landlords' rights to the tenants.' That 'we might take a middle course between that extreme and the other extreme of refusing everything that would afford real satisfaction to the masses.' Having detailed a plan which he says 'we might adopt if Ireland were India,' he

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\* Mr. MacLagan says: 'In an ordinary week-day market in Ireland, we have as large crowds as in an annual fair-day in Scotland. . . . The Irish farmer appears to glory in the market-days, which, I think, are far too numerous for all the business that is done in them. . . . I have known three days in the week devoted to the marketing of farm produce. . . . And the farmer and some member of his family would consider it their duty to attend on all three days. . . . He cannot understand that his time is money.'

concludes that such an extreme plan must be modified, 'since we are not altogether foreign rulers, since Ireland is already in some degree a colony, since we have there already some landlords who do improve, and to whom we must look to lead *'agricultural improvement'* in the future. It cannot be too firmly impressed on the minds of our lawgivers, that what Ireland wants is such legislation as will bind the hands of bad landlords, so that they shall cease to do evil, without at the same time fettering those of good landlords, so that perforce they must cease to do good.

We have already referred to the inquiries into the statistics of the land question that have been set on foot by Government, and to those that are being conducted on behalf of a committee of Irish landlords. But the valuable information that will be thus obtained will form but a small part of that which will be at the disposal of Parliament when the Session opens. While official and semi-official investigations as to matters of fact have been in active progress, amateur inquirers have been ceaselessly scouring the country—north, south, east, and west—and those whom an Irish authority has dubbed 'vagabond Saxons' have been 'doing' Ireland as even Ireland has never been 'done' before! Members both of the present and the late Cabinets have been amongst the tourists. Political economists and learned professors have gone over to study Ireland, and have given, or are about to give, the world the benefit of their conclusions as to her wants. Representatives of almost every section of every party in this country have joined in the great work of helping to settle the Irish land question. Amongst the latter have been several gentlemen whose known practical knowledge on subjects connected with agriculture renders their opinions of especial value. Mr. Caird, Mr. H. Thompson, Mr. Campbell, Mr. C. Read, Mr. Samuelson, Mr. M'Combie, and Mr. Maclagan are all of them men who not only understand the practical management of land, but who also bring to bear on the consideration of this question an intimate acquaintance—some as landowners, some as tenant-farmers themselves—with the rules and customs that govern the relations between those classes in various parts of Great Britain. The 'Times,' too, has aided in enlightening public opinion in this country by commissioning a gentleman of literary ability and possessing much practical knowledge of Irish affairs to make a tour of investigation throughout all parts of Ireland, and to detail in its pages the results of his inquiries. Lord Lifford, Lord Airlie, Mr. Charles Buxton, and many other casual correspondents, have also been allowed the privilege of

making public their views through the columns of the leading journal. In the 'Daily News' there appeared a letter from Mr. B. Samuelson, M.P. for Banbury, full of interesting facts as well as thoughtful suggestions, and which has since reappeared, with sundry additions, in pamphlet form. In the same journal have been published a series of very able and practical letters signed 'Philocelt,' whose author, not content (as so many amateur legislators are) with picking holes in the proposals of their neighbours, has put forward a scheme of his own founded on the same principle on which Master Fitzgibbon has based his proposal—namely, to make security of tenure contingent on improved management. 'What is really wanted,' writes 'Philocelt,' 'is to place fixity of tenure within reach of every tenant who deserves it; and this may be done without violating any principle of economy, or consequently any right of property, to which the landlord has a moral claim.' He adopts the principle of Mr. C. Fortescue's Bill of 1867, that a tenant improving, with or without the consent of his landlord, should be entitled to compensation, and also Master Fitzgibbon's suggestion that the compensation should take the form of a lease proportionate to the rise which the improvement effected in the letting value. But 'Philocelt' would go a step further, and protect, not only the tenant who had improved, but the tenant who intended to improve, from being evicted in consequence of an attempt to carry out his intention. The details of his plan are given at length, and seem to be as simple, and to throw as few difficulties and discouragements in the way of the tenant, as is possible, consistently with a business-like settlement. He provides for an appeal by the tenant to that tribunal which all writers on the subject seem to agree will be necessary for carrying out any scheme of legislation. By a simple arrangement he secures the tenant against the possible danger of receiving a notice to quit on proposing to improve—an objection which was so often urged by the opponents of the Act of 1860. He at the same time provides for giving to the landlord the option of carrying out the required work himself—we presume also with the sanction of the same tribunal—and charging the tenant a fixed percentage on the outlay, thus leaving his capital free for the ordinary working of the farm.\* In 'Philocelt's' scheme, as published in the 'Daily

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\* The advantage of leaving this option to the landlord has been admitted by all those who have hitherto attempted to deal with this matter, and special provisions for so doing are to be found in the Bills prepared by the late Justice Shee, and by Mr. G. H. Moore.

'News,' no special provision is made for securing the tenant in the enjoyment of the improvements he has induced the landlord to undertake, and which he had expressed his own willingness to effect. Such an addition to the scheme, by entitling the tenant (whose enterprise had, so to speak, set the landlord in motion) to a lease (say) of twenty-one years, at the original rent *plus* the interest, would remove the only difficulty that, as it seems to us, could be reasonably raised by the class of enterprising tenants against this scheme.\* 'Philocelt' concludes his able series of letters with the following sentence: 'I fear that it (his) proposal) will be looked upon by too many Irish proprietors, who cannot realise the present position of this most momentous question, as little less revolutionary than the platform of the Munster delegates. But the fixity of tenure which they advocate would smite Ireland as with a curse. Fixity of tenure, conditional on improvement, would be life from the dead.'

Master Fitzgibbon's somewhat similar plan, which has in many quarters been very well received, is thus fairly epitomised by Mr. Campbell:—

'After very vividly setting forth the claims of the tenants, and showing as one in his position can with much authority show, that their demand is not confiscation but justice, he proposes a scheme by which they should be entitled to give notice to a public office of their intention to improve, and the improvements being found reasonable, should carry them out, and then should be entitled, in consequence of such improvements, to leases for terms proportionate to the amount of the improvement. In fact, a man who always goes on improving may so keep ahead of the expiration of his leases that he can never be turned out.'

An objection that is raised by Mr. Campbell and, as we think, reasonably, to this scheme is, that it applies only to future improvements, and that no specified time is to be given to enable tenants to undertake improvements. 'It would,' says Mr. Campbell, 'be ineffectual if it does not provide for improvements already made.' The manner in which Mr. Campbell proposes to amend this defect in Master Fitzgibbon's scheme is by adopting, with slight alteration, the proposal of Mr. Dillon that, in all cases where the tenant has been suffered to build and improve, he should get a lease for thirty-one years and his

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\* Since the above was written the author of Philocelt's letters, writing in his own name—Gustavus Tuite Dalton—in the 'Daily Telegraph,' has supplied the omission here referred to.

life\* at a fair rent, as a compensation for all *past* improvements, except in the comparatively few cases in which the existing improvements are so extensive as to entitle him to a longer term on Mr. Fitzgibbon's scale. When we were treating this subject in these pages three years ago, at a time when the idea of demanding retrospective legislation had been abandoned by the representatives of the popular party in Ireland, we stated that, were such legislation still demanded, 'we could not refuse to consider the justice of the claim; for we were disposed to hold with Lord Dufferin—that, unless 'the past is first dealt with, it will be impossible to come to 'a just settlement with regard to the future.'† The opinion we then expressed is still unchanged; and now that the idea of settling with the past before we deal with the future has been revived, we must re-assert our belief that, in justice and in policy, such a course is absolutely necessary. It would secure to those tenants who have really been improvers that to which no honourable man could deny their moral right. It is quite possible, on the other hand, that a great many tenants would be unable to show much to entitle them to make a serious claim against their landlords, and that this result would lead to disappointment. But it would surely be a public benefit to silence, once for all, the conflicting statements—that in Ireland *no* tenants improve, and that which is equally false in fact, that *all* tenants are improvers.

Besides the foregoing proposals for dealing with this difficult question, there have been (amongst many others) four that have attracted special attention. We allude to those of Mr. Caird, Mr. Samuelson, Mr. MacLagan, and Mr. C. Read, all Members of the House of Commons. The space at our disposal does not permit us to give as detailed a sketch of Mr. Caird's practical pamphlet as we should be glad to do. We must content ourselves therefore with stating the leading conclusions to which his attentive study of the question has led him. He considers the present time favourable for attempting a change. Compulsion on either side is not necessary. All impediments to granting leases should be removed, and the system of leasing for fixed terms should be encouraged. The presumption of law as to buildings, &c. should be altered. Tenants not holding by lease should have presumed right of occupancy for five years. Ulster tenant-right should be recognised by law where the

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\* In Mr. Dillon's and Mr. Fortescue's Bills the term was thirty-one years *without any life*.

† Edin. Rev., Jan. 1867, p. 216.



custom has been regularly in operation, or, if both parties desire it, might be bought up by landlords, aided by State loans. A special court or commission should be appointed to decide all points in dispute between landlords and tenants. No eviction to be legal unless intention to evict shall have been widely published for some time beforehand in certain newspapers. Mr. Caird also attaches great value to the plan proposed by Mr. Bright, of giving Government assistance to tenants wishing to buy their farms from owners wishing to sell; and in a few clear and short sentences he explains the probable operation of that scheme. He makes, in reference to this plan, a remark in which we entirely agree with him, namely, that 'the presence of an independent and intelligent middle class, a connecting link between the great landowner and the farmer, is much wanted in Ireland.' Having already quoted the concluding sentence of Mr. E. O'Brien's pamphlet, where a belief was expressed that legislation of a character that in this country would be considered revolutionary is absolutely necessary for Ireland, we think it right to give also the concluding passage of Mr. Caird's book, where a contrary opinion is strongly maintained:—'Consequences of vast importance are involved in the wise settlement of this question. The peace of Ireland and the strength of a really united kingdom may be gained and consolidated. . . . But this may all be done without trenching on sound economical principles, or infringing the just rights of property.'

Mr. Samuelson's pamphlet, although short, is full of interest, and is evidently the work of a practical and impartial man. He leans towards seeking a settlement in the Ulster tenant-right custom. Where that custom exists, he would give to it the sanction of law. Where it has not hitherto been in operation, he would introduce it. He would not deprive the owner of the right of re-entry, but he would make it difficult for him to evict capriciously, by 'putting the value of "disturbance" at a high figure.' Capricious increases of rent he would check by allowing to the tenant 'a counter-demand of compulsory purchase by the landlord.' He considers a supreme tribunal of appeal indispensable, inasmuch as 'the details of such a law, as to leasehold interests, and a variety of minor considerations and reservations, could only be worked out by persons intimately acquainted with Irish law, customs, and circumstances.'

Mr. MacLagan has gone very much more into detail than either Mr. Caird or Mr. Samuelson. He has evidently taken no little pains to discover the true origin of the tenant-right

custom, as it is found more or less developed in various parts of Ireland outside Ulster; but he seems not to have reached an entirely satisfactory conclusion. He repeats three different explanations he has heard given of its origin. By the first explanation, the tenant's claim is for value of unexhausted improvements; by the last two, it is for right of occupancy, which may or may not include compensation for unexhausted improvements. Mr. Maclagan makes various suggestions as to alterations in the land laws of Ireland, and supports his views at length. His recommendations include the encouragement of arterial and thorough drainage, and making reclamation of waste lands compulsory by Act of Parliament. If the owners will not undertake it, the lands should be purchased by the State, and re-sold in small lots to those who will engage to improve them within a limited time. His suggestions as to the alterations of law required for amending the relations between landlord and tenants are, that every means be taken to encourage the granting of leases. This result he proposes to reach by enacting that if, during the five or six years after the passing of the Act, proprietors and tenants do not voluntarily enter into written agreements about their holdings, 'the presumption of law will be that there is a tacit consent to a lease of nineteen or twenty-one years' duration; and that, if evicted at the end of that time, the tenant will be entitled to compensation for unexhausted permanent improvements made within (say) the ten or twelve years immediately preceding,—or the presumption will be, that he has a lease of thirty-one years without being entitled to any such compensation.' He also proposes to establish courts of equity or arbitration; to make one year's notice necessary before eviction; to presume in all cases of eviction in the south of Ireland (excepting for non-payment of rent) that the tenant has a right of occupation for five years, and is therefore entitled to receive five years' rent; that the Ulster tenant-right be recognised by law; that money be advanced to landlords for purchase of tenant-rights on the same terms as for improvements on their estates; and, finally, that tenants be allowed to borrow money from the Board of Works on the same terms as landlords. Our limits of space do not allow us to follow Mr. Maclagan any further; but we can safely recommend his pamphlet, as being full of interest and information, to anyone wishing to learn a great deal of the truth about Ireland. The recommendation with which Mr. Maclagan concludes, 'that the people should shake themselves free from the thralldom of priestcraft and landlordism,' is one that will probably be received with some astonishment in Ire-

land—certainly by both of the parties alluded to. No doubt many of the landlords believe, and do not conceal their belief, that the priests are at the bottom of all the mischief. It is equally certain that many of the priests think and say the same thing of the landlords. But it will be quite a novel sensation for both to find themselves thus bracketed together as the bifurcated root of all their country's misfortunes!

Mr. C. S. Read, M.P., who, being himself a tenant-farmer, always speaks with authority in the House of Commons on matters connected with agriculture, took part in one or two of the latest debates on the Irish Land Question. Satisfied, in the main, with the state of the land laws in this country, he was at that time unable to see any reason why the same laws should not be equally satisfactory to Irish tenants. He has, however, visited Ireland during the past autumn, and has since his return taken one or two opportunities at agricultural meetings to make public the results of his inquiries.\* He now states that he has, since his visit to Ireland, altered his opinion with regard to tenants' buildings:—

'I was bold enough to say in the House of Commons,' he tells his hearers, 'that I thought the present law sufficient—that if the tenant built upon the land and the incoming tenant or landlord would not buy those buildings, he could sell them or remove them if he pleased. I thought that would be enough; but having been in Ireland for five weeks, I do not now believe it. If a landlord lets a lot of land in small patches to people, and knows they are going to build upon them, if he winks at their putting up their cabins, or pig-styes, or whatever they may be, and then evicts them, it is his bounden duty to pay the full value of these buildings, though they may be to him a source of nuisance rather than of profit.'

Several of the other conclusions arrived at by Mr. Read will, however, be little relished by some of those Irish tenants who are assured by him that 'they had all his sympathies,' when he went to Ireland to investigate their case. 'I was 'distressed beyond measure,' he says, 'when I found that their 'demands and desires were such as I think no government, no 'parliament, and no country will ever gratify. In the first place 'they are all unanimous in one point—they demand fixity of 'tenure.' At some length Mr. Read combats the arguments used in defence of this proposal, and thus concludes:—'I would 'ask if it is good for the country—independent of its being a

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\* Speech of Mr. C. S. Read, M.P., delivered at a meeting of the Blofield and Walsham Agricultural Societies: Norfolk, October, 1869.

‘flagrant assault on the rights of property; is it good for agriculture, and is it good for the nation at large, that any thing so preposterous should be granted?’ Mr. Read lays much stress on the necessity of making legislation for Ireland exceptional in those particulars only where the circumstances of the two countries essentially differ. Speaking of one of the various proposals that he had heard made in Ireland, he says, ‘How could you possibly have that doctrine there and not have a similar one here and in Scotland?’

The probability of such a view as this being largely shared both by the constituencies in this country and by their representatives in Parliament—by those, in a word, on whose hearty support of the forthcoming Government measure its success must mainly depend—seems to be too little considered in Ireland. It is not enough to say ‘we want certain legal rights, that are common to British and to Irish landowners, to be transferred in Ireland from the landlords to the tenants.’ Unless there can be clearly shown, in the existence of a different state of circumstances in the two countries, sufficient cause for the exceptional legislation demanded, it is inevitable that what has been asked and granted in Ireland will be demanded here, ere many years be past.\* In a well-timed letter from Lord Greville of Clonyn, which appeared in the ‘Times’ in September, and in which the necessity of exceptional legislation for the Irish tenant was strongly urged, this view was well put. ‘Public opinion in Ireland,’ said Lord Greville, ‘may be convinced that a change in the law is wanting, but we must convince public opinion in England, where the ideas and feelings are dissimilar—formed as they are on a totally different state of circumstances.’ The soundness of this opinion received a strong confirmation from a letter written by Lord Portsmouth, in support of Lord Greville’s views, and to which we shall again refer. It is to be regretted that some of that superfluous energy that has been expended in instructing the Irish peasantry in their wrongs, should not have been devoted to the more practical, though less exciting work of preparing a plain case for Parliament and the people of Great Britain, who were never better disposed than now to do what is called ‘justice to Ireland,’ if it could be only clearly

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\* ‘It is in England and not in Ireland that the real practical difficulty of settling the question lies. Perhaps no class would have been more opposed to conceding an Irish form of tenure than the old style of Whig political economist.’ (*Campbell*, p. 108.)

shown to them what justice is. The impractical course that Irish agitation has too often taken, in making vague demands and supporting them chiefly by violent and inaccurate declamation, will have needlessly increased the great difficulties that, even under the most favourable circumstances, would have beset Government in dealing with this question. We have it on the high authority of M. Guizot, that 'there is no worse condition for a Government than to be obliged to deal with hopes that are at once ardent and vague; and no peoples or parties are so difficult to govern as those that have immense desires without clearly knowing what they desire.'\*

Another point, to which we have not yet alluded, has been raised in almost all the pamphlets we have reviewed. We mean the probable necessity of a re-valuation of Ireland as a basis for future lettings. It is evident that to grant compulsory fixity of tenure to all present occupiers would be no boon if it remained in the power of the landlords to raise the rents without limit. On this subject Mr. Campbell says:—'In whatever shape you compel the landlords to give leases, it naturally follows that they will not be willing to let their lands pass from them for a long term without a re-valuation. A very general enhancement of rents would probably occur in inaugurating the new state of things. . . . I make no doubt then . . . that you must have a process exactly analogous to an Indian Settlement. You must have a public rent-valuation of the lands.' All the English and Scottish writers who understand land-management, and who have expressed an opinion on this subject, agree in stating that as compared with the rates at which land of the same producing power is let in Great Britain, the land in Ireland is generally let low. Mr. Maclagan says:—'There is one thing favourable to the settlement of the question—that is the low rents at which the land of Ireland is let . . . but I cannot conceal from myself that, to counterbalance this advantage, we shall have a great difficulty to contend with—namely, the convincing of the tenant that his land is low rented.'† Mr. Caird tells us, that 'it appears that the land-rental of England, in a period of the last seven years, has risen 7 per cent., that of Scotland 8 per cent., while that of Ireland appears in the same time to have advanced from its lowest point not more than 5½ per cent. . . . these figures are sufficient to show that at the present time the pressure of competition in augmenting land rent has not

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\* Life of Sir Robert Peel, by M. Guizot, p. 67.

† Maclagan, p. 74.

‘operated more severely in Ireland than in the sister kingdoms.’\* Mr. Samuelson says:—‘So far as I could judge from the rents quoted to me by tenants-at-will, as well as from the rent-rolls shown to me by the agents of several extensive estates, making every allowance for the property which the tenantry ought, and are by all fair landlords acknowledged to have in their buildings and other improvements, land is, on the average, far from being highly rented in Ireland.’

The ‘Times’ Commissioner has expressed a similar opinion. He states that the gradual increase of rents in Ireland within the last forty years has not generally been at all in proportion to the increase in the price of farm produce.† Although he mentions several instances of rack-rents, particularly on properties purchased in the Landed Estates’ Court, he too considers the land of Ireland generally low-rented, as compared with that in this country. It would seem likely, therefore, that any revaluation of Ireland as a basis for letting either in perpetuity or for a long term of years, would in very many instances have the effect of considerably increasing the rents now paid. The probability of this being the case ought, one would suppose, to partially reconcile the landlords of Ireland to the desired change. It is, however, represented that many of them apprehend a difficulty about the collection of the increased rents. This contingency has been contemplated by Mr. Samuelson. ‘It is not difficult to imagine,’ he tells us, ‘what would be the result, if the demand of the farmers’ clubs were taken literally, and all farms re-valued by a disinterested authority, as a basis of perpetual tenure. In the majority of cases—probably in nine out of ten—the rent would be increased; on some of the older holdings the increase would not be short of 30 per cent.; and an amount of disappointment and discontent would arise, to which the war against tithes could alone afford a parallel.’‡ Mr. Maclagan confirms this opinion. ‘It was in vain I told them (the tenants) that I considered the

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\* Caird, p. 15.

† It is stated that even within the last eighteen years, and in the country markets, the increase of prices for all kinds of live farm produce has been fully 50 per cent. Beef and mutton, that then averaged 4d. to 6d. per lb., now average 6½d. to 8d. Butter has increased in nearly a like proportion. Wool for several years was 150 per cent. over its former price; while in the items of pork-meat, eggs, and fowls (a considerable source of income with the small farmers), the permanent increase has been more than cent. per cent.

‡ Samuelson, p. 28.

‘land of Ireland was too low rented—in vain that I alleged  
 ‘that an increase of rent, if not too high, would make better  
 ‘farmers, by stimulating them to greater exertions—in vain  
 ‘that I told them I had known such cases in Scotland. The  
 ‘Irish tenant could not understand this, and would not believe  
 ‘it.’\* This is a point to which full consideration should, and  
 we doubt not will, be given in framing any measure to give  
 security of tenure to the present occupiers. It would be  
 manifestly unjust to the landlords of Ireland to give them, in  
 exchange for a portion of their present property, a supposed  
 equivalent that might prove to be worthless. Mr. Mill pro-  
 posed that ‘this annual sum (the increased rent) should be  
 ‘secured to the landlord, under the guarantee of the State.  
 ‘He should have the option of receiving it directly from the  
 ‘national treasury, by being inscribed as the owner of Consols  
 ‘sufficient to yield the amount.’† It is scarcely doubtful whether  
 it would be a politic course for the English Government to  
 assume the responsibilities and the odium attaching to the  
 position of an Irish landlord. It is more than probable,  
 however, that were the landlords of Ireland given the choice  
 of accepting Mr. Mill’s proposal, there would be very few of  
 them found to refuse.

Amongst the pamphleteers who have noticed the proposal  
 for the creation of a peasant proprietary or yeoman class—gen-  
 erally known as Mr. Bright’s scheme—opinions seem to differ a  
 good deal. Mr. Caird ‘attaches very great value’ to it, and thinks  
 ‘it will be very heartily received by the Irish farmers them-  
 ‘selves, numbers of whom, in all parts of the country, will be  
 ‘found well qualified to enter upon it.’ He anticipates such  
 an anxiety on the part of the tenantry to avail themselves of  
 it, that ‘the difficulty will be to determine where to stop, and  
 ‘who are the persons to be selected.’ Many landowners, he  
 thinks, ‘will be disposed to sell portions of their estates on  
 ‘the advantageous terms proposed, and be thus enabled to do  
 ‘more justice to the remainder.’‡ Mr. Maclagan thinks  
 ‘Mr. Bright’s proposal well worthy of consideration in the  
 ‘present state of Ireland; and that certainly it is infinitely  
 ‘preferable to what is called fixity of tenure.’ He considers  
 that in any loan of money by the State for purchase of lands,  
 not more than two thirds of the purchase-money should be  
 advanced. Mr. Samuelson, though foreseeing various diffi-

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\* Maclagan, p. 34.

† England and Ireland, by J. Stuart Mill, p. 37.

‡ Caird, pp. 27, 29, 30.

culties of detail in the way of working Mr. Bright's plan, which would be 'slow in its operation, and limited in its efficacy by the great rise in the price of land which it would infallibly produce,' nevertheless considers that it 'would create in Ireland the class which in every country has been, beyond all others, the advocate and preserver of peace and order.\* Mr. Campbell thinks this scheme would be good so far as it goes; but he objects to it on the ground that it would only benefit a select few, and that 'it involves the use of English money.' No doubt there are many who will agree in the latter objection; but apart from the question so often raised by Irishmen of whether England may not owe a debt to Ireland on the score of past misgovernment, it would be worthy of consideration whether there might not be an actual economy in guarding the peace of the country with the aid of a purchased peasantry rather than of a salaried police.

A plan somewhat similar to that proposed by Mr. Bright has been put forward by Mr. Dix Hutton, who has taken as a model the Stein-Hardenberg land legislation in Prussia.† State Land Banks, he thinks, should be established, through which to advance money to the tenants of Ireland for the purchase of their farms. The borrower would only have to pay 5 per cent. on the purchase-money borrowed— $3\frac{1}{2}$  as annual interest, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  as a sinking fund to redeem the land in thirty-five years. On the whole this scheme, which is well worked out in detail by Mr. Hutton, may be said to be an elaboration of the idea put forward by Mr. Bright in his speech at the Dublin banquet in 1866. If insurmountable objections were raised to applying English money to the work, it would surely not be impossible to provide funds for the purpose from Irish sources, especially as money lent on Mr. Dix Hutton's plan would be reproductive, and might be used over and over again for the same purpose. If Mr. MacLagan's suggestion were adopted, i.e. that not more than (say) two-thirds of the purchase-money were advanced, the fund would of course be made to go proportionably further.

We have already observed that a great change has of late come over the public feeling in Ireland in regard to a modification of the land laws. At many of the later tenant-right meetings not a few landlords either attended in person or wrote to express their sympathy with the reasonable demands of the

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\* Samuelson, p. 36.

† The Prussian Land Tenure Reforms and a Farmer Proprietary for Ireland, by H. Dix Hutton.



tenantry. This is a good sign, and leads us to hope that any proposal that strictly adheres to justice as between landlord and tenant will be welcomed by all classes in Ireland. Amongst the various contributions towards the possible settlement of this question we must more fully notice the important correspondence which has lately passed between the Earl of Portarlington—a constant resident in Ireland, and who bears the highest character as a landlord—and the Rev. Dr. Taylor, parish priest of Maryborough, the county town of Queen's County, where Lord Portarlington's estates are situated. This correspondence attracted a good deal of attention when first published, having been made the subject of leading articles in most of the London journals. It arose out of a public meeting at which Dr. Taylor presided, where a resolution was passed declaring 'that no remedial measure short of fixity of tenure at fair rents can cure the evils now complained of.' Lord Portarlington challenged Dr. Taylor to define fixity of tenure as understood by the meeting over which he had presided. Adopting the form of a proposed settlement, lately suggested by their chairman—himself a landlord—to the Guardians of Granard Poor Law Union, Lord Portarlington asked his reverend correspondent whether he would consider such a scheme to be a just and practical settlement of this important question. The proposal adopted by Lord Portarlington would, 'in the first place, define clearly the respective rights of owners and of occupiers of land in Ireland; secondly, would secure to the tenant full compensation for all existing improvements; and, thirdly, would actively promote security of tenure by encouraging lettings for fixed and sufficiently prolonged periods.' To this Dr. Taylor, while disclaiming acquiescence in the views which he describes, replied that 'by fixity of tenure it is now clearly understood in Ireland that the right of the tenant to his land is to continue as long as the rent is paid, and that the rent is to be adjusted at certain fixed periods.' 'It is understood therefore,' he continues, 'by the advocates of fixity of tenure that the tenant who pays his rent is to hold his land independently of the landlord, and that, consequently, the landlord is to be deprived of so much of his former rights.' This is an extreme measure to which Dr. Taylor would be unwilling to commit himself except 'as an extreme remedy, to save the whole country from the ruin that would be brought on it by the extirpation of the farming class. In that extreme case there could be no doubt of the justice of the remedy—"Salus populi suprema lex."

Dr. Taylor then adds a suggestion, somewhat similar to

‘The country might then have arrived at a state in which such provisions might be dispensed with—most probably, with the approbation of all parties, they would be renewed.’\* Be this, however, as it may, it is now evident that the time when voluntary action on the part of Irish landlords could have settled the question is gone by, and that Parliament must do for them what they might long since not only have done for themselves, but so done as to have evoked a return of gratitude for kindness, rather than those feelings respectively of triumph and of bitterness, which, for a time at least, must result from any compulsory legislation. Such legislation—well considered, firm, and, above all, final—has now become an urgent necessity; and, as we have already pointed out, the minds of a large section, and that the most enlightened, of the landlord class, are prepared to accept in a frank and patriotic spirit such a change in the law as will, to use a phrase much in vogue at tenant-right meetings in Ireland, ‘make the *bad* landlord do ‘what the *good* landlord does already.’

In a very few weeks the Bill that is being prepared by Government to deal with this perplexing question will be submitted to Parliament. We have endeavoured in these pages to show at least what such a measure should *not* propose to do, and have indicated the general line of the policy that, in our opinion, it would be most prudent and practicable to follow. We hope and believe that the vast national importance of setting this question at rest for ever will be so manifest to statesmen on both sides, in the Upper as well as in the Lower House, that by common consent its discussion will be approached in a spirit of patriotism and not of party. The public mind was never better disposed to entertain the subject than it is now. There is a general disposition in this country to do what is called ‘justice’ to Ireland, and to make, if we can, a tardy amends for the centuries of misrule that have been the main primary cause of Ireland’s poverty and disaffection. There is in Ireland an honest desire amongst at least a large section of those whose interests would be most imperilled by hasty legislation—the result of panic rather than of true statesmanship—to meet the ‘people’ half way, in the hope of arriving at a settlement that may be just alike to all parties. Even within the last few weeks a more reasonable spirit has shown itself at the tenant-right meetings that have been held in Ireland. There is evidently a growing disposition on the part of the leaders of the popular, constitutional party

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\* Plea for the Celtic Race, p. 59.

in Ireland to smooth the way for a graceful retreat from their most 'extreme' positions. Even the Tipperary election, though a pitiful exhibition in the eyes of Europe, has not been altogether barren of useful results, inasmuch as it has shown certain too impulsive patriots the danger of 'playing with edge tools.' It has made patent to all, what thoughtful men must have already known full well, that there is a fraction of the Irish nation—as we believe, a small and not a really influential fraction—whom no measures of mere justice will satisfy, men who vastly prefer a grievance to a remedy, and whose ultimate aim—if indeed they have any aim more definite than to make mischief—is separation from England. For this section of the Irish people it is in vain to propose remedial legislation. When the Prime Minister made use of those now celebrated words, that Ireland must be governed in accordance with Irish ideas, he uttered a noble sentiment, and one that must in due time bear good fruit. But to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas is one thing—to govern it according to Irish-American ideas is quite another. Let Parliament then, when discussing remedial legislation for Ireland, dismiss from its thoughts the 'irreconcilable' element of Irish so-called patriotism. The day may not be far distant when the influences of remedial legislation may be brought to bear on even this class of Irishmen, through the effect that it will have produced on those of their countrymen who now ask for no more, and who, we trust and believe, will receive no less, than justice.

the proposal made some years ago by Lord Dufferin, that 'a tribunal should be established, invested with large powers, to decide cases between landlords and tenants in an equitable way, cheaply and expeditiously, and as much as possible by arbitration.' 'Without such a court,' he concludes, 'all the Acts of Parliament you can pass, short of giving fixity of tenure, will be of little use . . . The old tragedy will be played over again, commencing with all manner of astute contrivances and legal devices to evade the application of the law, and ending, as before, with the well-known sad catastrophe of evicted tenants and murdered landlords.' Lord Portarlington, in his reply, adopting Dr. Taylor's description of fixity of tenure as an 'extreme remedy for an impossible contingency, viz., the extirpation of the farming class,' dismisses it from the discussion of the land question, and urges the necessity of the demands made for legislation being of a reasonable and practical nature. 'I say *our* demands,' continues his lordship, 'because the landlord and tenant have an equal interest in seeing this question settled on a fair and equitable basis. It can be no privilege to a landlord to have the power of committing, if he pleases, an injustice to his tenant. . . . It is therefore,' he says, 'that I, as a landlord, rejoice in the prospects of legislation to remedy this state of things.' Lord Portarlington, in conclusion, enters into several details as to the legislation that he would desire to see carried into effect, and expresses his full concurrence with Dr. Taylor as to the necessity of establishing a Court of Arbitration, somewhat similar to that proposed by Mr. Caird. Apart from the value of the suggestions to be found in this correspondence, it is significant in more ways than one. In the first place, it furnishes an example of the want of—we will not call it sincerity—but of accuracy both in thought and expression, so prevalent in Ireland, and which, in times of agitation like the present, is fraught with such evil results. The chairman of a meeting, at which fixity of tenure, at rents to be fixed by compulsory valuation, is declared to be the ultimatum, carefully 'abstaining from himself using the word 'fixity,' because 'he does not believe such a thing could be expected,' confines himself to 'security and fair rents as the obvious remedies for precariousness of tenure and rack-rents.' Nevertheless, chairman and meeting—having all along had in their minds things totally different, and yet having parted fully satisfied with the happy unanimity of their proceedings—are suddenly awakened by an accident into a consciousness of the painful reality. When such things can occur at a meeting

presided over by a gentleman of thought and culture, as Dr. Taylor's letter proves him to be, at what rate must we value the accuracy and intelligence of the demands made at many of those popular demonstrations where not one in a hundred hears the words of the resolutions that are 'unanimously adopted'?\*

Another and a more pleasing deduction to be drawn from this correspondence is that it shows not only the possibility of reasonable discussion between the representatives of the landlord and the tenant classes in Ireland, but that such discussion, had it been more general, would have helped to narrow the issue between the contending parties, whose interests should in truth be identical and not divergent. Friendly and business-like discussion of these matters between Irishmen of all classes and of all parties, would have greatly lessened the difficulty of the task that awaits Parliament. On the other hand, the extravagant vagueness of the demands made, and the unhappy violence of the language used at too many of the 'monster meetings' held during the past few months in various parts of Ireland, while they have kept away moderate men quite as anxious for just legislation as those attending such meetings, have tended to weaken the hands of a Government that we fully believe to be honestly doing its best to solve perhaps one of the most difficult problems that has ever been brought before the British Parliament.

But the Earl of Portarlington is not the only great Irish proprietor who has come forward at this important moment to proclaim sympathy with the reasonable demands of the tenant farmers. The first great landowner to proclaim such views was the Earl of Granard, a Roman Catholic, a Liberal in

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\* Those forming the meeting that is expected to affirm the resolutions proposed are not always to blame if they be unable clearly to understand them. The very framers of the resolutions seem occasionally to have extremely hazy views as to their own meaning. At the late tenant-right meeting at Dundalk, where the looming question of the labourer *versus* the farmer was so forcibly argued, this was eminently the case. An early resolution having affirmed the universal proposition that every acre of land in Ireland should be fixed in the possession of the present occupier—a later resolution affirmed the necessity of at once assigning 'an acre of land and a free house' to every labourer in Ireland! Mr. Chichester Fortescue, as member for Louth County, had been invited to attend the Dundalk meeting, but fortunately declined on the sufficient ground of his official position. Had he been induced to attend he would probably have discovered that there are *physical* difficulties in the way of settling the Land Question so as to meet all 'Irish ideas'!

politics, and a constant resident in Ireland. Lord Granard's first declaration was in favour of a legalised tenant-right similar to that popularly believed to be in existence throughout Ulster. This, being the first public expression of independent landlord opinion in the direction of the popular demands, was received with acclamation by the Irish Tenant-Right Press. Indeed, there seemed at first to be an inclination on the part of some of the leaders of the agitation to accept Lord Granard's proposal as a satisfactory solution of the problem. The 'Dublin Freeman's Journal,' the organ of the large and influential party of constitutional agitation led by its energetic proprietor, Sir John Gray, M.P. for Kilkenny, for a short time showed a disposition to retire from its more advanced position, to the field of action suggested by Lord Granard. This retrogression was, however, but of short duration, and in the subsequent advance to the old line of attack, the Earl of Granard seems to have been carried much further than he originally contemplated.

About the same time that the Earl of Granard declared himself in favour of an extension of the tenant-right of Ulster to the whole of Ireland, the Earl of Erne, also a proprietor and a constant resident, but differing from Lord Granard both in politics and religion, took occasion at a local celebration to express his unqualified approval of the Ulster custom as being just in theory, and, from his own experience, satisfactory in practice.

Soon afterwards the Earl of Portsmouth, a non-resident though an extensive and highly popular landowner in Wexford, urged in a letter to the editor of the 'Times,' to which we have already alluded, the necessity for exceptional legislation in favour of the Irish tenants. Their position, he said, differed from that of farmers in this country in this, that in Ireland the landlord has generally left to be erected by the tenant those fixtures and permanent improvements which in Great Britain it has been habitually the province of the landlord to provide. In this letter Lord Portsmouth gave a most interesting and suggestive sketch of the history of his own estates in Wexford; publishing the rules under which they had been managed for the last five and forty years, and describing the happy results that had followed.\* These rules may be briefly summed up thus: In selecting tenants religion and politics of applicants to be ignored. Building leases of sixty-one years to be given

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\* Some interesting remarks in reference to Lord Portsmouth's estate will be found in Mr. Campbell's volume, p. 130 *et seq.*

in towns, and at their expiration new leases at moderate rents to be given to the builders or their representatives. Leases for one life or thirty-one years to be given in all agricultural tenancies. In estimating rents the value of all buildings erected by the tenants to be excluded from the calculation. All middlemen to be displaced on the expiration of their leases, and lands let to the occupiers at moderate rents.\* Tenants to be allowed to sell interest in their holdings by private treaty or public auction to approved purchasers. The results that have followed a strict adherence to these rules for the period specified are so succinctly recorded by Lord Portsmouth, that his statement will hardly bear condensation. We give, therefore, his lordship's own words:—

‘The unbroken observance for forty-seven years of the above rules has had the following beneficial results: It has inspired with confidence and energy the agricultural tenants, who have changed badly cultivated patches of land into fine farms, now well cultivated and well drained, on which they have erected, at considerable expense, suitable, substantial, and, in many cases, costly residences and homesteads, with all the necessary requirements for good farming. All this has been done without any outlay on the part of the landlord. Enniscorthy has been changed from a mere village of mud hovels into an important well-built market town. All this has been done by Irish tenants on the faith of tenant-right having been accorded to them. The rental has increased to more than double and is now punctually paid instead of being irregularly paid.’

A few facts like these, accurately detailed, are worth volumes of theory, or of the loose statements that too often do duty for facts in Ireland.

Shortly after Lord Portsmouth's letter appeared, the Earl of Fingal published in the Irish papers a declaration of his willingness to accept and support any settlement of the landlord and tenant question that might be proposed by Mr. Gladstone's Ministry. The recent flattering notice by the ‘Times’ Commissioner of Lord Fingal's high character as a resident landlord, whose family traditions had endeared his name in a special manner to the people, whose faith the Plunketts had ever shared, gave to this declaration a peculiar significance. A few days after its publication, a leading London journal, commenting on the speech of the Prime Minister at Guildhall, remarked that ‘if Mr. Gladstone needed encouragement, he might get it from a much more apposite source than a Guild-

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\* It is evident that Fixity of Tenure would have preserved the middlemen on Lord Portsmouth's estate, to the manifest injury of their sub-tenants, as well as of Lord Portsmouth himself.

‘hall dinner, by reading such letters as that in which a well-known Irish nobleman had declared that he was ready to submit to any sacrifice in order to establish happy relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland.’ Another noble representative of large estates in Munster has also within the last few months expressed his belief in the necessity for legislation. Lord Castlerosse has declared that ‘the occupier of the soil has a right to be protected from arbitrary or capricious eviction. He is, in a word, entitled to be placed by the law and the constitution of the country in the position of being able to demand as a right what he is now compelled to sue for as a favour.’ It must be observed that such expressions of an advance in opinion are not alone to be found coming from among the ranks of the Liberal party. We have already named the Earls of Erne and Portarlington as Conservatives who invoke a change in the law. Somewhat similar opinions have since been expressed by Lord George Hamilton and his brother, and most recently by the Earl of Longford—lately Under Secretary at War in the Administration of Mr. Disraeli. In replying to a letter from the secretary of a conference of landlords and tenants held in Longford a few weeks ago, Lord Longford took occasion to state that he could not go to the lengths proposed by the conference—i.e. Fixity of Tenure—as his opinions on tenant-right were not more advanced than those professed by the ‘Dublin Freeman’s Journal’ in 1865. It may be the case, as the Earl of Longford doubtless intended to insinuate, that the position of the ‘Freeman’s Journal’ in 1869 is very far in advance of what it was in 1865; but probably it may not be more so than were the opinions on this subject then expressed in that journal in advance of the opinions held in 1865 by the majority of those Conservative Irish landlords amongst whom the Earl of Longford is one of the leaders.

Any of our readers who may chance to be fox-hunters will doubtless have observed that there are in every hunt a certain class of riders—heavy men, undecided men, ‘bad starters’ in fact—who, though they conscientiously ride the line, eventually getting over all the fences and reaching the finish, are notorious for being always at least two fields behind the hounds. There are others—some youths with more zeal than judgment; some men who are not particular about how the hunt ends, so long as they get a good gallop—whose fault lies in the opposite direction, and who often spoil a run by ‘going too fast.’ Like the ‘bad starters,’ the Conservatives are ‘coming.’ We have little doubt that ere many months be past they too will arrive, perhaps a little late, at the ‘finish’ of



the Land Question—unless, indeed, in the meantime the ‘light weights’ are imprudent enough to ride the pack off the line!

It is not our province to suggest the details of legislation; but there are certain leading principles on which that legislation should be based; and we desire to point out that these can be of such a character as may, without any violation of strict justice, and without setting political economy altogether at defiance, confer practical security of tenure on every industrious occupier of land in Ireland.

In the first place, it should be distinctly understood that ‘exceptional’ legislation between landlord and tenant in Ireland should be confined to those points where it can be shown that the actual circumstances differ from those existing here and in Scotland. In the next place, it is essential that a sharp line should be drawn between the past and the future. Any further question as to the ownership of existing improvements must be set at rest, and so enable all parties, as it were, to start afresh. To effect this, a strict official investigation should be at once held as to any existing claims of the occupiers to what we may call ‘part-ownership’ of the soil, in virtue of their outlay in unexhausted improvements, or purchase of ‘good-will,’ whether with the *tacit* or expressed consent of the landlord. When the exact circumstances of such cases have been ascertained, the amount of the occupier’s ‘part-ownership’ should be declared, and be legally secured to him. In conducting this investigation the rules laid down should be as liberal to the tenant as would be consistent with moral justice to the landlord. Any permanent improvements made by yearly tenants, with the *tacit* consent of the landlord, should be held to be the property of the tenant. Their value should be estimated by what the tenant, if evicted, would lose by their loss, rather than by what the landlord would gain by them.\*

The presumption of law as to existing improvements, more especially in the case of buildings, should be altered. The onus of proving that those improvements had not been made by the tenant should be thrown on the landlord. Landlords should be freed from all claims by the tenant for past improvements made by him, on granting (or offering, even if not

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\* Lord Lifford, who has written with much liberality and intelligence on this subject, is of opinion that the tenants might be fairly allowed something more than mere economic justice, and that in awarding the compensation, the arbitrators should regard the tenants’ claims more from the tenant’s than from the landlord’s point of view.

accepted) leases of *adequate* duration at *present* rents.\* As cases might arise where the *present* rent is notoriously below the letting value, even after allowing for any portion of that value that may have been created by the tenant, it would seem but just that the landlord should be allowed to claim a re-valuation by an impartial authority, and that the future rent should be the full present value, *minus* whatever portion of that value had been proved to be the creation of the tenant. In estimating the value of buildings erected by the tenant with the landlord's tacit consent, the *present value* should be the limit of the tenant's claim, and the landlord should have no right to claim any diminution on the ground of exhaustion by enjoyment.† It is doubtful whether this rule should not be modified in cases of improvements by drainage, subsoiling, &c.—improvements that Lord Mayo distinguished as those '*in, rather than on, the soil.*' Outlay in such improvements differs greatly from that in buildings, inasmuch as the one notoriously repays principal and interest in cash in a very limited number of years, while in the case of buildings the repayment is slower and less tangible. It should be understood and declared that late purchasers in the Landed Estates' Court have assumed all the responsibilities, as well as the rights, of those from whom they purchased. Attention to these leading principles would, we think, enable the question of existing improvements to be fairly dealt with in those parts of Ireland where the tenant-right of Ulster has not been established as a recognised local custom.

The question of legislating with regard to the tenant-right of Ulster is one of immense economic difficulty. On the whole it seems to us that injurious though we believe that custom to be in very many respects, yet it must, where already established by custom, be recognised by law. Mr. Maclagan's suggestion that advances might be made by the State to landlords for the purchase of tenant-right is worthy of consideration.‡

There are those who hold that the great difficulty of the land question is to deal justly with the past, and that the future may safely be left to contract. We do not share this opinion. We have seen moreover that those impartial observers who have lately been closely studying the problem on the spot have nearly

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\* In using the word '*adequate*' we have adopted Mr. Caird's expression. Mr. Dillon's idea, it will be remembered, was a term of thirty-one years.

† Mr. Campbell puts this point well at p. 176 of his book.

‡ Maclagan, p. 72.

unanimously arrived at a different conclusion. The almost universal demand for 'fixity of tenure at fair rents' which has been lately raised throughout Ireland, although it is evidently not intended to be understood according to the strict dictionary meaning of the words used,\* tends to show that some legislative interference, be it direct or indirect, is generally considered necessary to protect the poorer class of tenants from the possible caprice or avarice of unjust or ill-judging men. But with the single exception of that made by Professor Rogers, we do not remember to have met of late with any proposition emanating from a British source, to transfer the ownership of the land from the landlords to the tenants, subject to a mere rent-charge. Those English and Scottish writers who (unlike Professor Rogers) have not 'designedly confined their observations to a limited area of country,' all agree that if, for the public good, it be found necessary to take away from the landlords of Ireland some of that property which in common with the landowners of Great Britain they have hitherto enjoyed, justice requires that they should receive compensation for that of which they are to be deprived.† Mr. O'Brien, we have

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\* The latest official definition we have met with of 'fixity of tenure at fair rents' was in the 'Dublin Freeman's Journal' of December 7, 1869. After stating various things that 'Fixity of Tenure' has been said to mean, and that it does *not* mean, the writer in the 'Freeman's Journal' goes on to say: 'Fixity of Tenure *does* mean that the tenant shall be so "*secured*" by law in the occupation of his holding so long as he pays the fair rent, and does not subdivide or sublet without the assent of his landlord, that he can no more be removed, either by Act of Parliament, or by act of landlord, or by act of court, *without the payment to him of the full value of his property in that holding, and the full amount of loss to be sustained by such removal, than can his landlord be removed from his castle and his demesne without the payment to him of the full value of his property and the full estimated value of the loss that will follow on such removal.*' It is evident that this definition renders the question much easier of solution than that given by Mr. Rogers would have made it.

† Mr. Campbell practically admits this in various passages of his able pamphlet. But at page 189 he uses these words, which might, if unexplained, be interpreted by some in a different sense:—'It has already been said by some who have spoken on the subject, that landlords must not be deprived of their rights *without compensation*. I earnestly trust that there will be no repetition of the English method of promoting reforms, by compensating *abuse-holders* out of the pockets of the innocent tax-payer in a way which amounts to bribing them to consent to reform.' The difference between compensating an 'abuse-holder,' i. e. in this case a man who has power to do injustice un-

seen, holds a similar opinion. Master Fitzgibbon and 'Philocelt,' while sharing this view, seem to think that in order to insure or at least encourage improvement, security of tenure should be made conditional on an earnest of that improvement being first given by the tenant. On grounds of public policy and in the hope of securing that increase in national wealth which such a scheme ought to develop, if the tenantry of Ireland be really as anxious as their friends represent to invest their reputed large savings in land improvement, we confess that this proposal strongly attracts us. The only argument against its adoption that we can imagine being urged would be that there are in Ireland a considerable number of tenants who are either unable or unwilling to purchase security at the price of increased industry. This is an objection that we cannot conceive being raised by the friends of the Irish tenant, as to admit its truth would cut from under their own feet one of the strongest grounds on which they base their claim for legislative interference. Were it, however, thought necessary to secure even unimproving tenants in the possession of their holdings, it seems that the idea which pervades the writings of those gentlemen whom we have already so often quoted is the only one that could, by indirect legislation, practically secure the undisturbed possession of all actual occupiers so long as they paid a fair rent and observed the other covenants of their tenancy. This idea is 'to value "occupancy" at a fixed rate'—so many years' purchase, either of the rent or the public valuation of a farm. The tenant, if threatened with disturbance, would then have the right to demand that fixed amount of compensation from his landlord, who might choose between paying the value of the 'occupancy' or letting the tenant remain in occupation for an equivalent period.\* Any payment for 'occupancy'† would of course be in addition to whatever the tenant might be able to prove before a public tribunal that he was entitled to on the ground of value added to his holding by unexhausted improvements created at his own expense, and which he had not been bound by special contract with his landlord to execute.

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punished, and compensating a 'property-owner' for a deprivation of what the law has hitherto recognised as his *property*, is so obvious that no straightforward man will confound them.

\* Mr. Campbell's views on this subject are clear and are lucidly expounded at pages 177, 178, 179 of his 'Irish Land.'

† Mr. Caird and Mr. MacLagan put the period of 'occupancy' value at five years' purchase.

There remains the very difficult question of a public valuation of the land of Ireland as a basis for future letting. While we fully recognise the necessity of some check on exorbitant raising of rents if either 'fixity' or 'defined occupancy' is to be of any use to the tenant, we confess that the idea of the law forbidding any man to dispose of his property to the greatest advantage is so repugnant to our ideas of justice and to the doctrines of Free Trade, that we should be most unwilling to believe that such a course is necessary in Ireland.\* If it were, however, thought otherwise by those who will have to deal with the question, we cannot forget the other grave difficulty to which we have already alluded—namely, the probability of the new valuation being on the average much higher than the present rents. If this proved to be the case we fear that a vast number of those yearly tenants whom competent witnesses agree in describing as now, by custom, fairly secure in their tenure, would be bitterly disappointed on finding that the only practical effect of the long-sought legislation was to increase their rents from ten to thirty per cent. We are disposed to agree with those who maintain that a law securing to the tenant, in case the landlord should threaten to raise the rent excessively, the right to decline and to claim compensation for occupancy as well as improvements, would, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, prevent the tenant's removal or the imposition of an exorbitant rent, and would meet all the practical requirements of the case. If we be correct in this assumption it must be evident that such a course would be much more likely to be assented to by Parliament than one establishing a precedent which would be so clearly dangerous to the as yet unquestioned rights of property in Great Britain, that it would infallibly

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\* A revision of the general valuation of Ireland for purposes of local taxation is much required, as there is at present an extraordinary discrepancy between the relation of the rent to the valuation in the tillage and in the grazing districts. In the best portion of the latter the customary rent is from 30 to 60 per cent. above the valuation, while in the poorer class of tillage land the customary letting value is not more than from 5 to 15 per cent. above the same standard.

The valuation when made was avowedly intended to be from 20 to 30 per cent. below the *letting* value, in order that the taxation based upon it should be a percentage of the *nett* rather than of the *gross* receipts. This fact seems to be overlooked by those whom we have lately read of in certain Irish journals, as threatening to limit the rent to be paid in future to the amount of the Government valuation!

Such a popular tendency should not be overlooked in any public re-valuation of Irish land, even as a basis of taxation.

arouse hostility among the landowning interest in both Houses of Parliament.

Of the scheme known as Mr. Bright's we have already expressed our opinion. There can be no doubt that ownership is the greatest incentive to conservatism in the best sense of the word; and it seems to be widely believed in Ireland that such a proposal as Mr. Bright's would be largely taken advantage of,\* and would be esteemed as a great boon. There can be little doubt that in some shape it will be incorporated in the forthcoming measure.

At the close of the article in which we treated of this subject three years ago, when the demands of those professing to be the friends of the Irish tenants were much less extreme than they have since become, we expressed a hope that 'the landlords of Ireland might be brought to recognise their true interests in ceding some of the extreme privileges enjoyed by their class, in exchange for an incomparably higher and more noble privilege—that of living amongst a friendly, a contented, and a loyal people.' It is possible that the advice we then gave may have come too late, but we firmly believe that a very few years ago the landlords of Ireland could have settled the land question for themselves, by granting to all tenants in occupation at existing rents—nay, in many instances even at reasonably increased rents—leases, on terms and for periods that it would now be looked on as a mockery to offer.

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\* The following interesting statement appears in a Dublin Evening 'Post' of December 1869.—'The tenants on Lord Waterford's estate met on Monday last, in the Court House, Newtownlimavaddy, to take further counsel together as to the purchase of their own farms, at the coming sale in the Landed Estates Court. Having stated the object of the meeting, the Rev. N. M. Browne strongly recommended the tenants to set their minds on the purchase of their own holdings as the only mode of saving their tenant-right property from the ravages of petty landlords and speculators, who would inevitably work their ruin. Several tenants having expressed their minds, it was found that the unanimous feeling was in favour of purchasing, as recommended, if at all practicable; and it was moved and unanimously carried—"That a deputation be sent to the Government to seek help in carrying out our patriotic object; and, in case it be found that there is nothing on the Statute Book that would warrant a loan to be granted to us, to urge on Her Majesty's Ministers the necessity for a clause in the coming Land Bill that would enable Government to grant assistance in cases like ours." It was resolved further, that a meeting of the standing committee of the tenantry be held to make arrangements for raising funds necessary to bear the expense of the deputation to London.'

If, during the past ten years, all agricultural tenures, whether of large or small farms, had been by leases of even twenty-one years' duration, no evictions on title could have taken place during that period—no rents could have been capriciously raised; and we are quite justified in believing that no agrarian outrages would have been committed. If, in addition to this voluntary action of the landlords, there had been in existence a law that would have secured to all tenants, at the close of their specified terms of occupancy, compensation for any improvements effected by them during that period and unexhausted at its close, and that there had been a tribunal, such as we have elsewhere described, to carry that law into effect,—we are satisfied that things would not have drifted to their present position in Ireland. Half a generation of tenants would have passed away ere the twenty-one years had expired, and those who would have been coming on to supply their place would have grown up in a sense of comparative security and independence that the son of an Irish tenant-at-will, even under the best of landlords, can rarely feel. Industry, with the assurance of a just reward, would have had a fair opportunity for developing itself; while the thriftless, the ignorant, or the idle, if still poor, would no longer have had the plausible excuse of insecurity for their poverty. If reckless subdivision of holdings had still continued to be, as now, prevented, emigration might probably have gone on to its present modified extent, but it would have come to be recognised as what in truth it is, and would have ceased to be called 'extermination.' Hasty, grasping landlords, and strong political partisans, would, so to speak, have been 'saved from themselves,' while the lack of a text for their discourse would perforce have driven professional agitators from a platform on which they have so often done a grievous injury to their too credulous countrymen. There will, we doubt not, be found those who, reading events by the light of the present glow of popular excitement in Ireland, may be disposed to doubt the accuracy of these speculations. If such there be, we would refer them to an authority which they will probably accept as worthy of their respect—that of Mr. Isaac Butt. In that gentleman's '*Land Tenure of Ireland*,' after he has sketched the form of the measure he proposes to secure the rights of the Irish tenant—in which, as we have seen, a term of sixty-three years was the longest suggested—we find him using the following words:—'The operation of the Act might be limited to *ten or twenty years*. Within that time the present population would have acquired a proprietary interest in the soil.

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ART. I.—1. *Indian Polity: a View of the System of Administration in India.* By GEORGE CHESNEY, Accountant-General to the Government of India, Public Works Department; Fellow of the University of Calcutta. London: 1868.

2. *Tenure of Land in India.* By GEORGE CAMPBELL, Esq. [An Essay published under the sanction of the Cobden Club.] London: 1870.

WHEN an illustrious servant of the old East India Company lately returned to us, after governing India for five years as the representative of Her Majesty the Queen, the Press naturally teemed with notices of his services, character, and distinguished career. The writers of these papers drew attention to the early life of Lord Lawrence, to his selection by Lord Hardinge and by Lord Dalhousie for special employment after the Sikh campaigns, to his services as a revenue officer in the Punjab, and to the part which he had played in smothering the flames of rebellion and anarchy in that province, which enabled him materially to assist in the capture of Delhi by the supply of arms and by the detachment of troops. In the present paper, while fully endorsing all that has been written of the vigour and determination of Lord Lawrence during the crisis of 1857, we shall confine our remarks to the period of his Viceroyalty, and shall endeavour to explain the progress made under his administration, and the legacy bequeathed by him to the English statesman who assumed the government of India not much more than a year ago.

The administration of Lord Canning, shattered, as every one is aware, by the most tremendous convulsion to which

our rule had ever been exposed, terminated in the peace and tranquillity in which it had commenced. The native regiments which, with a few honourable exceptions, rose in rebellion, had fallen in scores of engagements or had gradually melted away. The double Government of the East India Directors and of Mr. Pitt's Board of Control was superseded by the direct action of a Secretary of State in Council responsible to Parliament. The administrative agency in the whole of the North-West Provinces and in Oudh, abolished or split into fragments, had been reconstructed or repaired. The policy of annexation, sound, just, and indispensable at the time it was carried out by the Marquis of Dalhousie, was practically at an end; and a new policy, which would have been dangerous and impracticable while three large independent kingdoms were rallying points for the opponents of British power and influence, was formally proclaimed. After contributing largely by his stately displays of power and pageantry to the tranquillisation of the country—after rewarding with princely liberality those chiefs and nobles who had with us confronted the tide of rebellion—after extending a magnanimous forgiveness to others who, from misapprehension, timidity, or sheer ignorance of the depth and variety of our resources, had gone over to the enemy—and after laying the foundations of the new system by which the Queen is openly recognised as the Paramount Sovereign of India, and every other Power between the sea and the Himalayas as Her Majesty's tributary or feudal subordinate—Lord Canning left India, severely tried by domestic bereavement and by political events, to die within three months after reaching England. His administration (to which we have attempted on a former occasion to do justice) will long be remembered in India as that of a statesman who, though open to the charge of delay in some measures and of insufficiency in others, was remarkable for a serene and calm fortitude in the most trying scenes, for lofty purposes, exemplary justice, and a well-timed clemency, and who matured and issued several noble manifestoes calculated to vindicate the dignity and majesty of England, and to impress Asiatics with a sense of their inferiority to their conquerors in the hour of triumph as well as in the day of conflict. Of Lord Elgin, who succeeded Lord Canning, it may be simply said that during the twenty months of his too brief administration the land had rest and, if he originated nothing, he made no mistakes.

The administration of Lord Lawrence, from several coincidences, marks the full development of the policy by which India is now governed. It might almost be termed a new

era in the annals of progress and peace. It has been said of the late Viceroy that he knew more of India on the day when he was welcomed to Calcutta as Head of the Government, than an English statesman can do on the day of his departure. He was familiar with what many only knew as a sheer labyrinth of land-tenures, in all its windings; and he had, some sixteen years before, successfully introduced the form and substance of our authority into a newly-conquered province, tenanted by the most warlike race in India. He was thoroughly acquainted with the history and habits of the tribes on either bank of the Indus, and he had considerably influenced the policy of Lord Dalhousie and Lord Canning in treating with the rightful ruler of Cabul. He could talk fluently to the native chiefs and aristocracy, as well as to the artisan and agriculturist, in their vernacular tongues; and he was well known in the ranks of the Civil Service as an able, though somewhat despotic administrator, who would brook no resistance, whose opinions were carefully but quickly formed, whose pencil-notes were the core of elaborate documents, and whose orders the dullest subordinate could scarcely misapprehend. The position in which he found himself as Viceroy, surrounded by his Council, was, it will be easily apprehended, different from that which he had filled as paternal despot in the Punjab. But though often vigorously opposed by some of his colleagues, he was fortunate in the characters and capacities of many of those by whom he was aided or served. Sir William Mansfield, as Commander-in-Chief, with a seat in the Cabinet, had a remarkable turn for civil administration, and took a deep interest in foreign policy and financial measures. The department of legislation, before and during Lord Lawrence's accession, was presided over by Mr. H. S. Maine, a profound jurist, an accomplished writer, and a luminous, classical, and eloquent speaker in debate, who, in making laws for India, appealed to great principles instead of to cases or technical rules, and who showed triumphantly that a thorough course of classical study is an admirable preparation for a public career. Nowhere from the ranks of the Civil Service could there have been nominated to Council one who maintained a higher standard of public morality, or whose departmental knowledge was more extensive, than Mr. Grey. And the name of Lawrence was quoted with pride by a number of subordinates trained in the Punjab school, many of whom have filled some of the highest offices in the Indian Empire, while the government of that province was held in succession by two of Lord Lawrence's intimate and trusted friends during all his administration of the supreme power.

The Government of India has long outgrown the dimensions which enabled Lord Dalhousie to work each department and to originate all discussion himself. Under a plan suggested by Sir J. P. Grant, the present successful Governor of Jamaica, and adopted by Lord Canning, the Supreme or Imperial Government of India is carried on somewhat upon the system of an English Cabinet. The Viceroy presides over the Foreign Department. This office, either directly or through other subordinate governments, takes cognisance of our relations with Cabul, Ava, Muscat, Zanzibar, and the tribes on the Persian Gulf and the frontiers of Scinde. It deals, further, with all matters affecting the Nizam, the Maratta houses, which are still intact at Gwalior and Indore, the high-born Princes of Rajpootana, and the long list of petty chieftains, tributary, feudatory, or mediatised, who stand in constant need of protection, interposition, encouragement, warning, or advice. It is also the supreme authority in matters of political pensions, precedence, and etiquette. To the military member of Council, who is as distinct from the Commander-in-Chief as the Secretary-at-War is from the Horse Guards, belongs all the correspondence relating to barracks, to expenditure, to sanitary measures, to equipment, to pensions, allowances, rations, and supplies, as distinguished from the discipline of the army, for which such generals as Lord Strathnairn and Sir W. Mansfield have been responsible. The business of the Public Works' department is usually transacted by one of the ordinary or civilian members of the Supreme Council. For some years past one of these members has been taken from the Civil Service of the Bengal Presidency, and the other from that of Madras or Bombay alternately. The second ordinary member of Council presides over the Home department, and deals with all the questions of executive or internal policy, which come up from the eight governments or administrations into which the Empire is subdivided, in regard to education, police, jail management, judicial agency, legislative reforms and the like. The Financial Member, or Indian Chancellor of the Exchequer, who may be an English statesman, deals with the budget, and at times occupies a space in the eyes of the public hardly inferior to that of the Viceroy himself, arranging, as he does, for the expenditure of the whole Empire, and balancing outgoings with receipts. It is scarcely necessary to add that all important questions, in every department, are referred to the Viceroy by the member who takes the initiative, and are circulated to, and considered by, the whole Council. Generally this imperial body meets once a week,

and discusses State affairs with closed doors. The same body, in its legislative capacity, but swelled by extraofficial or unofficial members, has also a weekly debate to which the outer world is admitted. The legislative department, as distinct from the executive, is under the special care of the legal member of Council who, like the Commander-in-Chief, has no administrative portfolio or bureau to manage. In other words, the Executive Council consists of a Governor-General, two civil members, one military, one financial, and one legal member, and the chief of the army, or seven in all. And the business of the five great offices—the Foreign, the Home, the Financial, the Public Works, and the Military Departments, with their profusion of references, statements, and details—is transacted by the Viceroy and *four* Councillors. The legal member and the Commander-in-Chief are supposed to find sufficient employment—the one in dissecting projects for codes and enactments, and reducing them to shape, the other in attending to the discipline and welfare of the British and native army. To each department is attached a secretary, with a staff of under-secretaries and assistants. Those for the foreign, home, and financial offices are taken from the Bengal Civil Service. The military secretaries are picked men of the Bengal army; and the secretaries for public works are officers of engineering knowledge and scientific attainments, usually, though not invariably, belonging to that noble corps, the Bengal Engineers.

It would be out of place to expatiate on the details of Indian administration, which can be found by those who wish to study them at length in Major Chesney's valuable work on Indian policy. But to enable the English reader to apprehend clearly the position and duties of a Viceroy, it was necessary to sketch the division of labour, and the titles of the several departments of the Viceregal Government. With this preface, we now proceed to review some of the most prominent features of the administration of Lord Lawrence. We have on a previous occasion examined in detail his foreign policy.\* It is here only necessary to revert to some of its leading features.

The affairs of Cabul have naturally occupied an important place in contemporary Indian history, and have been discussed at intervals by the leaders of the English press. Without going minutely into Afghan rivalries, and the

‘*Fraternas acies, alternaque regna profanis  
Decertata odiis,*’

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\* See the article entitled ‘Foreign Policy of Sir John Lawrence.’ Ed. Review, vol. ccxxv. p. 1. (January, 1867.)

it may suffice to remind the reader that the well-known Dost Mahommed, whose friendship we had unwisely rejected just thirty years ago, dying in 1863, left Shere Ali as his successor and heir. Dost Mahommed was the father of Shere Ali, the whole-brother of Akbar Khan, who shot Sir William Macnaghten. But in the lifetime of his father, and during the viceroyalty of Lord Canning in 1858, Shere Ali had been designated as the heir to the throne of Cabul, and his nomination had been recognised by the British Government. In 1863, the illness and death of Lord Elgin delayed for some time the more formal recognition which was naturally expected by the new ruler on his accession to a throne for which he had been avowedly destined by his father. But in the end of that year the expected communication went forth, and, on his accession to office, Lord Lawrence found Shere Ali importuning the British Government for supplies of arms, and for a formal treaty. Lord Lawrence steadily refused to bind the Government to any distinct pledges. Not with stolid indifference, but with the anxious glances of a statesman, he remained a spectator of the struggle for supreme power. On the one side was Shere Ali, who had been recognised by his father as successor to the throne, and who in all his vicissitudes managed to retain his control over Candahar or Herat. On the other were successively the two brothers, Afzul and Azim, older than Shere Ali, and supported by a considerable portion of the nation. Lord Lawrence, while ready to entertain relations with the actual rulers of Cabul, and to correspond with them when seated on the throne, distinctly refused to break off from Shere Ali, or to disavow him as long as he held any portion of Afghanistan. His object was plain; his course straightforward; and his sincerity unquestionable. He wished to see the cessation of civil war, and the establishment of a strong and compact government by one of the sons of Dost Mahommed. But till this event became possible by the victory of the one branch or the other, he wisely resolved to keep free of entanglement and complication, and not to run the risk of offending either claimant by assuming the attitude of a partisan. He looked upon it as the duty of the rival princes to make good their own pretensions, and as the right of the nation to elect their own king.

In the autumn of 1868, Shere Ali, after romantic adventures and extraordinary changes of fortune, was enabled to eject his rivals, to regain his capital, and to reseat himself on his throne. The Viceroy, indifferent to taunts and criticism, at once saw that the moment had arrived for active intervention and for

substantial and moral support. After this let no statesman, we say, be afraid of the epithet 'cunctator.' It is easy to assert that by this sudden action Lord Lawrence abandoned his own policy and disavowed his former acts. The true policy was to seize the right moment of recognition, but to avoid the error of setting up a ruler against the wishes of a large portion of the people, or of committing the British Government to pledges which it might take whole armies and treasuries to redeem. That he abstained from sending a musket or a rupee across the frontier while civil war raged—that he should have allowed the rightful ruler to regain his inheritance by his own good sword—and that he refrained from active sympathy or material support until there was a fair chance of the establishment of a strong and capable government—was not the result of indifference or incapacity, but of prudent calculation and statesman-like delay. Shere Ali may not doubt have fretted at our apparent lukewarmness, and might contend that we ought to consider the ruler *de jure* as well as the ruler *de facto*; but he may now reflect with just pride that he owes his triumph entirely to his own endurance and skill. No powerful party in Afghanistan has been irritated by the premature and vexatious interference of a Power alien in religion and blood. Nothing has occurred to wound native pride, or to recall the events of 1841. Not an ounce of British gold was cast into the scales while victory was uncertain. The vanquished rivals cannot urge to other Powers that they should have retained the fruits of their own policy and valour had it not been for arms and for treasure despatched across the Indus. The contest has been fairly waged and concluded between the half-brothers, and the British Statesman only appears on the scene at the fall of the curtain, to read the epilogue, to point the moral, and, if possible, to prevent the revival of the play.

No one with the least pretension to any knowledge of Central Asian affairs, or anxious for the prosperity of our Indian possessions, will refuse to admit that the establishment of a solid, friendly, yet independent Power at Cabul, and in all the provinces which properly belong to Afghanistan, is an object well worth diplomacy, expenditure, and toil. It will, we think, be thought desirable by men of all parties that between the Himalayas and the Oxus or Jihoon there should be a series of native potentates competent to manage their own semi-barbarous subjects without constant and active interference on our part; who should send yearly to Lahore and Peshawur peaceful caravans laden with the produce of Central Asia; and who should not afford to other great Powers a pretext for



aiding one of two rivals, or the base of a claim for compensation by reason of aggression or turbulence. Already our Indian empire has, in addition to the snow-capped Himalayas, a fringe of native states, in the concerns of which it intermeddles as little as possible. We have the Maharaja of Nepaul, whose astute prime-minister has seen with his own eyes the boundless resources of England; the Ruler of Cashmere, who is entirely our own creation, and is ready to listen to the warnings and behests of the Viceroy; and the Khan of Kelat, and other Belooch chieftains, who are eager to invoke the aid and advice of British officers. Little seems wanting in that quarter of the Empire but a just and vigorous administration at Cabul, the head of which—fully persuaded that we do not desire one foot of his rocky territory, one rupee from his treasury, or even a bunch of grapes from his vineyards—may teach his rough subjects something of the elements of civilisation, and the advantages of unfettered trade. The policy of Lord Lawrence, so far from being inconsistent or wavering, appears to have been entered on with a distinct purpose, and with a clear idea of the object to be gained; and of all the courses suggested, it promises the best chance of success.

To other expedients recommended or discussed for the consolidation of Afghan power and as a barrier to Russian encroachment, the Governor-General turned a deaf ear. Such were the occupation of Quetta or of some other outpost, the lease of the fertile valley of Khoorum from the Amir, and the deputation of British officers to Cabul, who were to command a contingent of native troops, paid for by the Amir, but disciplined and drilled on the model of our irregular levies. Now the occupation of any advanced post at a distance from our own frontier, when calmly considered, is inexpedient on both political and strategical grounds. It has been calculated that no suitable place could be occupied and held without an expenditure on forts, barracks, roads, and supports of all kinds, amounting to two or three millions sterling. Every step which we take in the direction of Central Asia increases our own difficulties and diminishes those of a hostile and invading army. A general at the head of a force of 100,000 men would drag a heavy and a lengthening chain behind him as soon as he crossed the Oxus. He would have to subjugate, or secure the neutrality of the tribes through whom he passed; and if he could reckon on regular supplies and unbroken communication, he could not be certain of immunity from epidemics, or the effects of tropical heat. Why should the Indian Government, in feverish expectation of some aggressive act which may

never occur at all, quit the security of its own frontier, and advance towards Herat, in order to relieve an invader of one half of his military difficulties, and to create new political anxieties for itself? Why should we withdraw from their commodious barracks 3,000 or 4,000 picked troops, lessening the guarantees for our own security, and aggravating by increased taxation the causes of national discontent? Our Indian territories have reached their proper limit; we have abundance to employ us in the Peninsula itself. The tax-payer is sometimes sullen or clamorous; the tax-gatherer is at his wit's end to discover new sources of taxation, or to expand the old. Every English soldier sent beyond the frontier, at a distance from populous cities, which are the foci of disaffection, or from the fertile provinces which are all the better for the vicinity of our bayonets, is a source of expense, anxiety, and weakness. If the independence of Afghanistan is ever seriously menaced, its own rulers, we may rely on it, will be the first to call out for our assistance, and will be ready to place at our disposal Herat or Ghuzni, Quetta or Candahar. As was justly remarked by Sir William Mansfield, the first European power which sets foot in Afghanistan may reckon on having the population against him; the second will be welcomed as a deliverer or a friend. 'Leave us and our country alone,' were the words of an astute Afghan to Lord Lawrence; 'we are not rich; we can give nothing but rocks and men.' The same remarks equally apply to wild projects for obtaining from the Amir a lease of any of the districts bordering on our own. It is not easy to see what leverage such a lease would give us against foreign interference, how it could be of any pecuniary or solid advantage, or what effect it would produce on the minds of the Afghan nation except irritation and hatred.

As regards the idea of sending an English political agent, either with or without an escort, to a foreign capital, we know too well by experience to what results that step leads. The presence of a political officer would be a source of constant annoyance to the native sovereign, and of occasional anxiety to the Viceroy by whom he had been deputed. If the political agent is wrong-headed, his blunders may be irreparable. If he be keen-witted, active, and intelligent, he is certain to have 'views' and 'policies' of his own. He will worry the Amir with all sorts of unnecessary advice, and urge on him all kinds of unpalatable or impracticable reforms. His mere presence is an insult to native self-esteem, and a grievance to the conservative party, which always musters strongly at an Oriental court. In times of civil dissension, in spite of his

escort, he is liable to great danger at the hands of one party or the other. At moments even of profound peace, he may be summarily knocked on the head by some hare-brained fanatic, who happens to conceive that he is faithfully serving God and the Prophet. His arrival and his departure are alike causes of excitement. The words that drop incautiously or advisedly from his mouth are the subject of comment in the bazar, and are repeated with exaggerations in every court and palace in Asia. There is scarcely a practical object attainable by an envoy which may not be equally gained by the presence, at Cabul or Ghuzni, of a native news-agent, who can be changed or dismissed without exciting public attention; who is less likely to be struck down by the hand of an assassin; who has sources of information which would be closed to the best Persian scholar whom the Bengal army ever turned out; and who, being a Mahommedan, will not give umbrage or annoyance to the nobles and the chief. In short, the true and safe policy with regard to Afghanistan is to let all parties see that we desire nothing but the cessation of civil war and the establishment of a strong and just Government, which regards commerce as one object of king-craft. Add to this, that the Amir, so far from wishing for a British Resident at his Capital, as has been asserted, expressly intimated that he wished to be let alone, and that when he really wanted such an ambassador, it would be time enough to send him one. Viewed, in short, under all aspects—those of the exigencies of finance, of the laws of strategy and military combination, of political requirement, of the wishes and feelings of Afghans, and of the duties of the Indian Government to its own subjects—the occupation of any part of the Afghan empire, or the deputation of a British embassy to Cabul, would only increase existing difficulties, and would, in all probability, lead to those very grave complications which we all desire to avoid.

The consequence, then, of a mature survey of Asiatic politics was, that Lord Lawrence limited his dealings with Shere Ali to a judicious letter of encouragement, a few words of caution, and a substantial donation of 120,000*l*. The interview which the *novitas regni* prevented Shere Ali from holding with Lord Lawrence in the autumn of 1868, finally came off with this Statesman's successor in the spring of 1869. To the pecuniary aid already given, Lord Mayo added the equally acceptable tokens of good-will in muskets, siege guns, and munitions of war. The precise details of the conference at Umballa have never yet been made public. But it is stated in well-informed circles, that without entering into a treaty which would have

bound only one of the contracting parties, and without pledging himself to the continuance of a subsidy for which no adequate return could have been ensured, Lord Mayo satisfied Shere Ali, repaired the fatal error of Lord Auckland's policy as far as repair was possible, and inspired the Amir with a profound conviction of the power and disinterestedness of the Government of the Queen. Shere Ali, received with royal honours at every British station, surrounded with picked officials who anticipated all his wants, and fêted for eight days at Umballa in the presence of high civil and military officers, eminent for warlike achievements or for peaceful triumphs, departed to his native country, as we have reason to believe, not more impressed by the sight of our administrative skill, our military organisation, and our national resources, than pleased and gratified by the gracious hospitality and the noble bearing of his host. The work commenced by the Indian was completed by the English statesman, and it is worthy of note that though there was a difference of opinion on many intricate points of internal administration in the Supreme Council between 1864 and 1869, a complete and gratifying unanimity prevailed in the treatment of the Afghan civil war. The subject was more than once discussed by practised pens in all its bearings; and the soldier and the lawyer, the finance minister and the practised administrator, agreed in rejecting all proposals which should bind them to the dispatch of one soldier, or to the occupation of one acre of ground beyond the frontier.

The moral effect of the interview between the Amir and the Viceroy surpassed the calculations of the friends of the former, and filled his opponents with dismay. Arms dropped from the hands of whole bodies of troops. The uncle and nephew, Azim Khan and Abdul Rahman, fled, to implore, vainly, countenance and assistance from Persia; wavering governors of provinces or of forts pacified their troops or opened their gates, and, like genuine Orientals, joined the winning side. The report of the conference, with due exaggerations, was circulated and canvassed in all the marts and bazars of Central Asia. And some of the native Princes of India, who are keen observers of the progress of Russia and of the attitude of England, credited Lord Mayo with the deepest and most astute policy in thus honouring and assisting a Mohammedan ruler, who, according to all authorities and precedents of Oriental state-craft, ought, in return for the assassination of our Envoy nearly thirty years previously, to have been cunningly lured to the plains of India, and have there been summarily executed or secretly poisoned in the cantonments of Umballa.

Besides originating a consistent and well-defined policy for our relations with the Amir, Lord Lawrence placed on a better footing our intercourse with other Powers not under the immediate influence of the supreme authority in India. A treaty was concluded with the King of Burmah at the close of 1867, which provided for the extradition of criminals, for the establishment of a court at Ava by which suits between British and Burmese subjects could be decided, and for trade and commerce between the two kingdoms. British officers traversed the whole of independent Burmah, in spite of obstacles and vexatious delays, and penetrated as far as the Panthay city of Momein, where Major Sladen, in command of the expedition, was hospitably entertained by the Mohammedan governor of the place. At the other extreme of the enormous tract of sea and land to which Indo-British influence penetrates, strong measures have been taken in order to put down the slave trade. Piracy and violations of the maritime peace have been repressed and punished in the Persian Gulf. Revolutions have taken place at Muscat; the Imaum has fled, and a pretender has occupied the throne. But while the Indian Government has kept aloof from the quarrel, as it did in the precedent of Afghanistan, the property of British subjects has been inviolate, and the respect due to the British flag has been enforced.

A large share of attention was given to regulating, improving, and settling the affairs of states in India which practically form part of the Imperial system, and which cannot be misgoverned without producing discontent injurious to our own subjects and discreditable to our name. Transit duties, levied in the territories of the Nizam, were abolished and the rates on imports and exports were revised. Efforts were made to rouse the Rajpoot chieftains from the stagnation in which they slumbered, and they have been reminded that if their dominions are now secure from annexation, they must put down robbery and violence, and must govern in accordance with modern ideas. A striking example was made of one of these potentates, the Nawab of Tonk, a Mohammedan in the midst of Hindu chieftains of the bluest blood in the East, who was deposed and his prime minister imprisoned for complicity in the deliberate assassination of an obnoxious person. The state is now well governed by a British officer on behalf of the heir and during his minority. Another ruler, the Maharaja of Jodhpore, who, in spite of the Viceroy's protest, had been decorated with the Grand Cross of the Star of India, has been removed for mal-administration, which was on the eve of producing a

serious rupture between him and his nobles; and a Council of Regency was convened and entrusted with the direction of affairs. Similar acts of interposition, varying from friendly criticism or gentle remonstrance to serious menace and to direct exercise of supremacy, characterised our relations with other chiefs, and especially with the congeries of petty states which are subordinate to what is termed the Agency for Central India. A gang of outlaws, who ever since the mutiny had carried on an organised system of robbery and murder in Bundelcund, was at last hunted down. Outbreaks among certain wild tribes in the Bombay Presidency, known as the Waghers and the Naikras, were suppressed. The debts of a Madras Prince, the subject of more than one discussion in the House of Commons, have been happily compromised. And while the Maratta Prince Holkar has been induced to aid communication by railroad, he has also been informed that he cannot be allowed to aggrandise himself by trampling on the rights of petty states around him, whose independence had been guaranteed by the British Government as far back as 1817.

The other great Maratta chieftain, Maharaja Scindia, has actually consented to the occupation of his fort at Gwalior by British regiments; and, without detailing every proof of the influence now exerted by the paramount power throughout the camps and courts of India, it may be broadly laid down that Lord Lawrence has endeavoured to impress the aristocracy with a belief that their titles, dignities, and possessions are safe provided they govern with equity and moderation; he has taught them this necessary lesson by friendly warnings followed by determined action; and princes and people are now ready to believe that, in the event of incapacity for rule on the part of a chieftain, we shall show our forbearance by nominating a successor, or by governing in trust for the next heir. Probably there never was a time when greater value was set on the favour of the Viceroy or on the word of a British officer. Chiefs of ancient lineage and extensive possessions are covetous of one of the latest decorations emanating from the Crown, that of the Star of India. Salutes, public or private interviews, and the attendance of well-selected officers, are attentions which are highly prized and are not costly; and, together with a feeling of political security, there is hope of a sentiment of attachment to the Crown of England, which could scarcely have been looked for in the days of the East India Company, however renowned for its faithfulness to obligations or for its supremacy in war. We have no doubt that the well-timed and successful visit of a Prince of the blood

Royal to the Courts of India will materially strengthen this sentiment.

It would require a volume to explain fully the mass of internal measures which were either originated, or carried towards completion, or actually finished, during the same period. Some of them are local or departmental, others require an apprenticeship in Asiatic official literature to understand their significance and their bearing on the advancement of the people. Others, again, would be easily understood and valued by all those who, in any dependency of the Crown, are engaged in that work of ruling aliens which was so well understood by the most powerful nation of antiquity, and which has been taken up in modern days by the race which most resembles the Roman nation in its aptitude for colonisation and its observance of law. We shall, however, enumerate some of the reforms which, besides being of sound practical importance, are easy of comprehension.

It is not too much to say that by Lord Lawrence the Department of the Telegraph was completely reorganised. The illiterate officers employed in the transmission of messages have been replaced by young men educated in the theory and practice of electric communication, whose capacity is tested by competitive examinations, and the most intelligent of whom are sent to England at intervals to acquire a knowledge of recent discoveries and improvements. The agency for constructing the various lines was separated from the agency for the transmission and interchange of messages. A new tariff was introduced for the whole Indian Empire characterised by such simplicity and uniformity, that a message of ten words can now be sent, on the principle of the penny postage, for the sum of two shillings, either from Calcutta to Barackpore, or from Calcutta to Bombay. Payment by stamps with an appropriate telegraphic device has been adopted. New lines of more than 2,500 miles in extent have now been added to those existing at the close of 1863, and the number and length of existing wires has been very nearly doubled. Besides this, nearly 3,000 miles of wire and posts have been entirely remodelled. And a plan has been devised whereby messages are registered and can be traced in transit, while every effort is being made to diminish the delays and inaccuracies in the transmission of them. When we make allowance for the enormous areas over which the Indian lines extend, for the difficulty of supervision, for the isolation of the signallers, and for the meteorological disturbances to which tropical climates are liable, it must be conceded that these results are in the highest degree creditable to the Government and the departmental authorities to whom they are due.

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*The Viceroyalty of Lord Lawrence.*

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Of even greater importance than the rapid interchange of political events and of commercial orders, are the great Public Works on which so many millions have been laid out during the last five years. In no year of Lord Lawrence's rule have less than four and a half millions been spent on public works, exclusive of railways, and in one year the expenditure was little short of six millions. This is, further, independent of a sum of nearly one and a half millions raised by local taxation and expended on local objects. Splendid barracks have been constructed at seven of the most important of our military stations, and irrespective of buildings designed for the residence of the British soldiers, arrangements have been effected to drain and adorn large cantonments, and to provide for the comfort and amusement of the troops, by reading-rooms, cricket grounds, baths, workshops, and gymnasia. The defences of Aden have been improved. Large railway stations have been provided with fortified posts, to which, in the event of any outbreak, women, children, and residents in the interior could fly for safety, and where a small but resolute body of men could hold its own for a considerable period until the arrival of succour or relief. Sanitary measures are now a regular department of the State, and advantage has been taken of our increased familiarity with the Himalayan climate to select new sites for the residence of European regiments at elevations of some 6,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The recurrence of those dreadful famines to which India has always been liable at intervals, has invested schemes of irrigation with extreme importance, and the extension of canals has been sanctioned for every part of India which is exposed to failure of harvests from protracted drought. These operations range from the district of Delhi to the Presidency of Madras, and they are to be carried on simultaneously in Orissa, unhappily notorious, in the Punjab, in Bombay, on the banks of the Indus, and on the borders of Nepal. Considerable sums are also being laid out on embankments in those parts of the Empire which are exposed to devastating inundations from the excess of rain. But some of the curious obstacles which oppose the progress of good Indian administration were revealed in dealing with this subject, and it has been found that increase of fever has been attributed, not without reason, to the introduction of canals; while in others, payment for water has been refused by the agriculturists, who prefer to see their fields run to waste and their families expire rather than part with a single extra rupee.

The care bestowed on railways was such as might have been

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expected from a lieutenant of Lord Dalhousie, who was the real author of the Indian railway system. More than 1,500 miles of railway were opened during the late administration, and thirty millions of capital were expended. Schemes for connecting important provinces were discussed with the triple object of promoting commerce, social convenience, and the military and political strength of the Empire. There is every reason to hope that during the next twenty years one hundred millions of capital will be expended, while the mileage of Indian railways will be quadrupled. In other words, instead of having 5,000 miles, as at present, India will be crossed and intersected by 20,000 miles of rail; one continuous line will take the soldier and the traveller from Calcutta to Peshawur; Scinde and the Punjab will be joined by something more rapid than the Indus; and the sterile districts and stagnant administrations of Rajpootana may feel the force of what in other provinces has vanquished the conservatism of three thousand years. It is possible, too, that when we have seen the Hooghly bridged at Calcutta, one railway may connect the metropolis with Darjeeling, and another may open up the valley of the Brahmaputra. Besides completing old and commencing new lines, Lord Lawrence, with characteristic sympathy for the natives and with a due love of economy, has insisted on improving the management of the lines. The audit of accounts has been revised. Fares have been lowered. The wants of third-class passengers, who form in India the majority of the travellers, have been cared for. Those who have seen Hindoos and Mahomedans packed together like herrings in a cask or wild animals in a menagerie, locked in or let out to be maltreated by some low and insolent official, will understand that it required all the authority of the Viceroy to secure to the patient and half-stupefied occupants of third-class carriages, air, water, and immunity from insult.

In reviewing the subject of railways, it is scarcely possible to pay too great a tribute to the prescience and sagacity of Lord Dalhousie; and it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that, as regards military strength, political ascendancy, social comfort, executive supervision in all departments, even pecuniary returns, and the gradual annihilation of prejudice and error, the application of steam to locomotion in India has been attended by a success surpassing the most sanguine calculations. Our military force is doubled. The obstacles to effective civil management are diminished or removed. The evils of scarcity are mitigated, and, as was proved in 1868, famine, if not prevented, may be reduced to high prices and to partial want. Slowly but surely the absurdities of caste are dis-

appearing. Interchange of ideas and personal knowledge are removing misapprehension and prejudice. British officials perform their duties with a firmer grasp of facts, a more accurate vision, and a wider range of information. Natives, shaken out of their sloth by advantages too obvious to be neglected, are awakening to the maxim that time is money, and that delay means loss.

The care of Woods and Forests has been undertaken by the Department of Public Works, and rules are laid down suited to the wants of different Provinces or *Presidencies*. As regards fuel and timber, extraordinary diversities prevail in different tracts. In parts of Bengal Proper, the Doab, Behar, the Punjab, and even Oudh, the want of wood has been seriously felt. Forests have given way to fields of rice or corn, and these, in their turn, are metamorphosed into gardens or inclosures. Over miles of country in many districts there is neither forest nor bush in which a leopard could lurk or a deer conceal itself. In other places, again, the traveller sees an undulating country covered with long grass, and dotted with clumps of timber, or he passes through a dense forest with here and there a miserable hamlet, the inhabitants of which live in constant dread of the wild elephant or the tiger. But, wide as may be the jungle, its natural resources are not proof against the reckless improvidence of Asiatics. Trees of all sizes used to be wastefully felled. Large areas were cleared by fire to enable a few ignorant peasants to dibble their seeds one year into a few acres, which they hastily abandoned the next. Not the slightest attempt was made to repair past destruction by new plantations. It was, indeed, high time for the Government to lay down rules for the preservation and the reproduction of valuable timber, and for restraining the recklessness of herdsmen and ryots. Gentlemen possessed of a practical knowledge of arboriculture have been sent out from Scotland and Germany, and regard is paid to prescriptive rights of pasture, common, and woodcutting, while a culpable waste of the bounties of nature is severely checked.

Measures are now taken to find employment and amusement for the British soldier in the tedium of the long Indian day, and to keep him healthy and vigorous in spite of the influences of a tropical climate. Liberality is exercised in the support of the families of soldiers when separated from their husbands and fathers, and in arrangements for their return to England. The hateful order well known as ‘half-batta,’ forced on Lord William Bentinck by the Court of

Directors just forty years ago, has been rescinded; and, while the native army is not forgotten, nothing is neglected to secure the complete efficiency of the British regiments on whom we rely for our ascendancy, govern India as we may by force of character and conciliatory treatment.

The operations of the home and the legislative departments are so diversified and minute, and they often presume such an intimate acquaintance with the theory and practice of Eastern administration, that we can only find space for the enumeration of a few of them. Jail discipline has undergone a revolution, on rules well suited to the peculiarities of the climate and the criminal. A Chief Court is established at Lahore, competent to try Englishmen for offences committed in the Punjab. The native judicial service, hitherto inadequately paid, is now remunerated on a scale equal to its duties and importance. Education in all its branches, including female schools, has been taken up in earnest; and the Viceroy, seeing that the higher classes have now ample motives for exertion and study in the existence of English schools, colleges, and a University, as well as in the certain competence to which a liberal training leads, started the national question of educating the peasantry of Bengal. A discussion commenced and is still unfinished, whether property in the East, as elsewhere, has not its duties as well as its rights, and whether the race of rich and lightly-taxed landholders whom we have created, are not morally bound to contribute to the education of the inferior and dependent classes, to whose patient toil they are so largely indebted, and whose ignorance contrasts painfully with the opportunities for culture enjoyed by men of high caste, leisure, and wealth.

In short, it may be said that, whether at Calcutta or at Simla, Lord Lawrence overlooked no subject which could strengthen the moral and material force of the Government, promote the welfare of all classes, facilitate the employment of natural and unexplored resources, simplify the law, prevent the embarrassment of his successors by the transmission of inconvenient legacies; and that he discharged his great trust in the spirit of duty and self-sacrifice, without pampering special interests or canvassing for applause.

The subject of rights in land is one so extensive, so intimately connected with the welfare and contentment of a large portion of the Indian community, and invested with such dignity and consequence at this time by Irish analogy or example, that we shall devote to it a larger space than to other controversies and reforms. It is a curious fact that the whole

hear it blamed for high prices, for epidemics, for the want of rain, and for a rise in wages, while the most absurd remedies are gravely required at the hands of a Viceroy or Governor as a cure for evils which arise solely from the perverseness or apathy of the nation itself.

The case, then, of the British Administration may, it seems to us, be impartially summed up as follows:—In the eyes of all but men of the school which holds it the first duty of the Indian peasant to sow so many acres with cotton, and to consume annually so many yards of mule-twist, the British Government is actuated by a polity dignified, noble, and undisturbed by changes in the Ministry at home; and it labours steadily to educate a community composed of discordant and conflicting elements to a level from which it may begin to govern itself. Impressed with the necessity of bestowing on the country all the latest and best improvements in judicial and executive administration, and to bring home comfort and security to the masses, it expends yearly on this unremunerative task a vast amount of energy and philanthropy, and many valuable lives. Tried by the rules which candid writers would apply to governments elsewhere, it presents us with an official framework such as Cicero or Pliny might well have contemplated with envy, and such as Edmund Burke might almost have admired. But some of its best qualities are, in the eyes of the native population, a cause of scandal and offence. It is often far above the comprehension of the people, and its agents are in many things removed from the sympathies of the majority. As a set-off, however, it is satisfactory to reflect that the mass of the peasantry does feel some conviction of the equity and fairness of our civil and military officers. The traders and bankers, whose boats float on every stream and whose warehouses crowd the marts that have grown and prospered under our shadow, are, to a man, on our side. The most influential of Hindu princes, tributaries, and landholders are gradually inclining to the belief that no conceivable change in the form and substance of government could alter their position for the better. The Mahomedan element, it is true, is replete with danger and difficulty, and during the past year the Government has collected ample proofs of the secret agencies which have been at work to sow broadcast the seeds of disaffection and revolt, and to rally the faithful round the green flag of the Prophet. But if we have cause to watch the treacherous ashes which hide slumbering fires, we may be quite certain that every trace of original enterprise has been effectually trodden out of the native character by the levelling

tendencies of our rule. It was remarked that in the Mutiny, when whole districts were for months given up to the rebels, every attempt at native administration was a caricature or a copy of the Government that had just ceased. In the peaceful times which have happily succeeded, the titles and functions of our official hierarchy are gravely borrowed by the semi-independent chief or prince, who makes us his pattern for internal reforms. We hear of native states with a High Court, a Legal Member of Council, and Foreign and Financial secretaries. And when Lord Lawrence, anxious to give an opening to indigenous talent, endeavoured on one or two occasions to select a native gentleman for the charge of a small principality brought temporarily under our jurisdiction and management, he was quietly informed that the native community much preferred the supervision of some Englishman—a military or a civil officer! The result of all speculation and inquiry, then, seems to be that, with exalted motives and beneficent acts, we stand in India somewhat as the elder Scipio, according to the historian of Rome, stood amongst his countrymen: ‘admired, revered, but not loved.’ We can, of course, command obedience and put down open discontent. We may convert self-interest, the most powerful of motives, into a support of that edifice which by our own efforts we are slowly building. We may educate the higher orders into an acknowledgment of their duties, and the lower classes into an appreciation of their lawful rights. We may be proof against foreign aggression or internal revolt, repair our finances, cover the peninsula with railways and roads, and make the India of 1900 a country which the official of 1850 would, if he survived, be almost unable to identify. But as one class of difficulties is surmounted, some other is certain to arise for solution; and on the whole we may regard ourselves as fortunate if the prevalent idea of many natives regarding us is, that the Englishman is, after all, a mysterious being, endowed with supernatural powers, which he uses to bless and harass mankind alternately, a cross between a malevolent demon and an angel of light.

To return to the administration of Lord Lawrence. The two points in which he has laid himself most open to criticism are the finances, and the famine in Orissa. It is undeniable that in the year 1868 there was a deficit of two millions, and that in a time of profound peace and with no extensive military operations, our expenditure was considerably in advance of our income. The Bhootan expedition is not to be charged with more than 250,000*l.*, and the affair in Hazara, of 1868, only cost us 80,000*l.* But there is the fact, that with no extraordi-

nary demands on the exchequer, the Government was spending far more than it could collect, and that it was compelled to resort again to a form of taxation peculiarly obnoxious to all who came under its operation. The Indian Chancellor of the Exchequer has to make up his annual budget from the returns of no less than eight distinct administrations, and he labours besides under signal disadvantages with regard to the increase of taxation and the sources of wealth. Irregular modes of recruiting an exhausted treasury, familiar to Rajas and Vizirs, and employed at a crisis and with arbitrary incidence, would be opposed to public opinion in England, although we suspect that they would be tolerated and even welcomed by the people. Schedules and forms, perfectly familiar to us, strike the Oriental with the dismay felt by Hayraddin Maugrabbin when asked by Toison d'Or to explain his heraldic scroll. The taxable wealth of India is confined to certain areas, and limited by unalterable rules. Recent experiments have satisfied Indian administrators that, for all practical purposes, India is a poor country. Wealth is either hidden altogether, is squandered in ornaments or festivities, or is disbursed on social considerations which seem alternately to invite and repel the tax-gatherer. So, what with the prejudices of caste, the danger of disaffection, the necessity of favouring and protecting English interests, and the difficulty of trusting one native with authority where the purse of his fellow is concerned, the Imperial Government is forced to tread in the old grooves, and to wait patiently until the gradual but certain expansion of the sources of revenue shall prove adequate to the increased requirements of every department of the State. The financial condition of the Empire is, however, radically not unsound. The Government, in 1869, had tenders for its loans, in excess of its wants, at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  and  $4\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. The old securities command a high premium in the market. The total debt of India does not equal three years of its public revenue. Money has been freely offered to the Government by several of the leading princes. And it may be fairly pleaded that there was nothing to excite lasting distrust or alarm in the condition of the finances as handed over by Lord Lawrence to Lord Mayo, though there was ample cause for inquiry, retrenchment, and economy, and for accuracy in the framing of all future budgets.

As regards the disaster in Orissa, Mr. George Campbell, from whose last essay we have already quoted a passage, was appointed as head of the Famine Commission, and he showed conclusively that though more alacrity might have relieved the

Local Government from odium and reproach, yet no human exertion could have prevented great loss of life and suffering. We must not forget the gigantic areas over which these eastern visitations extend, the difficulties of communication in the tropical rains, the amazing apathy of the natives, and their superstitious regard for the purity of caste. Lord Lawrence has been blamed for not forcing the Government of Bengal into action, or for not overruling its operations by his own. But that Government was then in the hands of an able and experienced civilian, who had risen to high employ under statesmen so different as Lord Hardinge, Lord Dalhousie, and Lord Canning, and who had enjoyed in turn the entire confidence of each. Lord Lawrence, though officially reassured of the prospects of Orissa by reports forwarded from the Lower Provinces, had, unofficially, a feeling that the true state of the case was not disclosed, nor the magnitude of the danger apprehended. Personally, he was anxious to store grain, to provide against contingencies, and to place the machinery of Government in a condition to meet the calamity. This was not done in time, and it is to be regretted that the Viceroy did not formally express his own convictions to his colleagues, or make the scarcity a matter for deliberate discussion in Council. No human foresight or exertion could, however, have prevented great loss of life in such an isolated but extensive province as Orissa. We do not readily comprehend a state of things in which a dozen or score of Englishmen are suddenly called on to direct untrustworthy or inefficient native instruments in some great public undertaking, to force a nation of fatalists to exert themselves in the face of a stupendous visitation, or supervise operations which cover the area of three ordinary English counties. The Irish famine and the distress in Lancashire, mitigated as those occurrences were by the mighty resources of England, are, by comparison, insignificant when measured with the famine of Orissa.

A review of the five years for which Lord Lawrence governed India as Viceroy, whatever effect it may produce on the readers who live close to the event, will, we believe, lead posterity to the conclusion that it would be difficult to find any other period in the history of British India in which the reforms have been so numerous, the redress of evils so practical, and the advance so unlikely to be followed by a revulsion. The hand of a vigorous and experienced workman has been apparent in railways, telegraphs, and irrigation, in jails and post-offices, in the education of the people, and in opening avenues for their employment when educated without

impairing the efficiency of our machinery, or abnegating that position of command, which for some time to come we must on no account desert. Lord Canning had his time fully occupied with the mere reconstruction of the edifice which had been so rudely shaken, and several of the plans which he sketched or commenced were left to his successors to be filled up or completed. Credit is not usually given to many of the splendid internal reforms of Lord Dalhousie, because he has been unjustly assailed by one class of writers as an unscrupulous despot, who passed his time in deposing sovereigns and annexing kingdoms, and in thus preparing the minds of the people to receive the rebellion which commenced with the army. The career of Lord Hardinge lasted only three years and a half, and posterity will remember him more as the gallant soldier than as a successful administrator. The conspicuous talents of Lord Ellenborough were employed in repairing as far as was possible the national disgrace which we had suffered at the Bala Hissar, and the Khoord Cabul, and in reducing the military strength of Gwalior within due limits. Lord Auckland, though in some respects not ill qualified to advance Indian interests in time of peace, will always be associated with the reverse just mentioned, and as the author of doubt and disaffection in the minds of the sepoys. In reascending the roll of Proconsuls we must really go as far back as the era of Lord William Bentinck to find a turning-point in Indian annals similar to the days of Lord Lawrence. Undisturbed by visions of aggrandisement or consolidation, and never pressed by the necessity for military combinations, Lord Lawrence was enabled to bring his extensive knowledge, his power of rapid despatch, and his gift of recording his decision in a few phrases of sententious brevity, to forward those material improvements which command the applause of all classes, as well as to grapple with sundry questions, which might, in the next generation, have ended in some terrible explosion. Some critics have described Lord Lawrence as a weak man easily influenced by evil counsellors, and guided by the course of events which he ought to have shaped. Others, again, have censured him for his trenchant and despotic mode of doing business and his proneness to treat the inhabitants of civilised provinces as he formerly might have treated a Sikh chief of the Manjha or the head of a border tribe. The truth is, that the late Viceroy easily saw through the shallowness of those educated natives of whom the Virgilian Drances was the prototype; and that, on almost every subject, he had at once clear and well-defined opinions, or else he had the tact to consult others



whose local information he very soon moulded into shape and converted to a practical issue. The differences which arose between him and some high-minded and experienced colleagues, however unpalatable to one accustomed to rule alone and to take the shortest cut to a distant goal, in the end prevented error and elicited truth. Making all fair deductions for the mistakes to which the wisest are liable, for the deficit, for the famine, for the want of Parliamentary adherents or acquaintance with English political life, we may sum up the case by saying that Lord Lawrence governed with firmness and never shrank from controversy, was occasionally unpopular because he aimed at pleasing no one class or favouring no one interest to the exclusion or detriment of another, served his friends when they were qualified to interpret his policy or to represent him in high office, simplified justice, consolidated the laws, was zealous for the education of the mass, for the rights of the agriculturists, and for the comfort of the traveller, and handed over to his successor an efficient army, a disciplined civil service, and a peaceful empire fitted to draw forth all the highest qualities of the statesman, and to become the scene of many more bloodless victories to be gained over error by truth.

The career of Lord Lawrence from the lowest post to the highest may warrant the prediction that, whenever a certain combination of qualities shall again be found in any one Indian civilian, and political exigencies shall demand his services, the precedent will be followed instead of being cast aside, and the highest post out of the British Isles will again be entrusted to one who has not graduated in Parliamentary honours. But, as a general rule, the Viceroy ought to be an English statesman, any want of local or special knowledge being counterbalanced by freedom from prejudice, by familiarity with political tactics, and by the invigorating discipline which the rivalry of two great parties affords. It is very desirable that, except in cases of extraordinary merit, a fresh English intellect should administer a revenue of nearly fifty millions, and govern four times that number of souls. We are but too conscious of the union of qualities necessary to make a first-rate Governor-General—quickness of decision, breadth of view, insight into character, power of continuous exertion, and aptitude for gleaning information from discordant sources and combining the result into one harmonious whole. But, in spite of the difficulties of the task, we shall not despair of a prosperous future for India, while sixty thousand English soldiers hold our forts and arsenals; while the powerful Hindu princes and nobles are dazzled

by our supremacy or attached to us by self-interest; while the civil service is composed of men who unite intellect with principle, and do not disdain traditions which teach them how aliens must be ruled; while British merchants aid the Council by their experience instead of distracting it by their contention; while the Press adopts a tone of earnest but dispassionate criticism; and while the common welfare of Christians, Hindoos, and Mahommedans is intrusted to an English statesman who shall apply himself to discharge the functions of his high office in emulation of the philanthropy of Bentinck, of the vigour and sagacity of Dalhousie, and of the noble clemency of Canning.

ART. II. — 1. *Supplement to Volume I. and Volume II. of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain, preserved in the Archives of Simancas and elsewhere.* Edited by G. A. BERGENROTH, and published under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: 1868.

2. *Sur Jeanne la Folle et les documents concernant cette princesse qui ont été publiés récemment.* Par M. GACHARD. Bruxelles: 1869.

3. *Gustave Bergenroth: a Memorial Sketch.* By W. C. CARTWRIGHT, M.P. London: 1870.

ALL those who are interested in historical researches, both abroad and at home, have been considerably startled by the announcement of the discovery of documents which reduce one of the best-known historical facts of modern Europe to a legend. If this statement is to be believed, the madness of Juana, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, the wife of Philip the Fair, and the mother of Charles V., is a cunning invention, used by her father and her husband, to prevent her from reigning as legitimate Queen of Castile, and to punish her for heretical opinions. Her long incarceration, as well as the indignities of treatment and torture of body and mind to which she was subjected for forty-seven years, give her a right to be considered as a Protestant martyr. Her son, Charles V., not only did not attempt, on the death of his father and grandfather, to alleviate in any way the sufferings of his mother, but he even countenanced the application of the rack and of other instruments of torture, and abstained altogether from rendering her any filial attention. Here then

is another subject, which the artist and the poet had loved to treat, deprived of all air of romance; and the calamities of Juana, which had before passed as the effect of a mysterious visitation of Providence, are (if all this be true) to be attributed to the sordid calculations of human malignity and to the unnatural promptings of ambition.

The documents upon which this new view of the history of Juana is founded were collected by Mr. Bergenroth—since unfortunately deceased—during a long residence in Spain, and they are extracted principally from the archives of Simancas.

It is now ten years since Mr. Bergenroth first visited Spain under the auspices of the Master of the Rolls, and his labours have brought together from the various historical and diplomatic collections of the Peninsula a mass of interesting documents concerning the negotiations between England and Spain in the time of Henry VII., a portion of which are analysed in the two volumes of the *Cafendar* already published. We have on a former occasion brought under the notice of our readers the very curious and authentic materials he discovered with reference to the two marriages of Catharine of Aragon. The volume whose title stands at the head of this article is a Supplement to his previous contributions to English history; but while in the two former volumes Mr. Bergenroth contented himself with merely giving analyses of the documents he had collected, this Supplement contains the documents themselves accompanied by an English translation. Mr. Bergenroth had besides deciphered in Spain, not only at Simancas, but also at Madrid and elsewhere, a mass of documents not yet published, among which may especially be mentioned the correspondence of Charles V. with the Court of Rome, which no previous collector of historical materials had been allowed to consult.\*

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\* It is scarcely worth while to dwell at any length on a paper described by Mr. Cartwright as 'the very last discovery made by Bergenroth, and one which was on his mind while he lay tossing on his death-bed;' for although Mr. Cartwright has printed a summary of it in his volume, it forms no part of the publications sanctioned by the Master of the Rolls, and Bergenroth himself 'is careful to express no positive opinion on its authenticity.' This document purports to be a copy or transcript made at Madrid in 1681, of a detailed account of the sentence and execution of Don Carlos, son of Philip II., in the year 1568, and it repeats at length the legendary history of that wretched Prince, his supposed passion for his step-mother, the King's determination to try him for high treason, his pretended trial, and his sanguinary execution on the 23rd of February, 1568. We

Mr. Bergenroth, to whose industry and enterprise the English historical student is thus indebted, has been made the subject of a 'Memorial Sketch' by Mr. Cartwright, which may be read with considerable interest. His life was one of a singularly erratic nature, and not the least curious incident in it was the final passion which seized him to explore the secluded masses of illegible *Legajos*, mostly written in cipher, buried in the presses of the old castle of Simancas. Mr. Bergenroth was born in 1813 at Marggrabowa, in East Prussia on the Prussian frontier. He was educated at the University of Königsberg, with the view of entering into the Prussian civil service. His character appears to have been wayward, impetuous, and generous in early youth, and his life at Königsberg was not without its share of duelling and other adventures. Having entered the civil service, he was attached to the German law courts with the rank of Assessor, and in this position he was appointed to Cologne, where he became acquainted with the leading German Radicals. He adopted their politics, wrote in their papers, and thus placed himself in antagonism to the Prussian authorities. To escape for a while from an unpleasant position, he sought for leave and travelled in Italy, till he returned to his legal employment under Government—varied with disquisitions on economy and statistics. In 1848 he took part in the political agitations of Berlin, and was elected as deputy by a Pomeranian constituency. To escape the notice of the Government after General Wrangel's invasion of the Prussian Chambers, Bergenroth left Berlin; and in his absence he was transferred as Assessor to the inferior court at Wittstock. After having thus been in the public service for thirteen years, he threw up his appointment in disgust at the age of thirty-six; and in the following year sailed from Southampton for California. During

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have so recently examined and republished all that is really known on this subject, which is totally at variance with this extravagant story, that we shall not go over the ground again (see Ed. Rev. vol. cxxvii. p. 1.) The diplomatic correspondence of the time contradicts the whole narrative at every point. For instance, Don Carlos died on the 24th of July not on the 23rd of February, and the French ambassador who saw the body in its coffin, reports that his face was then but little changed. It was not Fray Juan de Avila (the pretended author of this paper), but Fray Diego de Chaves, who was the confessor of the Prince. In short, from first to last, it is a tissue of contradictions and impossibilities; our wonder is that Mr. Bergenroth could have been deceived by it for a moment; but, as we shall presently see, his zeal in making 'discoveries' greatly exceeded his power of estimating their true historical value.

the voyage he was attacked by yellow fever, cholera supervened, he was robbed by the steward of his ship, and finally deposited in a helpless condition on the quay of San Francisco. On his recovery he led the life of a miner and a hunter for about six months, subject to all the dangers of existence amid a population composed in no small measure of thieves and pirates. On his return to Europe he lived an unsettled life for six years, when his resources coming to an end, he valiantly bethought himself of restoring his fortunes by writing a great work on the history of the Tudor period. He came to England with this view in 1857, made London his head-quarters, and worked among the State Papers at the Record Office. After some essays in German and English periodicals—in one of which he assaulted Ranke with great violence—it seemed to him that the history of the Tudor period could not be duly written without consulting the archives of Simancas. And to Simancas Bergenroth went, quite of his own good will and relying on his own resources. Into the study of these documents, which have since been turned to good account by Mr. Froude, Mr. Bergenroth threw himself with immense ardour. Having obtained official permission, he was soon installed as the only literary reader in the castle. His way of life in an out of the way Spanish town like Simancas was necessarily of a very monotonous and solitary character; but his industry was unremitting and his skill in unravelling the mysteries of cipher most remarkable. He describes his adventures there with extreme vivacity in some of the letters which Mr. Cartwright has collected and preserved. Some of these letters written from Simancas to the 'Athenæum' attracted the attention of the Master of the Rolls, and Mr. Bergenroth was intrusted with the charge of calendaring such State Papers as he should find there relative to the history of England. From September 1860 to December 1868, he pursued this task. But he also visited Madrid, Paris, and Brussels for the purpose of making similar researches, and he returned to England from time to time. In December 1868 he was attacked by a virulent typhus fever, which was then ravaging Old Castile. At his first indisposition he travelled to Madrid, where he died at the age of fifty-six. For some time before his death he had been contemplating a history of the reign of Charles V., for which he had collected, as we have stated, some very remarkable documents.

It may be doubted, however, whether Mr. Bergenroth had the qualities necessary to write such a history. His researches no doubt were of great value, and it is as a hunter after

historical records that we take note of his career in this Journal. His judgment in matters of history was not sound; his style of writing, at least in English, is not good; and although he showed great ingenuity in deciphering the records with which he came in contact, he did not always succeed in giving them their true interpretation, while his translation is at times quite inaccurate. These points we shall prove in considering the manner in which he has dealt with the documents which he has found relating to *Juana la Loca*, and which he has collected in the volume now before us.

This Supplement of Mr. Bergenroth is divided into two parts; the first of nine pieces only, dating between the years 1501 and 1515, relates to Catherine of Aragon; the second part, with which we alone here occupy ourselves, relates to the story of *Juana la Loca*. On the former portion, which purports to disclose certain irregularities of conduct of Catharine before her marriage with Henry VIII., we shall only say that Mr. Bergenroth's charge rests on evidence of the weakest description.

The conclusions which we have drawn from all these documents are of precisely an opposite character to those drawn by Mr. Bergenroth. We can discover in them no reason whatever for reversing the general belief of history in the mental derangement of the unfortunate Queen of Castile, or for believing her to have had any opinions or practices differing from the Catholicism of her time or country, except such as were likely to arise from the distressing malady to which she was a victim. In these conclusions we are supported both by the authority of M. Gachard—the well-known archivist of Brussels, whose interesting volume on Don Carlos we had occasion to review some two years back—and of M. Amédée Pichot, author of the *Chronique de Charles-Quint*, and director of the *Revue Britannique*, who also is well versed in the Spanish history of the period, and is preparing for publication an independent work on the subject, to be called *La Chronique de Jeanne la Folle*.

This unfortunate Princess was not, it must be remembered, until long after her birth the heiress presumptive of the Spanish monarchy. She was born at Toledo in 1479, and it was only after the death of her brother Don Juan, of her sister Isabella the Queen of Portugal, and of the Infant Don Miguel son of this Princess, in the years 1497, 1498, 1499 respectively, that she became presumptively entitled to the Crown of Castile. So many bereavements coming one after the other had already affected with profound melancholy the mind of

Isabella the Catholic, when a new and fearful blow came upon her soon afterwards in the conviction of the insanity of her next child, the heiress to the throne.

Mr. Bergenroth, although he subsequently admits that a belief in the madness of the Princess Juana had an earlier origin, writes at first as if the story of her madness dated from the death of Philip the Fair.

'The story,' he says, 'of a young Queen losing her reason from excessive grief at her husband's death is so *piquant*, so sentimentally romantic, that grave philosophers, romance writers, and painters have vied with each other in depicting the most touching scenes in the most tender colours. If, however, the truth is to be told, the story of Queen Juana's madness must, we are afraid, be abandoned and replaced by another, drawn in strong hard lines and coloured with the darkest tints.'

This sentence is significative of the weakness both of Mr. Bergenroth's style of diction and of his method of dealing with the subject. We do not 'know who are the 'grave philosophers' who have vied with romance writers and painters in depicting touching scenes 'in tender colours,' but assuredly no historian worthy of credence has ever described the madness of Juana as having commenced at the death of the Archduke Philip, her husband. It began, in fact, long before. Mr. Bergenroth states 'that if we endeavour to inform ourselves 'of the circumstances of this curious case from contemporary 'or nearly contemporary sources, we soon discover that the 'information which we are able to gather is in the highest 'degree unsatisfactory.' It is very strange after this statement that Mr. Bergenroth should, while citing two authorities from Flanders, who lived at a distance from the scene of action, and Sandoval, who wrote the history of Charles V. nearly a century after the events which Mr. Bergenroth notices, omit altogether to notice the letters of Peter Martyr of Anghiera, who was constantly in attendance on Queen Isabella, and whose letters are the very chiefest historical and most credible documents in this question. The name of Peter Martyr does not *once* occur, so far as we have been able to discover, in the whole of Mr. Bergenroth's volume. To treat of the life of Queen Juana without citing the testimony of Peter Martyr is something like an attempt to examine the life of St. Paul without referring to the Acts. The documents published in Mr. Bergenroth's volume are no doubt of a very curious and interesting character, but Mr. Bergenroth, led away by a fixed idea of proving that all history up to this time has been erroneously written, has really proved himself unable to deal with the fresh matter he has discovered.

It was the business of a writer examining so grave an historical question to ascend to the first evidence on record of the madness of Juana. This Mr. Bergenroth has not done. The letters of Peter Martyr establish the fact that the first undeniable symptoms of lunacy in Juana were manifested in the month of November, 1503, after the departure of Philip the Fair for Flanders. Her handsome, gay, and volatile husband had grown weary of the stiff and stately formality of court-life at Toledo, and longed for the more genial and exuberant manner of living at Brussels and at Ghent, which still retained some of the old Burgundian joyousness and splendour. Juana was in a stage of pregnancy too far advanced to allow her to accompany her husband, but neither her prayers nor the remonstrances of the Queen of Castile could detain the Archduke. There can be no doubt that the Archduke was a bad husband; and the unfortunate Juana, besides being devoid of all personal charm, was of extreme obstinacy and subject to strange fits of bad humour and taciturnity, which were broken from time to time by violent explosions of anger and jealousy. Her grief at the departure of the Prince was excessive, and after a time she sank down into a mood of blank silence lasting for days together, and yielding only to intervals of anger and despair. While the unhappy Princess was in this state, a second son was born to her, but her deplorable mental condition knew no amelioration. The absence of her husband was the one subject on which she brooded day and night. In the month of November following she received from Philip a letter which gave fresh fuel to her malady, and she desired immediately to set out and join him. Queen Isabella objected to her incurring the risk of a journey through France, at a moment when that country was disturbed by great preparations for war, or to her braving, as she had braved before, the perils of a stormy sea. One night, however, the Princess, without informing any of the persons of her household, quietly stole out of the apartment she occupied in the castle of Medina del Campo and endeavoured to escape through the gates. Her flight was discovered and she was besought in vain to return and wait for the morrow to take her departure. She would not re-enter her apartment—the outer gates were shut, the drawbridge raised, while the Princess uttered threats of vengeance against those who thus prevented her flight, and obstinately passed the whole of the night leaning against the bridge, and trembling with cold and anger; she would not even permit a cloak of warmer texture than that she wore to be placed on her shoulders. Even on the following day it was found



impossible to get the Princess to her apartments—all she would consent to do was to enter a wretched hovel near the gate. Her mother Isabella, however, being at that time at Segovia was sent for; her grief after so many and such severe family afflictions, at finding her daughter in this condition, was extreme. She succeeded, however, in bringing the Princess back to her chamber—whether by persuasion alone or whether by a mixture of persuasion and force is not stated.

This was the first exhibition of a deranged mind on the part of Juana, and it is as well-attested an historical fact as any in history. The narrative of it is to be found in the 268th letter of Peter Martyr, who was, as we have said, constantly about the Queen. In the following spring the Princess left Spain for Ghent. Her satisfaction at having rejoined her husband checked the progress of her malady for a time, but before long jealousy of her gay husband revived symptoms of derangement in her mind. She flew at a lady of the palace who was, or was supposed to be, a favourite of the Archduke; she tore a handful of hair from her head and then caused her to have her head shaved, while Philip in return overwhelmed his wife with the most violent reproaches.

In the month of November of that year, Isabella died, after having made a will well-known in history, by which, among many other arrangements, she provided that in case her daughter 'Juana should not wish or should not be capable of undertaking the government,' *'no quiesiese ó no pudiese entender en la governacion é administracion,'* the actual king, Ferdinand, was to be regent of Castile. There can be no cause of surprise that in this document, and indeed in all the subsequent correspondence, the mental derangement of Juana should be spoken of in a euphemistic fashion. The terms in which the calamity is mentioned are always general; can it be supposed that the Queen Isabella would write of her daughter's insanity in express terms, and this the more as Juana was still at that time allowed her liberty; or can it be supposed that any courtier or servant of Charles V. would call the mother of the Emperor '*Juana la Loca*' to his face? There can be no doubt that the Queen intended by this periphrasis to provide for the case of her daughter's probable and irremediable insanity.

On the very evening of the day of the death of Isabella, from a scaffold in the midst of the great square of Toledo, and with the sound of trumpets, the heralds proclaimed the accession of Juana as *reina propietaria*, and of her husband Philip, to the throne of Castile. The will of Queen Isabella was

read before the assembly of the *Cortes* at Jaca on the 11th of January, 1505. Juana and Philip were acknowledged monarchs of Castile by the States, and Ferdinand was named Regent of the kingdom in the name of his daughter. This arrangement increased the misunderstanding between Philip and his wife. Juana, unknown to her husband, had written a letter to her father, in which she approved of his assumption of the administration of the kingdom of Castile, and this letter had fallen into the hands of Philip. The Archduke was so enraged at this proceeding on the part of his wife that he shut her up in her apartments, and the seclusion to which she was subjected is said to have increased her malady.

On the 8th of May 1506, the King and Queen of Castile left the Low Countries to go and take possession of their new kingdom. They travelled by sea, and were immediately on leaving land assailed by a violent tempest—as it was the fate of the unfortunate Juana, strangely enough, to be exposed to the wildest disorders of the elements whenever she crossed the ocean. On this occasion when she heard that the ship was in danger of foundering, she dressed herself in her best robes, and attached a valuable purse to her girdle, in order that she might die in a fashion becoming her rank, and be buried in like manner also if she were cast ashore. The royal couple at last escaped the storm and landed at Weymouth, whence they were invited, while their vessel was undergoing repairs, to the court of Henry VII. at Windsor, and entertained in magnificent style.\*

After some stay in England, the King and Queen of Castile departed for Spain, and landed at Coruña. Philip's ambition was, as Ferdinand well knew, to wrest from him the administration of Castile, and to govern under the authority of his wife: for this purpose it was his policy to cause a report to be spread abroad that Juana was sane. The stern and crafty old Catalan, Ferdinand, with all his usual duplicity, set to work to undermine the schemes of Philip; he endeavoured to form a party for himself in Castile; but the spirit of independence was yet strong in the country. Ferdinand as an Aragonese was regarded by the Castilians as more of a foreigner than Philip, who was the husband of their actual Queen. The

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\* This incident laid the foundation of the future greatness of the House of Russell. Mr. Russell of Kingston Russell was the only gentleman in the neighbourhood who could speak French fluently. He was sent for to attend the shipwrecked Princes, pleased them, was asked to follow them to Windsor, and was soon afterwards appointed to some place at the English Court.

grasping, encroaching, and penurious policy of Ferdinand had made him detested by the great nobles; while the emissaries of Philip went about fanning the flames of disaffection towards the regency of his father-in-law, and vaunting the superior generosity of their master. Ferdinand, when his daughter and son-in-law had reached Coruña, had become aware that he had no party to support him in the kingdom, and determined to give way—making, however, with the duplicity of the period, at the same time mental reservations, and signing documents to the effect that such concessions as he should grant were only wrung from him by force, and that he intended to renounce them if occasion should offer.

Then ensued the famous interview between Philip and Ferdinand, on the 27th of June, at Villafafila. Philip appeared at the head of a crowd of nobles and knights on war-horses, and in gorgeous array. Ferdinand, who aimed at making an appearance which should be imposing by way of contrast, was supported only by a few attendants, mounted like himself on mules—styled by Mr. Bergenroth, ‘peaceful donkeys.’ After the first greeting the two kings retired into the village church to discuss the terms of agreement on which the regency was to be given over; no one was allowed to follow them. If Queen Juana was, as there is every reason to believe, really insane, there could not be anything more reasonable than that the two kings should wish to consult together in private, not only as to the terms of the treaty, but as to the malady of so near a kinswoman.

There was in fact a secret clause to the treaty signed by both monarchs in which the dreadful malady of the Queen is spoken of, but even then in covert terms, and by which her seclusion from the government was agreed upon. The reasons are specially stated why this portion of the treaty was kept secret:—

‘Don Ferdinand, by the grace of God, King of Arragon, of the Two Sicilies, Jerusalem, &c. We make known to all who may see this instrument that on the day named as the date of this, a treaty of friendship, amity and alliance, was concluded between us and the Most Serene Prince Don Philip, King of Castile, Leon, Granada, &c., our very dear and beloved son. *For the sake of decency and out of respect to the honour* due to the Most Serene Princess Doña Juana, Queen of Castile, Leon, Granada, &c., our very dear and much beloved daughter, certain circumstances and reasons were not stated in it, viz., that the said Most Serene Queen is not inclined, on any condition, to occupy herself in the despatch of any business concerning the royal prerogatives and government, or in any other business, and that even if she were inclined to do so, it would be to the total destruction and per-

dition of these kingdoms. Considering her infirmities and sufferings which *for the sake of her honour* are not expressed, as already stated, and being desirous to remedy and prevent the evils and inconveniences which would be the consequences thereof, it has been concerted and concluded between us and the Most Serene King our son, that (in case any attempt was made either by the Queen herself or by others in her name to establish her authority in the country, both Kings would join in putting down such attempt by force of arms).' (Pp. 78, 79.)

Everything in this secret clause goes to prove the entire belief of both kings in the insanity of Juana. No doubt either would have publicly declared her to be sane if it suited their policy, and Philip had already made this declaration; as for the last clause, which we have abridged, both kings manifestly foresaw that disaffected subjects might at any time be tempted to revolt in her name and declare her sanity, and that in this prospect lay a great danger for the government. Such an attempt at revolt was indeed subsequently made in the celebrated and patriotic rising—one of the grandest episodes in the history of Spain—known as the revolt of the *Comunidades*, which brought the regal authority to the brink of extreme peril. That Ferdinand should have secretly protested against this treaty and declared the Queen to be a prisoner, proves nothing—he wished to be prepared for any contingency.

Philip the Fair shortly afterwards died at Burgos while Ferdinand was at Naples, and in the absence of her father the unhappy Princess travelled from Burgos to Tordesillas in night journeys, accompanied by the corpse of her husband. Mr. Bergenroth would have us believe that the strange stories which have come down to us of the attentions paid to the corpse of her husband by Juana were intended to deceive the public, and that Juana was in a measure forced to admit the dead body of her husband into her train when she travelled. There is no ground for this belief. The story of Juana's melancholy adoration of the corpse of her husband is to be found in contemporary writers. Ferdinand was absent at Naples when Philip died at Burgos, and could have given no orders about the disposal of the corpse of his son-in-law; besides which it will be seen subsequently from extracts which we shall give, that it was thought impossible to move the Queen from any place unless force were used, or the body of her husband moved with her. The attraction of the corpse was counted on as a means of getting her to move at all; besides which, Ferdinand declares in his negotiations with Henry VII. that up to that time it had been impossible to get his daughter to allow

the corpse to be buried; and we have no ground in this case for disbelief in Ferdinand's statement.

During the remainder of her long life—for she lived to seventy-six years of age—for forty-seven years the Princess remained secluded as a lunatic in the castle of Tordesillas. Ferdinand acted as Regent of Castile during nine years of that period; Charles V. was its monarch for the remaining thirty-seven. She was allowed the society of one of her daughters, Catalina, till the latter was married, and she was visited by her son Charles V., as M. Gachard has proved, contrary to Mr. Bergenroth's statement, whenever business of state brought him to Castile. Once during that long period the dreadful monotony of her life was broken in upon by the chiefs of the revolt of the *Comunidades*, who took Tordesillas by storm; but although Juan Padilla and the rest of the leaders had undertaken the revolt in her name, they found it impossible to make use of her authority, notwithstanding that the unhappy Queen behaved with dignity in her interviews with the popular party, and spoke on several occasions in a way betokening the presence of lucid intervals. Juana after thus finding herself for a time the centre of a national commotion, was left again to her terrible but necessary state of isolation. It was proposed at times to remove her to Arevalo or Toro, either for the sake of her health or to prevent her from being got hold of again by a party in revolt. But it was conceived that she would never quit Tordesillas unless she was carried off by main force, and so she was allowed to remain there.

This general brief statement, however, of the main facts of the life of Juana, as they are to be gathered from unquestionable documents, is not a sufficient refutation of Mr. Bergenroth's conclusions as to her sanity and the cause of her imprisonment, while the question of her supposed heresy has not yet been touched upon. We propose to examine at some length the letters and papers before us—not only for the sake of proving that our own conclusions are sound but because the documents are in themselves of great interest.

The letters and State papers in this volume relating to Juana of Castile comprise 104 pieces. Twelve pieces relate to the reign of Philip the Fair. In this number there are three letters of a monk, brother Tomas de Matienza, sub-prior of the convent of Santa Cruz, whom the Catholic kings sent in 1498 to Brussels to get information of the state of health and manner of life of Doña Juana. It appears that already there was some cause of apprehension as to the Princess, although the sub-prior's mission took place during Juana's first residence

in Flanders, and was anterior to the scene at the gate of the castle of Medina del Campo, in which the actual insanity of Juana was first clearly apparent. But it does not by any means appear, as Mr. Bergenroth states, that the sub-prior's object was to lead the Princess back to the faith if she had erred from it; on the contrary, his mission concerned the management of the whole household of Philip the Fair and the Princess, and the manner of life of both parties. Some rumours had probably reached the court of Spain of irregular conduct on the part both of the Princess and her husband, and this especially in the management of their household, and the sub-prior was sent to make inquiries. The unwarranted deductions which Mr. Bergenroth draws from these letters teach us to be on our guard against his subsequent interpretation of all the documents before him.

Mr. Bergenroth says:—‘The prior was very coldly received. He found the Archduchess in excellent health, more handsome than ever, and had even the satisfaction of learning that she still kept up devotional exercises in her house. But she could not be induced to confess, nor would she write even a word to her mother, nor give her the smallest token of love.’

The sub-prior begins his first letter thus:—

‘We arrived here on Tuesday the last day of July. The next Thursday we spoke with the Archduke and after that with the Archduchess. They received us with joy, as it seemed. I stated to the Archduchess the subject of my mission. *She was much pleased with it.* She is very pleasant and handsome and stout and so much advanced in her pregnancy that it would be a consolation for your Highnesses to see her.

‘Her tender age, her want of experience and her great love would excuse all before your Highnesses. She alleges the same excuses for herself and her husband. *She is more composed.*’ (Pp. 47, 48.)

In the second letter, however, the sub-prior writes:—

‘I asked her something of her life which I could write to your Highnesses; but she answered me that for the moment she had nothing to say, *because she had written a long letter to your Highnesses.* . . . I can tell your Highnesses that she was not gratified by my coming, and that with good reason, for before I had arrived certain persons, and I believe it was the Countess of Camin, wrote to her from Bilbao, that I came as her confessor. The rumour that I came as her confessor was so public that we found in England two letters of that purport. When I assured her of the contrary *she became much more quiet.*

‘I do not know whether my presence or her want of devotion was the reason that she did not confess on the day of the Assumption, although two of her confessors were in attendance.’ (Pp. 49, 50.)

Thus we see that the prior was not at first received 'coldly,' and that it was only subsequently that he found that the Princess was not inwardly gratified with the news of his coming; because she had heard that he was to be imposed upon her as a confessor. He made no attempts to conduce her to confess, but merely remarks she did not confess on the day of the Assumption. We learn that she did not write a word to their Highnesses, or send them the smallest token of love, because, in fact, she had just done so in another letter. With such examples of perversion of evidence before our eyes, it would be superfluous to follow Mr. Bergenroth through his own narrative step by step, and contrast his statements with the evidence on which he relies.

On the 15th of January in the year following, the sub-prior writes to Queen Isabella, that since the Archduchess had gone to the mass after the birth of the Princess Eleanor, he had spoken to her several times,

'And told her all your Highness had ordered, and besides all I thought it was right to tell her. Many things were said, but I stated them in the most gentle way I could, and in that *loving manner* your Highness *has commanded me to adhere to and not in a tone of reproach*. She received it very well, thanking your Highness for your kindness in telling her how she ought to live. She thanked me also and said she should be glad if I would tell her everything I thought was not good. I do not know how long that will last. I told her among other things, that she had a hard and pitiless heart, and was devoid of all piety, as is the truth. She answered that she was rather weak and low-spirited, and that she could never think of how far she was from your Highness without feeling the desire to cry—because she was so far from your Highness for ever. . . . Seeing her so humble I forgave her all she has done before. *In her house there is as much religion as in a strict convent*. In this respect she is very vigilant and deserves praise, although here in Flanders they believe the contrary. She has the qualities of a good Christian.' (Pp. 54, 55.)

This letter, which is a long one of several pages, contains no more about religious matters; the rest of the document relates to the appointment of maids-of-honour and to the direction of the household, in which he says the servants 'were dying of starvation;' and the quantity of space devoted to these topics proves, as we have said, that the inquiries the sub-prior was directed to make were not to be confined to religious subjects alone. Indeed, we have but three letters out of all those which the sub-prior must have written from Brussels—a number clearly insufficient to form a good idea of the whole tenor of the correspondence.

Besides these letters of the sub-prior of Santa Cruz, there is

another from a certain Fray Andreas, which was probably written about the same period from Spain. Fray Andreas had formerly been a tutor to Juana, and been also in her service; he had left the Princess for his convent. His letter gives evident proof of an independent pious spirit, which is worthy of admiration. The friar considers she may have been offended with him for leaving her service; and he writes without apology the reasons which induced him to do so:—

‘If your Highness is offended with me because I left you, you ought not to be so, for I was ill and was afraid for my soul,\* not knowing where I had to go to. I had almost one foot in my grave and was in dread of the sentence and the account which I had to give God. I live now with a Lord who will never die, but always lived and lives for ever, and who gives eternal life to those who serve him well. I have exchanged your service for His, and if your Highness will well consider what I have written to you, certainly you will more . . . (*here the paper is torn*), and if your Highness should write, with the will of God. I could not refuse to go there in such a time, if I could comfort your Highness. But although I have written very often you have never sent me a word or written to me. Be this as it may, and as your Highness pleases to order, but such services as I have rendered to you during so many years ought not to be forgotten either before God or before the world. God be thanked, your Highness may believe me that I am more happy in my monastery living on bread and water than your Highness with all you possess.’ (P. 52.)

In an earlier part of the letter there are these sentences:—

‘I am told that your Highness confesses to those sort of friars who live in Paris, and that you had given to one of them thirty florins to make good cheer, which are going through the taverns of Paris.\* My opinion is that your Highness should not confess except to a friar who lives according to the rules of his convent, who has not a pin of his own, and to whom your Highness cannot give anything nor show him favours, but only to the convent in which he lives, which ought to be of the Observant Friars, &c.’ (P. 51.)

It is mainly on these four letters, of which we have given the passages bearing upon the religious practices of Juana, that Mr. Bergenroth founds his conviction of the heretical tendencies of Juana. It appears to us to be reasoning of the wildest character to conclude that the Princess was a heretic merely because she chose to have a confessor to her own liking, and because she did not confess on the Day of the Assumption.

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\* Mr. Bergenroth has evidently here given a wrong termination to a Spanish verb which alters the sense. M. Gachard gives the word as it should stand.



Then follows in the volume a correspondence of King Ferdinand in the years 1507 and 1508, with his daughter Catherine of Aragon, then Princess of Wales, and the Doctor de la Puebla, his ambassador in England. This correspondence contains some curious information relative to negotiations about which hitherto little was known—those which Henry VII. undertook after the death of Philip the Fair to obtain the hand of Doña Juana. Henry VII. was then in his forty-seventh year, and had been a widower for four years. Doña Juana was twenty-eight years of age.

For so avaricious a prince as Henry VII., marriage with the Queen of Castile was a tempting prospect; we may conclude he had little care whether she were insane or no, if he got her dowry: so he entered into the negotiation with great ardour. He was ready even, if necessary, to go to Spain for the purpose of its accomplishment. Catherine of Aragon and the Doctor de la Puebla were devoted to him:—

‘Certainly,’ wrote the ambassador to his master on April 15th, 1507, ‘from what I can understand, there is no king which would more suit your Royal Highness than the King of England. If the Queen were to marry him, *whether she be sane or not*, I think that having such a husband as the King of England, she would sooner recover than with any other, and your Highness would have the regency sure and undisputed. And *if her infirmity should prove incurable* it would be no inconvenience if she were to live here. For it seems to me that they do not mind *her infirmity*, since I told them that it does not prevent her from bearing children.’ (P. 94.)

He told Ferdinand in a subsequent despatch that the King and his council desired extremely the conclusion of the marriage, even *though worse things were said of the infirmity of the Queen*. Catherine of Aragon wrote in the same strain to her father.

Ferdinand was favourable to the views of Henry VII., who engaged to guarantee the Spanish King the government of Castile, if he espoused the Queen. But Ferdinand was at this time in his kingdom of Naples, and he thought that he alone could discuss with his daughter so delicate a matter as this of the proposed marriage with the King of England. He engaged, then, Henry VII., whatever might be the impatience of the English King’s desires, to wait for his return to Spain.

Ferdinand, in fact, did return to Spain, and landed at Valentia on the 20th July, 1507. In the following month, Cardinal Ximenes brought Doña Juana to meet him at Tortola. The interview of father and daughter, after so long a separation, says Lafuente, was interesting and affectionate.

They remained a long time in each other's arms. The Queen manifested a sensibility which she had not evinced since the death of her husband. The King was much affected to see the altered features, the troubled look, and the neglected attire of his daughter.

A letter of Ferdinand to his ambassador in England informs us of the manner in which Juana received the first overtures about the marriage from her father:—

'You must know,' said the King of Aragon, 'that the said Queen my daughter still carries about with her the corpse of King Philip, her late husband. *Before I arrived they could never persuade her to bury him, and since my arrival she has declared that she does not wish the said corpse to be buried. On account of her health and in order to content her I do not contradict her in anything, nor wish that anything be done which could excite her; but I shall endeavour to persuade her by degrees to permit the corpse to be buried. When I arrived she had made up her mind that on the anniversary of his death the usual honours should be paid to the King her husband, and until (these ceremonies) were performed, I did not like to mention the marriage to her. When the ceremonies were over I touched on the matter in order to know whether she was inclined to marry, without however mentioning any person. She answered that in everything she would do what I advised or commanded, but that she begged me not to command her to give an answer to my question until the corpse of her husband should be buried. That done, she said, she would answer me. Considering these circumstances I do not urge her until the said corpse shall be buried, because I think it would rather produce an unfavourable impression.*' (P. 137.)

There is nothing in this letter which is not confirmatory of the well-known account of Juana's madness; and two years later, in 1509, when Ferdinand had the Princess removed to Tordesillas to establish her residence there, the coffin which contained the remains of Philip the Fair accompanied her on the removal, and it was deposited in a spot in the monastery of Santa Clara, so that it should be visible from her windows.\*

All the last part of the documents of this collection of Mr. Bergenroth, to the number of eighty, relate to the first sixteen years of the reign of Charles V. in Spain. The corre-

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\* As we have stated, the only way of getting Juana to move at all was the attraction of the corpse of her husband. The Marquis of Denia writes to Charles V.:—'Your Highness also must know that in case her Highness should undertake the journey, it would be necessary to take along with her Highness the corpse of the late King, as *that cannot be avoided.* The same manner must be observed as when it was brought hither (meaning perhaps the travelling by night). For this purpose I have had repaired the car in which it came, which was out of order; and the mules have to be taken when they are wanted.'

spondence begins with a letter of an Aragonese, Mosen Ferrer, written to Cardinal Ximenes de Cisneros. Ximenes was Viceroy of Castile during the absence of Charles, and had sent the Bishop of Mallorca to Tordesillas with instructions to inquire into the conduct of the persons who had the management of the Queen. The Bishop of Mallorca found that the Queen had been subjected to such treatment that the Cardinal Cisneros ordered further inquiries to be made, and Mosen Ferrer was suspended from his office because he was 'suspected of endangering the health and life of her Highness.' The letter of Mosen Ferrer to Cisneros is one of exculpation; and precisely the reverse deductions are to be drawn from it to those which Mr. Bergenroth has made. The evidence of Mosen Ferrer proves indeed that Ferdinand had requested that his daughter should be treated with kindness and leniency, instead of being put to the rack. Mosen Ferrer begins by stating that he had enemies and rivals who had made false reports against him, and that greater credence was given to their reports than to his own, and he goes on to say:—

'How can your lordship, being well acquainted with, and so perfectly knowing the condition and *infirmity* of the Queen our lady, nevertheless believe or think that I committed such a fault as to neglect the health and the service of her Highness? I have never been in any fault or committed any errors towards her. Her Highness having succeeded in the kingdom of Aragon, where I was born, who could hope to receive greater favours from her than I, who am a born subject of these kingdoms and have served her Highness so long and have continually been in the company of her Highness? But if God created her such as she is, it is impossible to effect more than His Divine Majesty permits and vouchsafes, and the King her father could never do more, so that in order that she should not die by ceasing to eat when her will was not obeyed, he had to allow her to have her way to preserve her life.' \* (P. 142.)

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\* Mr. Bergenroth has given to the last phrase we have quoted of this letter an opposite sense to that which the words really convey; he translates *le hubo de mandar dar cuerda*, by 'he had to order that she 'should be put to the rack,' i. e. that the *cuerda* or torture of the rope should be applied—a strange way of preserving the life of Juana to put her to the rack! In the dictionary of the Spanish Academy will be found, *dar cuerda, ó á la cuerda*—*frase metafísica. Ir dando largas á alguno negocio. Negotium sensim differre.* In Pineda's Dictionary 'dar cuerda' is translated '*not to be too pressing*'—in other words, 'to give rope,' as we say, by a similar metaphor. 'Los Cordeles' was the term more commonly applied in Spanish to the rack. With the aid of such a mistranslation Mr. Bergenroth concludes that Juana was habitually put to the rack!

After this letter come letters of Charles V., of the Marquis de Denia, of Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, to whom on the 15th of March, 1518, the monarch had confided the direction of the household of Doña Juana. There are letters also from a confessor of the Queen—Fray Juan de Avila—from the *infanta doña Catalina*, from Adrien d'Utrecht, Cardinal of Tortosa, and from other persons of eminence and authority. And moreover, among the most curious documents are to be found reports verified before notaries of what took place in the interviews between the chiefs of the revolt of the *Comunidades* and the secluded Queen.

Of all these documents, the letters of the Marquis de Denia and of the friar Juan de Avila alone give us some information as to the religious practices of the Queen. It is clear, it must be confessed, from these letters that great difficulty was found in getting the unfortunate Princess to hear mass, but we cannot see anything else in this than another sign of mental derangement akin to the other proofs of her malady, such as her refusing to eat, or to dress herself decently, or to sign her name. The Marquis wrote, on the 22nd of June 1518, to Charles V.:—

'Concerning mass we are occupied with this subject. Her Highness wishes that it should be said in the corridor *where your Highness saw her*, and I wish that it should be said in an apartment next to her chamber; but in one place or the other mass shall be said soon.' (P. 164.)

On the 13th of September following, Denia writes to his master—

'From the moment that your Highness has commanded that I should see that her Highness might hear mass, I have especially occupied myself with this subject, and it has pleased our Lord to order that her Highness yesterday consented that mass should be said in a chapel constructed out of drapery, at the end of a corridor in which your Highness saw her Highness. A canopy of black velvet and black damask had been erected for this occasion. When her Highness came out of her room she prayed at the altar and was sprinkled with holy water. When the confession began she went down on her knees and remained kneeling until it was concluded, when she seated herself. She took a book of prayers from the *Señora Infanta* and chanted from it the prayers of the cross. When the sacrament was raised and received she was still on her knees, and chanted Paternosters and Ave Marias so loud that they could be heard. When the *evangelium* and the *pax* were brought to her, her Highness did not take them and ordered them to be given to the *Señora Infanta*.\* When mass was concluded her

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\* Evidently a sign of affection for the *Infanta*, as M. Gachard suggests, and not any proof of aversion, as Mr. Bergenroth would have it,

Highness returned to her room, and to-day she has heard mass in the same manner. With the help of God it must be procured that this be continued. None was present at mass except the priest who said it, the guardian and a boy of the chapel. Your Highness ought to give thanks to our Lord, for although her Highness is in another disposition than your Highness, according to your love and veneration to her, would wish, it has pleased God to direct her on the way to His knowledge and her salvation.' (P. 178.) \*

There are marginal notes written on this letter by the hand of the secretary of Charles himself, testifying to the pleasure with which the Emperor had received this intelligence, as it is clear that he had, as was natural, a desire to know that his mother, in spite of her mental ailment, was able to fulfil her religious duties.

Fray Juan de Avila again wrote to Charles respecting the mass on the 12th of September, 1518, which was a great event in the household of Tordesillas, 'It has pleased the 'divine bounty of God that the Queen our lady has heard 'mass;' and six weeks later, he assures Charles that the Queen continued 'to hear mass with the *Señora Infanta* 'every day on which she *did not remain in bed*,\* or on which some other and evident necessity does not form an excuse,' and she went even, during this holy week in this year, to the monastery of Santa Clara, where the body of her husband reposed.

We are left without information as to how long the Queen continued to hear mass in this quiet fashion. Four years later, however, in the month of January 1522, Denia writes a letter in which he represents the Queen as growing worse in her indisposition† every day, and gives details of conduct sufficiently instructive as to the truth of his statement—among other things, on Christmas eve she had ordered the altar

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to these symbols on the part of the Queen. The *evangelium* and *pax* were habitually offered to the most distinguished royal personage present.

\* Her keeping her bed was one of the whims of her insanity.

† The common term used in all the letters for the Queen's derangement was 'indisposition'—'*yndispuscion*.' Thus the Marquis of Denia wrote to his secretary—'The health of the Queen is good, but *her* 'other indisposition is not very well during this hot weather. That is 'usually every year the case during this season, for the hot weather is 'unfavourable for her indisposition.' (P. 169.) M. Gachard gives in his pamphlet, an extract from the *relazione* of the Venetian ambassador, Francisco Corner, who was in Spain from 1517 to 1521. He reports thus of Doña Juana, 'La madre, che è in Spagna per quanto ho inteso, 'è molto mal condizionata et è per aver poca vita; ed è fora d'ogni 'sentimento et juicio.'

erected in her corridor to be taken away—but since the passage containing mention of this contains also worse indications of mental derangement, this circumstance cannot be considered as anything more than a further indication of Juana's mental malady:—

‘On Christmas eve when matins were celebrated in the chapel, she came (out of her room) and took away the *Señora Infanta*, who was hearing them, and cried out that the altar and all that had been erected should be taken away. We led her Highness back with all courtesy but with great difficulty. Sometimes she goes to her corridor which has a river aspect and calls upon the people to go and fetch the soldiers and the captains who are here that they may kill all the world.’ (P. 406.)

From the year 1522 to 1531, we learn nothing more from these documents of the religious sentiments of the Queen, with the exception that in a letter addressed to the Empress Isabella, the wife of Charles V., by the Marquis of Denia, we read:—

‘To-day I have again spoken with the Queen our lady about her confessing. Her Highness said to me that she would do it, but did not know anyone belonging to the order of Saint Dominic. I said to her Highness that the late as well as the present provincial are honourable men and that she would be satisfied with either of them. Her Highness told me to send for him. I shall do so.’ (P. 428.)

We can in neither of these passages find a trace of anything like heresy—of a disordered brain the proofs are manifest enough in the first extract.

Moreover, we must with M. Gachard remember that when Juana quitted Burgos, two months after the death of Philip the Fair, to conduct the remains of her husband to Grenada, she attached four bishops and a number of monks of different orders to her suite; and she had, before her departure, been present at a mass in the monastery of the Cartuja de Miraflores, where the body of Philip was deposited; in every place in which she rested she had a religious service celebrated for the repose of the soul of her husband; and it is not possible to imagine that a heretic should have invoked so constantly the prayers of the Church. It is nevertheless true that Juana avowed frequently an indifference to Church ceremonies; but why should we attribute this indifference to religious convictions at variance with those of the Catholic Church, when another and more reasonable explanation is to be found in the mental condition of the Princess?

Mr. Bergenroth asserts that the Queen was driven to madness only towards the end of her long life, and that by cruel treat-

ment; but, as we have shown, he has entirely omitted to consider the contemporary evidence on which all historians who have occupied themselves with the story have relied. Without doubt she had lucid intervals, such as are common in the case of all mental derangements; and the Marquis of Denia himself confesses that he was astonished at times at the clearness of her way of reasoning; he says in one place, 'The truth is, she can talk so as to deceive anybody.' '*La verdad es que dize palabras que no ay á quien no engañe.*' Can it be supposed that a Princess was in her right mind who made such attempts to set out alone from the Castle of Medina del Campo as we have mentioned; who caused the coffin in which the remains of her husband were enclosed to be opened, and the grave-clothes of the corpse to be removed in order that she might kiss his feet; who, as long as she dragged after her the body of Philip the Fair, performed the same strange act every day; who would permit no woman to enter into the church in which the body was deposited; who, when the body was once carried into a convent, had it removed when she heard the convent was one of women and not of men; who refused constantly in the most perilous crises of affairs to affix her signature to any State document; who at Tordesillas, when her will was opposed, rested for days without eating, or would eat nothing but bread and cheese; who threw earthenware vessels at the heads of her ladies; who neglected all signs of cleanliness, went in sordid attire, slept sometimes on the floor and sometimes on her bed without changing her clothes for days together, and screamed from her windows for soldiers to come and kill all the world?

During the formidable revolt which is known by the name of the revolt of the *Comunidades*, the chiefs of the *comuneros*, whose object was to upset the Flemish government of Charles V., endeavoured to persuade the people that the Queen was perfectly sane:—

'They spread a rumour,' wrote the Cardinal de Tortosa to Charles V., 'that the Queen our lady is perfectly sane and as able to command as the Queen Dofia Isabel, her mother of glorious memory was. They do not conceal that it is their intention to persuade the whole people that the orders of your Majesty ought not to be obeyed or executed, but only those of the Queen your mother.'

The revolt, in fact, was carried on in the name of the Queen, and Juan de Pedilla, Juan Bravo, Juan Laputa, and Louis Quintanilla, its chiefs, had interviews with Juana; but it does not appear that they were convinced of the truth of their own assertions—on the contrary, they declare in the following

important document, that the state of health—that is, madness—of the Queen, was the source of the calamities of the country. The general *Junta* of the insurrection, after their interview with the Queen, wrote to the town of Valladolid:—

‘Very Magnificent Señores.—As is notorious to all, the root and beginning of all the evils and injuries which these kingdoms have received, has been the want of health in the person of the Queen our lady, which in conjunction with the tender age of the King our lord, her son, was the cause and occasion for placing the government of these kingdoms in the hands of strangers, by whom they have been ruthlessly plundered and tyrannised over to the great prejudice of their Majesties and with great injury individual and general. We the *Procuradores* of the kingdom, who are assembled in order to remedy the said injuries, through the grace of God, decided that the first measure we could and ought to take, was to go to this town of Tordesillas and to present ourselves to our Queen and lady for two reasons: viz., first, that the *Junta* may be assembled in her royal palace showing her that respect and obedience which are due to her royal person; to give her an account of all the said injuries, and to ask her Highness that she be pleased to approve what shall be decided upon for their remedy. The other reason is to procure by all means in our power the health of her Highness, in which consists, as we firmly believe, the remedy of all our present troubles. *For that purpose we send for all the most famous and excellent physicians in these kingdoms.*’ (P. 253.)

We omit to give the rest of the document, but can it be doubted that if the *Junta* after the interview had been able in any way to declare their belief in the sanity of the Queen, they would have done so in this address? Indeed the Cardinal of Tortosa states in a despatch to Charles:—

‘The captains who have been many days in Tordesillas, according to what certain persons have told me, who have heard it from the captains themselves, know very well that the Queen is not sane.’ (P. 239.)

The Cardinal on another occasion, when he is urging that Charles should himself come and by his personal authority appease the troubles of Spain, uses the argument that the Emperor’s own mother was suffering from the treatment to which she was subjected at the hands of the revolutionary *Junta*, and writes as follows:—

‘The state of these kingdoms is such that if the danger of losing them does not induce your Highness to come soon and pacify them, your Highness ought to do so *from compassion for the Queen our lady. Do not forget that she is your mother.* In fact I am afraid she will die if she is not soon liberated from the power and hands of (the *Junta*). Since they have driven away the Marquis and Marchioness (of Denia, her attendants), she does not go to bed nor does she take her meals regularly, *but preserves and keeps near her cold meats which are spoilt*



and rotten. Your Majesty may believe that her Highness has never been in so bad a disposition as now.' (Pp. 265, 266.)

The passage of this despatch has all the sincerity of truth about it; the insanity of the Queen-mother had been rendered worse by the derangement which her habits had suffered while in the hands of the insurgents, and under the influence of the excitement to which she was subjected.

On a subsequent occasion the Cardinal writes sarcastically:—

'The affairs in Tordesillas take such a turn, and the Junta discusses so much the health of the Queen our lady, that they have taken from her all the women who had been appointed for her royal service. Thus it seems they wish entirely to punish her. And as I have already written to your Majesty, her Highness is now worse than ever before. It is the greatest pity in the world.' (P. 269.)

Nevertheless, the unfortunate Queen had, on the first occupation of Tordesillas by the insurgents, shown for one in her state an astonishing vigour and capacity of mind. It was during her first interview with the chiefs of the revolutionary party, that she learned for the first time that Ferdinand was dead; the fact having hitherto been concealed from her, because it was conceived that she would be more amenable to the restraint under which she was placed, if she imagined it was exercised in the name of her father rather than in that of her son. Notwithstanding the sudden discovery that her son Charles was exercising the royal authority, and that the revolt was made in her own name, she appears to have been willing to be looked on as a mediator between the two parties. At the beginning of the outbreak, the insurgents asked the Queen for orders. The Cardinal writes:—

'They have during these tumults and disorders often asked the Queen to give orders. Her Highness has answered with prudence in some respects, although she added some things from which it is easy to understand that her Highness is not entirely sane.' (P. 209.)

The great end of the insurgents was to get the Queen's signature—this she steadfastly refused to give them. One symptom in fact of her deranged intellect, as we have stated, was that she never would sign anything; besides which, she had been instructed by the party of Charles not to sign any paper presented to her by the insurgents. It is impossible to say, of course, which motive prevailed; but it was in vain that Juan Padilla and the rest went down on their knees before her with pen and paper in hand, and threatened to keep herself and the Infanta Catalina without food till she had signed—she refused

to put her name to any document emanating from the insurgent party, even as she refused afterwards to put her name to a paper which the Admiral of Castile put into her hands, telling her it would save the kingdom; no argument can be drawn in favour of her desires, one way or the other. Nevertheless, on one occasion she nerved herself to address the Junta in a speech of some length, of which a report is given in a document drawn up by the Junta itself. It certainly shows that the Princess enjoyed during this moment a lucid interval of great clearness; but we cannot find in it any trace of the 'higher intellectual power than the common average,' which Mr. Bergenroth discovers there. What is clear, however, is, that she showed no signs of resentment at her confinement, although she said she could not imagine why King Ferdinand had ordered her to be shut up; and that she responded on all occasions that she would not be put at enmity with her son Charles. 'Do not disunite me from my son,' she said on one occasion; 'all that is mine belongs to him, and he will take good care of it.' (P. 344.)

It remains to examine whether there are any grounds for the accusations which Mr. Bergenroth brings against Charles V. of having behaved in any way as an unnatural son, or of having countenanced the use of torture towards his mother. Our conclusions on this point are also precisely the opposite of those of Mr. Bergenroth. If Juana was subjected to restraint as a lunatic, it appears to us that the restraint she was subjected to was as light as possible, especially when we consider that mild treatment of lunatics is an invention of our own time. Juana appears to have been violent and obstinate; besides the Marquis, she had twelve women to watch over her; and though she remained sometimes for days together without undressing, as well as not eating, and gave way to acts of violence of an unmistakable character, there is no shadow of proof that any force was ever applied towards her. Her habit of not undressing, and lying for days in her bed together, became at last absolutely filthy; the Marquis of Denia, it is true, said more than once, that if he were permitted to use force towards her Highness *it might be better for her health*, but there is no proof that such permission was ever given. Amid all the cares of state, Charles V. found time to read all the reports drawn up about the state of his mother's health, and to reply to them; and it appears that after he became married, the Empress frequently discharged this duty, and we have proof from one letter in this volume that she came at least once to see her unhappy mother-in-law—the probability is that she did so frequently. Besides

which, as we have said, whenever affairs of state brought Charles to Castile, he never failed to pay a visit to the poor lunatic of Tordesillas.

'Marquis my cousin,' writes Charles on April 19, 1518, 'I have seen your letters of the 6th and 15th of the present month. I thank you, and consider all you have done and are doing there as for my good and I approve it. I am very glad that the disposition and the health of the Catholic Queen my lady improve every day. May it please our Lord that she continue as she should, and as I wish. Where you and the Marquess are, nothing less can be expected, and therefore I ask you and charge you to have always special care of the health and good entertainment of the royal person of her Highness, as I know you will. Considering the reasons which you mention, I think you were right not to permit her to go out, and as for your conversations with her Highness *be cautious to answer in a becoming manner*, and since the affairs of her Highness are of such a kind as you know, you must not consent that any of the women or any other person be present when she speaks to you about them, nor ought you to speak or write anything concerning her Highness to any other person except to me, and always send your letters by messengers sure to be proper, and although it is superfluous to tell this to a person so wise and so desirous of our service as yourself, I nevertheless tell you because the case is so delicate and of so much importance to me. I write to the most illustrious Infanta my sister telling her to follow in all things your advice and that of the Marchioness. As for her dresses the Marchioness may make a list of what appears necessary and send it to me. I shall provide for it at once. From Aranda on the Duero, 19th of April, '518.

'I the King.' (P. 156.)

The letters quoted in the commencement of this document, which would be explanatory of certain passages in it, are not to be found in this collection. Nevertheless it would be difficult to see anything in these expressions beyond an earnest solicitude on the part of the Emperor for the good treatment of his mother; and our impression from consideration of the whole correspondence is that the Marquis of Denia was a careful, considerate, and honourable servant both of Charles and the unhappy lady under his care, and that the Emperor esteemed him as such most highly.

As to the seclusion in which the Queen was kept, if there are reasons for the seclusion of ordinary lunatics, are not there greater in the case of a sovereign, and more especially of such a sovereign and such a lunatic as Juana? Was George III. allowed to walk about freely in public, and was no restraint used towards him? Could it be expected that a monarch such as Charles V. would like to have the spectacle of a lunatic mother paraded before his subjects, and this the more if in her fits of lunacy she was in the habit of treat-

ing with disrespect the ceremonies of the Church, and screaming out violently commands of insanity to persons in the street? and if she had a wild disordered look, and went in filthy attire, decency alone required her seclusion. As for the imputation which Mr. Bergenroth has endeavoured to fix upon Charles V. of having by silence countenanced a suggestion of torture, such imputation is founded entirely upon Mr. Bergenroth's incorrect translation of the Spanish, and his own mistaken conception of the facts. We will quote the passage of the letter upon which Mr. Bergenroth relies, premising that on various occasions there had been a question of changing the Queen's residence from Tordesillas to Arevalo, since the latter was a more healthy and convenient town. The Marquis of Denia wrote to Charles to advise that the change should be made; but knowing the nature of the Queen's madness, he adds:—

'Your Majesty may take it for granted that this cannot be done with the consent of her Highness. For as she refuses to do anything *required for her life*, and does exactly the contrary, I do not know how she can consent to this. And in truth if in many things your Majesty were to *use force (hazer premia)* it would serve God and do her Highness herself service and benefit, *since the persons who are in the disposition of her Highness (i. e. lunatics), stand in need of this.* Already the Queen, grandmother of your Majesty, served and treated in this way the Queen our lady her daughter. Your Majesty may do what seems best in this case.

'The manner in which the removal of her Highness from here should be effected seems to me to be this. *First of all, means of persuasion ought to be employed* in order to see whether her Highness would do it of her own will, and if that does not suffice, the President of the Council ought to come with an order from your Majesty to all the persons who are here. He is to take her Highness, to put her by night into a litter and carry her without stopping to Arevalo. I say the President because I know that he would perform according to the letter this and anything else your Majesty may command. Two or three councillors should also come with him, that it may seem as though it were done with the consent of the whole council and the whole kingdom. I shall keep everything ready, but as *I am to remain in the service of her Highness it would be inconvenient for me to take part openly in this affair, because I should thus be much disliked by her Highness.*' (P. 405.)

The words upon which Mr. Bergenroth relies to prove that Juana was put to the torture are *hazer premia*. They will not bear that signification: *premia* means compulsion, not physical pressure. The whole passage proves that the advice of the Marquis of Denia simply was that if the Queen would not consent to quit Tordesillas, she should be taken by

force, and be put by main strength into her litter. He justifies this advice by stating that Isabella, the Queen's mother, had frequently used coercive measures towards her daughter; and it is probable indeed that these coercive measures were used towards her in the very outbreak of her madness. Moreover, the Marquis of Denia did not wish himself to have anything to do with this forcible removal, because he would fall into her Highness's bad graces—a proof indeed that he was not accustomed to have recourse to such measures."

Mr. Bergenroth, who seems determined to go on *crescendo*, says the treatment of Queen Juana after her interview with the *comuneros* was worse than before. For this statement there is no evidence whatever. We only know that she lived on for five and thirty years, and that her hallucinations, sullenness, obstinacy, and outbursts of temper increased as she drew nearer to her end. She believed that she was possessed by evil spirits and that she saw a great cat lacerating the souls of Ferdinand and Philip the Fair. Her existence became at last something more wretched and loathsome than that of any animal; for weeks and months she would not leave her bed, so it may be imagined into what a state she fell. After her daughter Catalina was taken away from her to be Queen of Portugal, she lived nearly quite alone, as to her family, with the exception of the occasional visits of the Emperor.

The manner in which the insane Queen expired at the age of seventy-five, has been portrayed by Mr. Bergenroth in a fashion to suit his own unfounded theory, and the report of the priest who attended her in her last moments and administered the last sacrament to her, is perverted entirely from its real significance by a mistranslation of the Spanish.

In April 1555, while Charles was meditating his abdication in Flanders, and his daughter Juana was at the head of affairs in Spain, it became apparent that the unhappy mad lady at Tordesillas was near to die. Mr. Bergenroth allows that she might then have been mad—driven mad—and, he adds, she might have been permitted to die in peace, but the honour (others might say the religious feeling and the filial affection) of the Imperial family required that Queen Juana should not depart without receiving the Holy Sacrament. 'Stormy scenes took place in the interior of the old palace; screams were heard in the neighbourhood.' Were those strange scenes and those screams of which Mr. Bergenroth speaks the mere displays of some last paroxysm of insanity—of visions, perhaps, of the great cat lacerating the souls of

Ferdinand and of Philip?—or were they brought about by attempting to force the sacrament down the throat of the mad and dying Queen? One might infer that Mr. Bergenroth's opinion was the latter. He then proceeds to quote the account of Fray Domingo de Soto, who was summoned to Tordesillas to confess the Queen, and arrived there on the morning of the 11th of April. He had a long conversation with Juana '*without witnesses*,' adds Mr. Bergenroth, as if the case were remarkable for a confessor to see his penitent alone. Fray Domingo de Soto wrote the same day to Juan Vasquez, who was then chief Secretary of State in Spain, his report of the state of her Highness. She was evidently sinking fast. In his letter was the following passage, of which Mr. Bergenroth has quite mistaken the sense:

'And then I remained with her Highness alone a considerable time, and surely, blessed be our Lord, she spoke words to me which have consoled me; but her Highness is not in a condition to take the sacrament of the Eucharist, yet the sacrament of the extreme unction (being not so grave a matter as the other), I think may be given to her, *even though* we should wait till she has less discernment, for that sacrament does not require so much; and we believe her Highness with the discernment she now has would not submit to it (that is, to taking the sacrament of extreme unction alone without the Eucharist), from motives of dignity (or decency), (since her understanding is now so good that she would desire both sacraments—and I do not think she can properly receive both), I think she will not survive the night.'\* (P. lviii.)

The Queen took the sacrament at an advanced period of the night, and on Good Friday, the 12th of April, between five and six in the morning, she expired, 'thanking our Lord 'that her life was at an end, and recommending her soul to 'him.' Sandoval says her last words were 'Jesus Christ 'crucified be with me.'

Such was the end of *Juana la Loca*, and our readers are now in a condition to judge whether, with all our obligations to Mr. Bergenroth as a collector of documents, we should be justified in placing confidence in him as an expounder of their true import.

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\* The words in brackets we have added to complete the sense. Mr. Bergenroth, besides other mistranslations, translates *aunque*, *even though*, by *however*, and so alters the sense of the whole passage.

ART. III. — *Traité des Impôts, considérés sous le rapport historique, économique et politique, en France et à l'étranger.*

Par M. ESQUIROU DE PARIEU, Vice-Président du Conseil d'État, Membre de l'Institut Impérial de France, etc. 2nd ed. 4 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1866.

AN eminent German writer on Finance has observed that it would be difficult to discover in the whole domain of political economy a topic more generally misunderstood, more disfigured by false views, more distorted by a partial study, than that of Taxation. This remark is entitled to the more weight and authority as it proceeds from a country where, for the last century and a half, the principles of financial and fiscal science, included under the term *Cameral-Wissenschaft*, have constituted part of the academic curriculum in several universities. In France and England, where there is less special teaching of this kind than in Germany, most of the recent treatises on the history and theory of taxation are deficient in breadth of treatment. Their illustrations are entirely local where they ought to be general. A statesman of the present day is unable to bound his horizon, even if he wished it, by the frontiers of his own country. The ever-growing tendency to more intimate association of neighbouring nations, and to a closer assimilation in their respective administrative conditions, renders a comparison of the principles and practice guiding their various systems of taxation of great importance to all of them. Hence the utility of such monographs on the branches into which these systems are divided, as have proceeded from the researches of M. de Parieu. His '*Traité des Impôts*' deserves to rank as one of the most successful attempts yet made to investigate taxation, in its doctrine, its history, and its practice; it is written in a calm and philosophical spirit, and, so far as the vastness of the subject will admit, in a manner which is sufficiently exhaustive without being tediously diffuse. In the two thousand pages of these volumes will be found a rich store of information and of facts, and many valuable statistics. Conscious that the very elaborateness of the work would deter some readers from approaching it, the aphorism of Seneca, '*Longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla*,' has been appropriately chosen as an epigraph.

M. de Parieu brings to his task qualifications of the highest order. The theory and the legislative and practical principles of French taxation have long been familiar to him in his

positions as Deputy for his native department of Le Cantal, President of its Conseil Général, Minister of Education and Religion under the Republic of 1848, and Vice-President of the Council of State and President of some of its sections under the Empire. More recently still, M. de Parieu has accepted office, in the Ollivier Ministry, as President of the Council of State. The friends of progress may look with confidence to his advocacy, in the Cabinet, of liberal and equitable adjustments of the burden of taxation. To this subject, and to that of international coinage, he has devoted untiring attention and research; and they can scarcely fail to continue to be the leading objects of his political career. An extensive acquaintance with foreign languages, writers and statesmen, has afforded him the opportunity of treating his subject from an enlarged and cosmopolitan point of view; and, under the leading heads of taxes upon persons, riches, luxuries, consumption, and deeds or instruments, all kinds of imperial, general, provincial, county and local rates in various parts of the world are discussed with much patience and research. At the same time the general scope of the inquiry is rather into the history of particular taxes than into that of various systems of taxation.

If the support of government in its crudest form of administration and protection were the sole object for which the contributions of the subjects of a state were required, a perfect system of equitable burdens upon each of them might probably be attained by an application of the first of the four celebrated maxims of Adam Smith, namely, that the contributions should be in proportion to the revenue which each subject enjoys under the protection of the state. But, in the march of later civilisation, the vast and daily augmenting increase in the budgets of nearly all countries, for public education, public works, the administration of railways and roads; the promotion of navigation, agriculture, trade, industry, and the fine arts; the business of savings' banks, annuities, and friendly societies; government insurance, telegraphs, and other enterprises; all mark the progressive interference of the State in the social wants and concerns, physical and moral, of the people. All this renders the problem of right or wrong, and of comparatively better or worse systems of taxation, one of exceeding difficulty, delicacy, and uncertainty. We may well pause to consider whether Ançillon was not well founded in his apprehension of the abuses to which this disposition to extend the purview of public expenditure may ultimately tend. The increase of taxation may easily, he observed, become excessive through the desire to govern too much, and through the vain



illusion of establishing state wealth by vast enterprises. Hence it comes that in most countries financial administration has not yet attained to conditions of success based upon fixed principles, and that it is but an empirical art, an induction, adapted to the circumstances of each case.

The very terms 'direct' and 'indirect' taxation have a different signification in the writings of various authors and in the language of the statesmen and legislatures of their respective countries. M. de Parieu has found it necessary to adopt a fresh classification of his own, namely, five leading categories of—(1) Taxes upon persons, or poll taxes; (2) Taxes upon wealth, or upon the possession of capital and income; (3) Taxes upon luxuries (*jouissances*); (4) Taxes upon consumption; (5) Taxes upon legal instruments (stamps).

One of the most interesting subjects of inquiry is the expediency, or the contrary, of graduation in scales of taxation, rising by progressive steps from the poor to the rich. Ancient Athens adopted a graduated income-tax. In mediæval times the Florentine Republic and some of the German states followed a plan of the same kind. We find the same thing in England (to a certain extent) under the temporary provisions of Pitt's income-tax. In France, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Bernardin de St. Pierre have written with a certain degree of approval of it, and, in more recent times, Montyon and Say. But all these writers stop short of recommending its application to the full extent of the principle. In practice, any wide scheme of graduation has uniformly fallen through. Such was the fate of the decree of the National Convention of March 18, 1793, establishing a graduated scale upon landed and personal property, a plan revived, upon paper at least, by the socialists of 1848. But nevertheless, in certain special taxes, the objections to a progressive scale fail to hold good. For example, the *impôt mobilier* in France since 1832 has been assessed in that fashion in certain towns, including Paris. M. Léon Faucher proposed in 1848 the generalisation of this method of levying the *impôt mobilier*. The principle appears to have had its rise in the Constituent Assembly in 1789, on the assumption that a tenant paying a rent of 200 livres (or about 197 francs 54 centimes in modern currency) might reasonably be rated at an income of about double the amount, and that the proportion augmented with larger rentals; so that, for example, a rental of 12,000 livres denoted an average income of twelve times that amount. The upshot of this theory was the law of January 18, 1791, regulating the personal tax upon the rents paid.

M. de Parieu recognises, and to the fullest extent, the

cardinal principle that equity of taxation depends entirely upon the proportion of the sums levied to the means of the taxpayer. Nevertheless, after probably the widest survey of the whole question hitherto made by any modern statesman, he comes to the conclusion that almost the whole of the system of ascending ratios of contribution now in use in civilised countries does not depend upon any true general proportion, but rather upon a large number of special proportions measured upon bases which are but slightly consistent with each other. The same remark may be made with at least equal truth with reference to the prodigious anomalies and inequalities of rating and taxation in this country. Taking for example the system of French taxation, M. de Parieu puts the following questions.

‘(1.) Does the land-tax rest upon any other proportion than that which results from the revenue of the estate, without taking into account either the revenue from moveable property, or the debts which encumber the contributor’s resources?’

‘(2.) Is the tax upon moveable property graduated upon any other basis than the rental?’

‘(3.) Is the tax upon doors and windows other than simply proportional to the air breathed and light admitted to the houses under certain given conditions?’

‘(4.) Is the registration duty based upon any other element than the capital, the circulation of which is confirmed by sundry acts? And, when it is levied upon successions, is it not proportional to the fortuitous and unforeseen duration of life?’

‘(5.) Does the tax upon licenses concern anything except industrial and commercial profits, and has it not in view the exercise of the occupation, rather than the advantage drawn from it?’

‘(6.) Do taxes on articles of consumption bear upon the community according to any other proportion than the mere quantity of taxable articles appropriated to use?’

‘(7.) Does not the labour rate (*l’impôt des prestations en nature*) exclusively depend upon the quantities of labouring hands, draught animals, and vehicles in the possession of the taxpayers?’\*

Theoretically, M. de Parieu sees some particles of truth in Emile de Girardin’s exclamation, ‘A singular system is this collection of wheelwork (of taxation), where observation and science have taken no part, where empiricism and expediency have done every thing.’† M. de Girardin, in another passage, refers, in his accustomed biting style, to the French system of taxation as ‘a fabric of contradictions, injustice, and

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\* The communal roads in France are still made and maintained by a labour rate levied in kind, which is a sort of *corvée*.

† Vide ‘Le Socialisme et l’Impôt,’ p. 101.

‘inequalities.’ This is an indirect attack upon the principles of taxation in the rest of the civilised world, from which France, at least in the estimation of one of her statesmen, does not differ very widely; and M. de Parieu has framed a sufficiently satisfactory answer in his argument that, if legislators have not succeeded in reconciling the general proportion of taxation to the fortunes of taxpayers, they have, at least, attained to the establishment of a proportion between particular branches of those fortunes; and, if they have not, as a general rule, been able to reach these branches universally, they have, at least, been able to deal with the majority of them.

The expense of the collection of taxes, i.e., the published differences between gross and net receipts, varies, more than might be expected, in various countries. Geographical position and extent of frontier have much to do with this, although the more potent cause is the nature of the source of revenue and the number of persons necessarily employed in its collection. It may be stated, that the getting in of the national revenue of France costs considerably more in proportion than that of Great Britain, and that whilst we spend in the process about 8 per cent., our neighbour spends 10½ per cent.

England is alleged to be the first country of higher civilisation which abandoned the poll-tax. It would appear that it does not exist in modern, although it did, in ancient, China; and that in Turkey it is retained as applicable to rayahs only, but in Turkey the *haratch* was imposed as an equivalent to military service, from which the rayahs were exempt. Holland has abolished the tax, but in Sweden it is still continued. In Russia it has continued from time immemorial, so far as the peasantry and inferior classes of the community are concerned. But, it is stated, that most of the Russian villages divide amongst themselves, in proportion to the fortune and income of each of their members, the total quota at which they are assessed for their number of male inhabitants. Thus the poll-tax is virtually converted into an income and property tax. The village is responsible to the imperial government, and, in the general operation of the tax, we may observe a parallel with the village tenures of some parts of India in the distribution and mode of payment of the land-tax. In the German states a poll-tax has long existed. The uniform personal tax has frequently been accompanied by a class-tax. Austria has, however, abolished it in her German dominions, although in Hungary there still exists a graduated poll-tax. But, M. de Parieu observes, of all the modern European countries Prussia has made use, on the largest scale, of a per-

sonal poll-tax, carried to its highest degree of importance through the combinations which identify it with the various degrees of wealth. She has also added to it an income-tax, as a kind of complement to an already complicated organisation. In Southern Europe, systems of personal taxation have existed from very early times. Although France raises a less sum than Prussia from this source, the amount is important, generally not less than 15 million francs. In former days it was sometimes uniform as a poll-tax, at other times graduated as a capitation class-tax. Under the Necker ministry it figured for upwards of 42 million livres. An almost fixed rate of capitation was introduced after the Revolution. A personal tax, of the value of three days' work, was included in the system of personal and moveable contributions voted in 1791. This was immediately subjected to various modifications. In 1797 it was enacted that the personal quota might vary from 30 sous to 120 francs, and was to be assessed by a jury. More recent French legislation on the personal tax is the law of 21st April, 1832. It fixes the tax at the value of three days' labour. The value *per diem* is determined according to the local circumstances of each department and commune, by the *Conseil Général* upon the proposition of the Prefect. It can neither be under 50 centimes, nor above one franc and a half a day. This personal contribution is due from every French inhabitant, and every foreigner, of either sex, enjoying legal rights, and not a pauper. Even persons under age and who have sufficient means of existence are not exempted from their quotas. The number of payers of the tax, amounting to 14,762,293 francs in 1866, was 7,799,792, so that the average tax per head is about 1 franc 90 centimes. France stands almost alone in the retention of a nearly fixed and uniform poll-tax, which has elsewhere either been abolished altogether, or else been modified into a species of graduated property tax by nations of the Teutonic race. It is almost superfluous to remark that this is a form of taxation from which the people of this country are wholly exempt.

Of all the taxes on wealth, the land-tax is not only the most ancient and universal, but is also, amongst the nations which have no income or property tax, the most important of all taxes. In England the influence of a territorial aristocracy, always in a majority in both houses of Parliament—the *Chambre des Pairs* (*Pères*) and the *Chambre des Fils*, as was once wittily observed by a foreigner who found so many of the sons of the aristocracy in the Commons—gradually reduced the burden of the land-tax, comparatively with other taxes, from 40 per cent.

of the whole annual amount raised by taxation in the time of William and Mary, to 23 per cent. of the amount so raised under the administration of Walpole, and to 8 per cent. under that of Pitt in 1798, when the tax was made permanent, and redeemable on fixed terms. There is no doubt that in those portions of the last and present centuries in which there was no property or income tax, the landed interests in England enjoyed greater comparative immunity from taxation, as compared with the charge upon other class interests in the United Kingdom, than the landed proprietors of the continent of Europe. But the income-tax, to which the British public has become accustomed as one of the normal conditions of its fiscal system through the repeated acquiescence of Parliament since the tax was first reimposed by Sir R. Peel in 1842, has gone far to remedy the inequality that formerly favoured the owners of land. The schedules of this tax impinge on all classes of income, except those that are within the limit of exemption as scarcely removing their proprietors from poverty. To the income-tax is at least due this great merit, that the vastly augmented landlord's profits, which have raised great incomes to double and threefold what they were early in the century, have thereby been brought to bear a more equitable share than formerly of the national burden of taxation.

M. de Parieu's volumes comprise a repertory of facts connected with the incidence of the land-tax in its sundry forms of permanent or variable levy in various countries. The account he gives of the land-tax system in France, and of its principles in estimating the several classes of property, is minute and possesses a real interest. Our space will only admit of a few gleanings from this rich field of information upon probably the most complex department of French fiscal administration.

The great desideratum during the last fifty years has been a more correct survey or *cadastre*. Many were the projects for its preparation in a revised form. Twice during the reign of Louis-Philippe, namely in 1837 and 1846, was it discussed in projects submitted to the Conseils Généraux of the departments. It was then proposed to give thirty years' duration to the new valuations to be carried into effect by means of a revised survey. The Revolution of 1848 stopped these projects, or rather it diverted them into another form. The government of Prince Louis Napoleon, in 1851, adopted a resolution that the needful measures should be taken for proceeding with a new valuation of territorial incomes. This led to an inquiry showing that the proportion borne by the land-tax to the net

revenue varied between the extreme proportions of 3·74 and 9·07 per cent. The average for the whole of France was 6·06 per cent. upon a territorial income of 2,645 million francs. A return made ten years later, namely in 1861, brings the valuation to 3,216 million francs, but this estimate is not considered so trustworthy as the former one. The accurate survey still remains, as much as ever, unattempted, and the more important question, whether the land-tax is to have a fixed or a variable character given to it, is still undecided.

In May 1859, an animated discussion took place in the legislative body upon the equalisation of the land-tax. Opinions favourable to that principle were expressed in an able speech by M. de Parieu the elder, deputy for the Cantal and father of the author of the work which is the subject of this article. The president of the Budget Commission spoke against it, and the whole question was finally reserved by the government commissioner, M. Vuitry. More recently the subject of the *cadaastre* was discussed in the Senate, at its sitting of April 6, 1866. It would appear that whilst the usefulness of a revised survey is generally admitted, the expenses it would entail stop the action of the government. The expense of the existing survey, which, it seems, took no less than forty-two years to accomplish (i.e. from 1808 to 1850), amounted to the vast sum of about 150 million francs, or 6 millions of pounds sterling. It should be noted that the budget of France for the year 1867 estimated the year's produce of the land-tax at a total of 305,154,568 francs, or about 12½ million pounds sterling for the year.

A tax upon estates held in mortmain was established in France in 1849. According to the report then made to the Legislative Assembly by M. Grévy, the estates so held comprised, at that date, a tenth part of the taxable surface of France, whilst the income therefrom was only one thirty-first part.

In Russia there is an absence of direct taxation upon land, although in emergencies an income-tax has been resorted to. Its incidence has, however, only occasionally been general. It has more frequently been restricted to localities.

In the general result it may be remarked that there is a sort of alternation in the existence of a land-tax in most nations, sometimes excluding, and at other times concurring with, some general tax upon property and income. The ordinary tendency of the two taxes is to replace each other reciprocally, and for the one to exclude the other. In the case of land-tax—as, for instance, that of Great Britain—the most

politic course, provided the amount of it be small, is to allow of its redemption and to establish a general income-tax, as was done by Mr. Pitt in 1798.\*

Industrial, commercial, and professional incomes, as a quarry for taxation to fly its hawks at, are of more modern growth than the other sources of property. Schedule D of the British income-tax was, however, anticipated in the license-taxes of the Roman emperors, in the Florentine and Venetian republics during the fifteenth century, and in Sweden, Switzerland, &c., during the sixteenth century. In India and China such a tax has also subsisted from remote antiquity.

The history of taxation by trade-licenses (the *impôt des patentes*, or the equivalent of Schedule D, in France) is particularly complicated. Our space restricts us to observing that it figures for nearly 95 million francs in the budget for 1867, and that in 1857 there were no less than 270 individuals or societies paying as high a license-tax as 2,500 francs or upwards, whilst in 1866 the number had increased to 360. Mr. Massey's license-tax for India would appear to have been modelled on much the same principles as the French system, although indeed there are abundant precedents to be found in taxes of this kind levied by native sovereigns. A descriptive statement of the taxes repealed in Scinde during the governorship of Sir Charles Napier from 1843 to 1846 gives remarkable examples of them.

In the Austrian Empire the trade license-tax is in full force, under the name of *Industrialsteuer* and *Gewerbsteuer*. In Prussia, as in Austria and France, the tax upon each profession is regulated by a scale varying according to the population of the town or district where the trade is carried on. In each district there is an industrial survey, annually revised, either upon the declarations of the tax-payer, or else by the tax-surveyor and the board of assessment for the neighbourhood. Italy, Portugal, Spain, and Russia all have analogous taxes upon industrial and commercial incomes. The whole of the complicated contrivances of these countries are but fragments of the larger plan for touching all incomes by the hand of the state, as is practically done by the British income-tax. Wherever uniformity and equality can be arrived

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\* As regards the British land-tax M. de Parieu quotes the details given in the elaborate paper by Mr. Frederick Hendriks, in the Journal of the Statistical Society of London for September, 1857, 'On the Statistics of the British Land-tax Assessment from 1636 to 1856, with notes upon the political arithmetic of the earlier period of its settlement.'

at nothing is more just than such a tax on profits, but the partial licenses still subsisting in this country on the exercise of a few trades, as horse-dealers, attorneys, brewers, plate-dealers, medicine-vendors, and soapmakers, &c., are arbitrary and indefensible.

One of the chief objections to the license-tax is the exceeding difficulty of establishing an equitable proportion in the taxation on various professions. M. de Parieu's remark can be well understood, that there is no tax of a more delicate organisation than that of licenses, that there is none which more divides the opinions of the legislators of his country, or more challenges the attentive consideration of modern nations unacquainted with general taxation upon property and income. The license-tax is, to them, the tax destined of all others to establish a kind of equilibrium between fiscal burdens on real and on personal property.

M. de Parieu's chapters on general taxes upon property and income are by no means the least important and interesting of his work. They are in some respects supplementary to a previously published separate volume by him, entitled '*l'Histoire des Impôts généraux sur la propriété et le revenu.*'

Athens in ancient times, and Florence in the middle ages, were precursors in the application of these taxes. Many of the modern projects for their most complicated application will there be found foreshadowed. The progressive income-tax which existed, from 1442 to 1495, in democratic Florence, gave way, at the latter date, to a proportional *decima* upon the revenue from real property maintained during the whole reign of the Medici. It may be interesting to note the scales of progression adopted during the period of the graduated tax. In 1442, the *catasto* laid down fourteen rates, rising from a minimum of 4 per cent. on revenues of from 1 to 50 florins, to 33½ per cent. upon revenues exceeding 1,500 florins. In 1446, the scale of progression was increased from 8 per cent. at the lowest, to 50 per cent. at the highest step. In 1480 it varied from 5 to 16½ per cent. In 1506 the tax was revived for a time. It appears, however, to have left its trace in a kind of modified tax regulated according to personal and family circumstances. This, together with the land-tax, almost amounted to a general income-tax, and these regulations remained in vigour in Tuscany until the time of its recent absorption into the kingdom of Italy.

Holland was one of the countries whose people early and spontaneously subjected themselves to an income-tax. The Dutch tax would appear, upon careful historical review, to



have been framed on fairer principles than the Florentine tax.

We purposely abstain from any remarks upon the history of the British income and property tax, as it is so familiar to an English reader. It appears to have received most attentive study on the part of M. de Parieu. He describes its principles and provisions with equal skill and perspicuity, and probably his labours will ultimately bear with advantage upon the practice of France, and of other continental countries. Taken as a whole, nations of the Teutonic type, or governed by sovereigns and ministers whose education has been derived from that source, have shown much greater partiality to taxes upon property and income than nations of the Latin race. The German states, whether imperial or free, have had them in some shape or another from the middle ages to the present time. A parallel to the early English aids, subsidies, tallages and scutages, culminating into general property and income taxes, may be traced through the history of most of the old German cities.

In Austria, between 1702 and 1806, various general taxes were imposed either upon property or upon income. The legislature took, as the basis of the assessment, the taxpayer's own declaration, a course which it would be found very few Latin nations on any account allow in their fiscal arrangements. Then again, the Austrian system permitted deductions for debts, and it fixed various minima, according to circumstances, for exemption from this class of tax. From 1799 to 1830, taxes of a personal kind, called *Classensteuern*, were imposed. These were graduated according to the double ratio of the quality and fortune of each class. Such taxes came at length to the form of a progressive tax of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 20 per cent. upon individuals possessing from 100 to 150,000 florins of income.

One of the most interesting and curious passages in M. de Parieu's work is that in which he remarks upon the comparative aptitude of various races for taxes upon property and income :—

' Whilst countries inhabited by the pure Germanic race, or its leading branches—Germany, Scandinavia, Great Britain, and North America—support, almost universally, taxes of this kind, the financial history of the neo-Latin people has only made us acquainted with a small number of isolated, temporary, or abortive applications of this class of contributions. Even in Switzerland, a country of mixed race, the domain of general taxation of property and income, appears, with the exception of Geneva, to be restricted to the frontiers circumscribing the German race and language. This difference of moral aptitude, relatively to the

taxes in question, arising between the Germanic races and the Latin races of history and of contemporaneous statistics, appears long ago to have struck the attention of some Italian publicists. Macchiavelli, Botero, and Broggia have mentioned German customs as exceptional in this regard. . . . That which signalises the methods of applying general taxes on property and income, is the needfulness of a certain degree of loyalty, of patience, and even of spontaneous action, amongst the taxpayers, of *selbst Schätzung*, as M. Rau says § 402, note A, of *Self-taxation*, as an Englishman would say, in analogy with self-government. Besides the facts relative to restitution by taxpayers at Geneva, Bremen, and in Holland, which struck even ancient authors like Macchiavelli, we must place to the credit of the Germanic people the tolerably numerous restitutions to the Britannic treasury, forming what the English call "conscience money." In France the produce of acts of reparation of this sort, happily on the increase, has, however, hitherto been inconsiderable. The Ministry of Finances has collected under this head, in—

1849 . . .	600 francs	1859 . . .	38,976 francs.
1851 . . .	200 "	1862 . . .	45,082 "
1853 . . .	4,711 "	1863 . . .	29,975 "
1855 . . .	11,049 "	1864 . . .	32,190 "
1856 . . .	100,132 "	1865 . . .	62,581 "

. . . 'Is it not easy to understand that, following the example of individuals, certain nations may, comparatively with others, present characteristics of greater sincerity, of a greater disposition for voluntary taxation, and of greater endurance in view of the attainment of a right object? Is it opposed to observation in morals to admit that certain populations possess—together with an ordinarily colder temperament—a stronger infusion of that natural equity so needful in the practice of an income-tax, alike amongst the taxpayers called upon to declare the extent of their fortunes, as amongst the juries or commissioners charged with the control and survey of these declarations? The nature of political habits may here appropriately bring its contingent to the difference between national characters. I would not affirm that there exists amongst the German races more of authority or of liberty than amongst the neo-Latin peoples. What appears certain is, that authority and liberty are distributed amongst the former, and understood by them, in a different manner. The Germanic people appear to accept, more readily than the neo-Latin races, authority placed near to the individual, at the family fireside, in the town or locality. Amongst the neo-Latin people, authority is better understood as a state authority and under the official form. Amongst the first mentioned it is more patriarchal and asks more of confidence. Amongst the latter it is more military and demands more from submission. Amongst the former it rests rather upon reason and the sentiment of dependence of the individual on the society surrounding him; amongst the latter prestige and strength are more called upon to subject to their empire habits of a more individual and provoking character. Does it not result from this contrast that to disclose one's fortune to a fellow-citizen, to be subjected

to examination on the subject, is more tolerable to the habits of the Germanic, than to those of the neo-Latin race? How would it be if political events should have multiplied amongst citizens the causes that prevent their having any confidence one with another in their mutual justice?' (Tome i. p. 481.)

The following statistics afford a notion of how rapidly changes in the returns of direct taxation may occur, particularly during periods when the construction of railroads, and the establishment of other modern methods of commercial intercourse, domestic and foreign, have been extending the vast resources, hitherto comparatively unworked, of a skilful, energetic, and by no means unthrifty race. The succession-duty returns of France in 1835 took cognisance of 552 million francs of personal, and 984 million francs of real, property. In 1853, of 820 million francs of personal, and 1,176 million francs of real, property. In 1860, of 1,179 million francs of personal, and 1,545 million francs of real, property. From these figures it may be deduced that, in 1835, the real property exceeded the personal by 78 per cent. in that portion of the two descriptions which thus came under the incidence of taxation, whilst the excess fell to 43 per cent. in 1853, and to 31 per cent. in 1860. The present generation may perhaps live to see an income-tax established in France. Whenever the time for it shall approach, the volumes of M. de Parieu's work will be resorted to by his countrymen as a mine of most useful information, containing material alike for discussion of the equitable principles of such a tax, and upon observed facts and experience respecting it among other nations.

M. de Parieu's ideas on taxes upon luxuries (*impôts sur les jouissances*) were to some extent introduced to an English public through a contribution of his to the Statistical Society of London (*vide* their Journal for June, 1861). No description of taxes is more difficult of classification. Use and enjoyment, rather than the possession or accumulation of the power of gratifying those objects, are the substance out of which taxation is, in this instance, to be carved.

'An individual possesses carriages, riding horses, and dogs. He employs a numerous retinue of servants. He has rented a costly town-house. Probably these animals are his own property. This house, these services, belong to him temporarily, so long as he has the needful means of paying for their hire. Nevertheless, although these different objects of enjoyment are manifestly the signs of wealth, they do not always include its legitimate elements. They suggest the existence of easy circumstances, but do not constitute them. It is true they are the habitual characteristics of wealth; but this is through the expenses they cause and not the profits they procure.' And, from another point

of view, the same object which is taxed because it serves for a certain use, will cease to be so if it receive a different appropriation. An animal that may be taxed because used for personal enjoyment, will no longer be so when devoted to the improvement of a farm and thereby likened to those animals which an Italian financier, Broggia, has declared to be untaxable separately from the land, because—as he ingeniously observes—they are neither more nor less than *animated plants*.' (*De Parieu*, tome ii. p. 1.)

A distinction is then to be drawn between the simple or accidental consumption of a luxury and that *continuous enjoyment* of it, which, to a certain degree, legislators have desired to include in the purview of this class of taxation, when they have levied it upon rents of houses, horses, and servants. Great Britain, France, Belgium, and the Netherlands are signalised as the chief countries in Europe where taxes upon luxuries are the most developed. Our assessed taxes, exclusive of land-tax, are the parallel to the tax called *impôt personnel* or *mobilier* in other countries. Its arrangement in the Netherlands into six classes appears to be most comprehensive. It includes, (1) house-tax, (2) door and window tax, (3) chimney-tax, (4) furniture-tax, (5) servants' tax, (6) horse-tax. But elsewhere there are other classes in the roll of this tax; for instance, in England, armorial bearings, hair-powder tax, dog-tax, carriage-tax.

The dog-tax in France appears to have been very productive. In 1856 as many as 1,870,875 dogs were charged 6,046,471 francs, being about 3 francs 20 centimes per dog. In England the number of dogs on which duty was paid in the same year amounted only to 333,252, and produced a duty of 199,746*l*. The dog-tax was imposed for the first time in France in 1856, although it had frequently been talked of under the government of Louis-Philippe. But as soon as the fiscal burden began to be felt, there is some reason to suspect that canicide took place on a large scale, for we find that four years later 123,654 fewer dogs were paid for, and the tax decreased to 5,345,923 francs. In 1865 it had further decreased to 4,975,863 francs. In England the amount paid has enormously increased since the introduction of the five-shilling license.

In France, as in England, the taxes on carriages and horses have been subjected to alterations in recent years. M. de Parieu speaks with experience of a special character in the details he gives about these taxes, as he took a large share in the discussions respecting them in the French legislative body, and in a Commission of the Council of State over which

he presided. The result of this was the Law of July 2, 1862, which imposed an annual contribution according to a tariff on each vehicle *attelé*, and each horse kept for the personal service of the proprietor or his family. This varies for Paris and other towns according to their population. For example, whilst a two-wheel carriage in Paris pays 40 francs, and a horse 25 francs, the charges in towns or communes where there are more than 40,000 inhabitants, are 25 and 20 francs respectively, and so on in a sliding scale down to the minimum of 5 francs for such a carriage or horse in small communes of 3,000 inhabitants or under.

The older political economists appear to have arrived at as wise judgments on these matters as their more modern brethren. Nothing can be more just than the observations of Count Saavedra Faxardo—a Spanish political writer of the early part of the seventeenth century—who remarked that taxes ought not to be imposed on things absolutely necessary for the sustenance of life, but rather upon those that minister to our enjoyments, curiosity, ostentation, or parade. The practical sense of our early English writers on taxes has always admitted the same principle. At the same time the surpassing convenience of collecting at least some revenue from a few of the prime necessities of life, owing to their universal diffusion in every household, and to the fact that so long as the ratio of taxation upon them is very moderate they will not be greatly complained of, is an inducement for their retention in the fiscal system of most countries. And when we pass from necessities to luxuries we find the ‘voice of the million’ generally acquiescing with even less ill-will in the burden of taxation from the latter source. It was observed by the author of a pamphlet printed in London in 1690, entitled ‘*Taxes no Charge*,’ that,

‘Twill hardly gain belief, that there is many of the meaner people, labourers and mechanicks, that, by their expense, when they are (as too many be) extravagant, pay to the public taxes above one-tenth of their daily profit. As supposing that a labouring man may earn sixteen pounds a year, he will expend, though not very extraordinarily profuse, one half of it in *drink* and *tabaco* (sic), upon which the duty of customs and excise is, at least, two pounds of the eight, which he lays out in idle expenses. Now, it would be vehemently decried and exclaimed against, as the greatest oppression upon the poor imaginable, if, by a poll or land-tax this man, that virtually pays *forty skillings*, should actually, and above board, pay so many pence by the year.’

Eight pounds a year on drink and tobacco, of which 25 per cent. or one-fourth went to government in indirect taxation. The experience of one hundred and eighty years since that

calculation was made scarcely alters its proportion in England. According to Mr. Smiles, the most recent writer on the subject of 'Self-imposed Taxation,'\* the expenditure in the United Kingdom for home and foreign spirits was, in 1869, about 30½ millions sterling; for beer, 43½ millions; for foreign and colonial wines, about 13 millions; for cider, perry, and home-made wines, about 1½ millions; for tobacco, about 11½ millions. Grand total, about 100½ millions sterling—an expenditure of more than 3*l.* 6*s.* per head of the entire population, men, women, and children. It is easy to see that the labouring man of adult age must still spend on the average quite 8*l.* a year on the items of drink and tobacco, as he did in 1690. Singularly enough, he contributes out of that amount in much the same proportion now as he did then to the revenue. For the proportion of 31 millions of taxes to 100½ millions of expenditure, gives 2*l.* 9*s.* of taxation to the revenue out of these items.

M. de Parieu quotes MacCulloch\* as having said somewhere that tea, sugar, and soap are perhaps the only necessities of life taxed in Great Britain, and he adds the remark, 'à coup sûr, ce sont là des nécessités absolument inconnues aux habitants d'une partie de nos campagnes.' We are sorry to learn this, for although tea and sugar can be replaced in the animal economy by the use of other vegetable productions, we do not see our way to the elimination of soap, unless the begrimed peasant in sandy districts uses the soil as a detergent. But, fortunately for England, since MacCulloch wrote, soap is no longer taxed; and the tea and sugar duties have been so greatly reduced, that we have in truth a comparatively free breakfast and tea table.

In France, as in England, taking intrinsic value as the test, tobacco is the highest taxed; then come spirits, sugar, coffee. Wine, like beer in England, comes low in the scale of taxation. But the Frenchman's salt is still taxed, whilst the Englishman's has been free since 1823. The history of the salt-tax amongst ancient and modern nations is ably sketched in the volumes of M. de Parieu. The French budget for 1867 estimated the produce of the salt-tax at nearly 32 million francs. The average consumption in France in 1863 was reckoned at 8·297 kilograms of salt per head. The tax upon this quantity, at 10 francs per 100 kilograms, as reduced from the year 1849, amounts to about 83 centimes per head. If we take the in-

\*. Vide his article in the 'Companion for the Almanac' for 1870, p. 33.

creased consumption since 1863, we may fairly reckon the average tax as at present about 1 franc per head. And, according to the researches of Herr Rau, the eminent economist of Heidelberg, the order in which taxation on salt amongst continental nations may be arranged is—Austria the highest, then Baden, Prussia, Bavaria, Belgium, Württemberg, France, Saxony, Russia.

In France sugar is taxed through the customs and excise, and further, in a small number of towns, by an additional octroi duty.\* The whole income from sugar-tax, according to the budget for 1867, amounted to 107 million francs—say 4,280,000*l.*—corresponding with a consumption of 256 million kilograms. The aggregate was made up as follows:—French colonial sugars, 1,260,000*l.*; foreign sugars, 1,180,000*l.*, indigenous beetroot sugars, 1,840,000*l.* The consumption per head was estimated in 1863 at 6·742 kilograms.

The taxes on wine have given rise to a series of most elaborate government reports in France. The variations in amount and in method of incidence of these taxes have always been complicated. The report of 1851 entered at large into the whole question. It favoured the principle of the tax, its equalisation, reduction of entry and octroi duties, facilities and advantages for family consumption. The government in March 1852 adopted some of its recommendations. What most of us in England would call a too complex classification exists in this, as indeed in many other taxes in France. The departments are ranged into four zones, in each of which the tax varies. This is not all: the tax in each of these four zones of departments differs according to the population of the communes where the tax is levied. These are subdivided into seven scales of assessment. For wines in casks and bottles there are consequently twenty-eight rates of duty ( $4 \times 7 = 28$ ). M. de Parieu characterises the wine-tax of France as one of the most complex in its organisation, and as specially susceptible of inequalities in practical application. The local production of the object taxed appears to lead to almost inevitable favouritism of growers; so much so, that according to some writers,\* one-fourth only of the production yields any tax at all. The division of departments into four great classes is intended to rectify or equalise the geographical difficulties of the different zones of cultivation. But it leads to ever-recurring dissatisfaction, caused by the difficulty of

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\* Lavalée, '*Tablettes européennes*,' October, 1849; Conquet, '*De l'Impôt des boissons*,' p. 241.

dealing equitably with household, as compared with tavern, consumption. A no less fertile source of debate occurs in the various octroi duties of particular localities.

‘Quand on envisage dans le passé, comme nous venons de le faire, les nombreux remaniements que l’impôt sur les vins a subis, on croit voir à certain moment comme un rocher de Sisyphe retombant sur les législateurs, dans une lutte pénible qui n’a été arrêtée sérieusement que grâce au calme général établi dans l’opinion publique sur beaucoup de questions depuis 1852, sans que nous fassions entrer en ligne de compte nécessaire à cet égard la réserve de l’initiative législative depuis cette même époque dans les mains du gouvernement.’ (*De Parieu*, tome ii. p. 373.)

The tax on wines in France produced in 1863 about 81,871,000 francs. The tax on cider, perry, and mead, about 11,302,000 francs. In Prussia and Saxony the wine-tax is levied, as in France, on the production. A different system prevails in other German countries. There the tax does not strike the producer, but the dealer and consumer.

An article by M. Marchand in the ‘*Moniteur*’ of November 14, 1860, gave some interesting particulars of the large proportions to which the use of beer in France is growing. He observed that, in Paris particularly, the manufacture of beer has considerably extended, and one may say that it has augmented by 66 per cent. in the last forty-four years. The use of beer is obviously tending to generalise itself in France, especially among the working classes. ‘From 1853 to 1857 the Paris consumption has increased from 150,470 to 346,979 ‘hectolitres.’ Then, for the whole of France, M. Marchand gave these figures:—3,788,268 hectolitres in 1849; 4,957,347 in 1854; 7,088,121 in 1857. And, according to M. Husson, the annual consumption of Paris is 14 million litres of beer, or 13½ litres per head. This is but little comparatively with wine, of which 113½ litres per head per annum is consumed, to which must be added 12 litres of spirits.

In taxing spirits, four methods appear to have been practised in various countries. (1) By assessment upon the raw material, such as potatoes, grain, &c., entering the distilleries. (2) By levying duties upon the mass of distilled substances during their fermentation. This tax is the *Maischraum-Steuer* or *Maischsteuer* of the Germans. (3) By taxing the produce in its complete state and according to the quantity of alcohol it contains. And (4) by fixing duties upon the stills or alembics employed in the distillation, in proportion to the time they have been possessed, or during which they have been put into active use. In France the imposition of a duty on spirits dates



from the Orders in Council of March 28 and November 6, 1659. In the four years preceding the Revolution of 1848 the price of alcohol was about 100 francs per hectolitre (1 hectolitre = 22·024 gallons), and the consumption did not greatly exceed 600,000 hectolitres. In the four years 1848–51 the price fell as low as 55 francs per hectolitre. But the consumption did not increase. The condition of political uncertainty had much to do with this result. But in 1852, 1853, and 1854 the price rapidly augmented to 97, 149, and 205 francs per hectolitre. The reviving material progress of France was immediately accompanied by an augmented consumption of spirits. It advanced to 648,000 hectolitres in 1852, and did not sink below 600,000 hectolitres in either of the two succeeding years. In 1855 and 1856 the price was 175 francs. The tax was then raised (including the additional décimes) from 37 fr. 40 cents. to 60 fr. per hectolitre. But the consumption rose, in the face of this increase, from 714,000 to 768,000 hectolitres. A further gross increase of 30 fr. was added to the duty in 1861, bringing it to 90 fr. The consumption, however, still went on augmenting, so that it attained a total of 870,240 hectolitres in 1864, or an average of about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  litres per head of the whole French population. This allowance—in English imperial measure—means a little more than half a gallon for each man, woman, and child of the French population, which is about half the similar average consumption per head per annum of the British population. In 1864 the spirit-tax produced in France a total revenue of 69 million francs. But in Russia the same tax produced in that year a net revenue of  $118\frac{1}{2}$  million silver roubles, or about 474 million francs, or say 18,960,000*l*. In Prussia the spirit-tax at the same date does not appear to have yielded more than about 1 million sterling.

The tobacco-tax has now been in the hands of the French Government, with the exception to be presently referred to, since the time of Louis the Fourteenth, upon the principle of administration by monopoly of manufacture and sale. When the Government in 1674 started this plan, the income it yielded was 500,000 livres. The profits of the privilege attained to the proportions of 8 million livres in 1730 ; 22 million in 1778 ; and 30 million in 1790. The Constituant Assembly abolished the monopoly, but it preserved the principle of the tax under the modified form of custom duties and licenses to native manufacturers.\* The evasions of the tax were so considerable, that the returns from it greatly fell off. A report to Napoleon I. in the year XIII gave a total return of 19,795,000 fr., made up of 8,200,000 fr. from home-manufactured tobacco ; 9,000,000

fr. from foreign imported tobacco ; 824,000 fr. from licenses to manufacturers ; and 1,771,000 fr. from licenses to dealers.

'It was maintained that the monopoly, such as it had existed before the Revolution, might return upwards of 48,000,000 francs upon the footing of a produce of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  franc per head of the population. But there was hesitation at the incompatibility between monopoly and free cultivation. At length these scruples were done away with, and the Imperial Decree of December 29, 1810, issued by the Emperor without the assistance of the Legislative Body, conferred exclusively on the *régie* the combined rights of purchase of the tobacco in leaves, and of its manufacture and of sale wholesale and retail of the manufactured tobacco. The decree was preceded by a remarkable, although rather diffuse, exposition, wherein the Emperor spoke of the science of finances as having been the *constant subject of his meditations*, in which he denounced the system of loans as radically as the democrat Jefferson might have done, declared tobacco as the most appropriate material of any for taxation, reproached the system by which they had theretofore been taxed as having greatly enriched the manufacturers and brought but little into the treasury, notwithstanding the high price of manufactured tobacco ; and finally proclaimed his hope, subsequently much exceeded in fact, of creating a revenue of nearly 80,000,000 francs from this source without increasing the charge upon the people.' (*De Parieu*, tome ii. p. 461.)

The Chamber of Deputies, in 1835, appointed a commission, with M. Dupin as president, to examine the principles of this tax. The result was a report, decidedly in favour of government monopoly and opposed to reduction in price. The question was again, on several occasions, revived in the Chambers. In 1840, efforts were made, but unsuccessfully, to induce the Government to consent to revisions of the tax at shorter periods of time. The decennial system has, however, been maintained, and the law now in force, of July 3, 1852, prorogues the reconsideration of the tax to January 1, 1873. Its produce, it may be added, has more than realised the prognostication of Napoleon I. The gross receipt, according to the budget of 1864, gave a total of 220,376,000 francs. The expenses of administration of the monopoly in that year are set down at a total of about 66 million francs, so that we may take the net proceeds in 1864 at about 154 million francs. The growth of the tax since then has been continuous, and its gross produce in 1869 can hardly be estimated at under 250 million francs or 10 millions sterling.

The wine and spirit duties produce in France about the same as the tobacco duties. Comparing France with England, we may then arrive at the general conclusion that the former derives only about 20 millions sterling, as against 30 millions

sterling by the latter country, from what has been termed 'self-imposed taxation.' Does the Frenchman, then, as a rule, drink and smoke about one-third less than the Englishman? The question is curious, and deserving of detailed inquiry.

The particulars of the tobacco monopoly in Austria, Spain, and Italy will also be found in M. de Parieu's pages; as also a large store of information and careful research upon taxes on other articles of consumption such as tea, sugar, coffee, &c., as affected both by customs and license duties. In the third volume 'taxes on acts' are investigated. This includes every form of stamp-duty, upon almost every conceivable formal event, transaction, or action in life, from the cradle to the grave. We do not attempt to glean, on this occasion, in such a vast field of inquiry, nor indeed in that embraced in the fourth, and concluding volume of M. de Parieu, treating at large upon all kinds of provincial, departmental, and local taxes.

The Baron von Hock, an Austrian who filled some high administrative offices in his own country, and whose recent death is greatly regretted, has criticised the fourth volume of M. de Parieu's work, not in an unfriendly spirit, but on the ground that he has enlarged to excess on the subject of local usages and taxation in a work mainly designed to establish the leading general principles of fiscal science. But English readers, recollecting that one-fifth of the aggregate taxation of their own country is derived from local, and not from imperial taxes, will concur with M. de Parieu in thinking that the importance of this study is almost paramount. Indeed, when we consider the poor, county, and parish rates in England; the departmental and communal taxes in France; the municipal octrois in France and so many other countries, including analogous taxes in England, such as the coal and wine dues in the metropolitan districts and special improvement rates in provincial districts; the subject acquires a high degree of interest to every student of political science, and to all who are engaged in the administration of funds collected from the community for public objects of a local character. A knowledge of the systems of taxation for the construction and repair of roads, as in force in various countries, is of itself a subject of great extent and importance. The existence, for example, in France at the present time, of the system of *prestations en nature* is little known in our country. Under the action of this modern and 'ameliorated *corvée*,' giving as it does an option of payment in money, or in days' work of men, of animals, or of carts, the cross-country roads of France are kept up; though we could name parts of France, as in Au-

vergne, where the peasants prefer to leave the roads unmade rather than be at the expense of labour to make them.

Considering the vast extent of the subjects touched upon in this book, the result as a whole is that, without professing to attain that degree of absolute exhaustion of the topics which would call for an encyclopædia of cumbersome size and price, the work of M. de Parieu may be characterised as the most useful account ever published of the systems of taxation in force in the civilised world. In the last thirty pages of the concluding volume of his second edition, M. de Parieu gives, by way of epilogue, an essay on the history and theory of taxes. A more happily expressed statement of the progress towards greater equity and better reasoned principles that has already been attained in the great countries in Europe, during the present generation could with difficulty be found. It does credit to the discernment of its author and to his largeness of view, both as a friend to all that can advance humanity, and as an ardent admirer of that heritage of hard-won experience and freedom which past ages and former statesmen have handed down to us.

The study of this subject leads us to the conclusion that the taxation of the United Kingdom is the most scientific, the most economical in collection, and the least onerous to the people of any in Europe. The Englishman pays no poll-tax, no land-tax, no salt-tax, no taxes on any of the necessities of life, except it be on beer, on tea, and sugar. Our taxes on successions and transfers of property are lower than those of France. Our customs are levied on five or six articles. Our income-tax chiefly affects those who possess realised property. Our excise is a tax justly levied on the indulgences or vices of the people. We question, therefore, whether any country ever suffered less than England now does from the burden of taxation, and we believe that no money is better employed by the community than that which is raised and spent by the Government in providing for the growing wants of the people at large. Under these circumstances we cannot altogether concur in the prevailing rage for the reduction of taxation. The Government deserves the greatest credit for the economical application of the revenue; it is due to the people that nothing be wasted; but in our judgment the wisest and noblest use of a surplus would be to apply it to objects of public utility, and to devote whatever may remain over to the reduction of the National Debt.

ART. IV.—1. *Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts.* (Second Series.) By Sir CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE, P.R.A., &c. With a Memoir by Lady EASTLAKE. 8vo. London: 1870.

2. *Life of John Gibson, R.A., Sculptor.* Edited by Lady EASTLAKE. 8vo. London: 1870.

IN these days, when there is some danger lest the true object and end of the arts should be forgotten, and when the character and position of those who cultivate and profess them are so far misunderstood that in high places the painter, sculptor, and architect have been classed with the market-gardener and 'other people of that sort,' it is with no ordinary satisfaction that we welcome the biographies of two such men as Charles Lock Eastlake and John Gibson. There was something akin in their character. They had formed the same exalted conception of the nature and duties of the profession which they followed. They had the same nobleness and purity of purpose. They were distinguished by the same honest and honourable qualities; and they earned for themselves the same respect and regard from all those who knew or had relations with them. In their feeling for art too, and in the manner in which they sought to give it expression, there was a strong resemblance between them. They were both equally fastidious, and they both aimed at a classic purity of style, and an excessive refinement of execution, which may have been obstacles to their attaining the highest power, and gave their works a certain want of originality, imagination, and energy when compared with those of the great masters of painting and sculpture. It was the fortune of Eastlake, probably on account of the more popular nature of the art which he pursued, to have been brought more into contact with the outer world, although that contact never sullied the pure integrity of his nature, and to have been placed in positions in which he displayed the qualities and habits of a man of business—qualities for which those who knew John Gibson certainly never gave the sculptor credit, although he possessed a no less scrupulous sense of duty with equal industry and powers of application.

The biographies of these men have been written by the tender hand of a wife and of a friend. But even with the partiality which such relations could not fail to engender, it would have been difficult to draw too favourable a picture of them. It was no part of the task of the biographer to enter into a criticism of their works, or to endeavour to assign to them

the place they may ultimately hold in the realm of art, which, after all, depends in most cases more upon the verdict of posterity than upon that of the generation in which an artist lives. Of the manner in which Lady Eastlake has accomplished what she has considered a duty to her husband and to her friend, it would be almost superfluous to speak. Her power and abilities as a writer are too well known; and she could not fail to exercise them to the utmost in performing this labour of love.

Of John Gibson there is little to be said. His life was one of rare calm and happiness. His gentle and equable temper was not often ruffled, except when worked up to overflowing indignation by the ignorance and vulgarity of what he called the 'newspaper scribblers' upon sculpture in general, or upon his own works or those of others. He had but one object and one passion in life—his art—and he pursued it with single-minded earnestness and unwearied industry. His standard and aims were of the highest. The remains of the immortal sculptors of Greece were his models. He strove to fashion his own feelings and imagination upon what he conceived to have been theirs. The nearer he believed that his own works approached in spirit and treatment to those which they had conceived, the better was he satisfied with them. This childlike veneration for his antique models may have exercised too great an influence upon his own genius. It made him too much of a copyist, and induced too limited a view of the many and varied ends of art for him to produce works calculated to exercise an influence on his own or future generations. He could appreciate little but classic sculpture, and to such an extent was this one-absorbing feeling carried that he could not even feel the charm of colour in pictures—an amusing instance of which is quoted by Lady Eastlake in describing the offence given by the sculptor to Turner by a hasty criticism of one of his paintings. The charm of his works consists in their purity and refinement of conception, their correct modelling, and their excellent technical execution. In imagination and vigour he was inferior to his contemporary and friend Thorwaldsen. Had Gibson even possessed the intellectual power which would have enabled him to produce really great and original works it would probably have been trammelled by his devotion to the antique. It was his conviction that the ancients could not only never be exceeded, but could never be approached, by the moderns. The conviction may be unfortunately true, but it is not one upon which the artist who aspires to greatness ought to act.

We think that Lady Eastlake is right when she names the

'Hunter' as Gibson's best work; and yet its chief merit consists in its nearer approach in feeling and design to a classic model than anything else which he produced. In basso-relievo he succeeded perhaps better than in the round. In this branch of sculpture he had full scope for the exercise of his skill as a draughtsman, which was of the highest order, and he could freely treat those ancient myths in which he took so much delight. But beautiful as are many of his designs of this class—such as the group of 'The Hours leading the Horses of the Sun'—they are inferior in many respects to those of Flaxman, whose more powerful intellect had imbibed the spirit of the Greeks: Gibson imitated them.

We cannot conclude this brief notice of Gibson without referring to an innovation which he sought to introduce—that of tinting or painting his statues. Space will not permit us to enter into the controversy as to whether his views on the subject were right or wrong—whether consistent or not with the highest aims of sculpture. A great deal that is irrelevant and exaggerated—we might say foolish—has been said and written on both sides of the question, on the one hand by those who would justify the use of colour on archaeological precedents, and on the other by those who condemn it on the grounds of immodesty or immorality. We believe that Gibson was in theory right: whether he succeeded or not in practice is another question. The time will come—if ever it shall again be given to a people to have that exquisite sensibility, that feeling for harmony and the beautiful, which distinguished the ancient Greeks—when a statue in cold white marble will be as repugnant to men in general as a tinted statue now appears to be to some persons.

The 'short and simple annals' of Gibson's uneventful life tell of little else but of gradual success and increase of reputation, and of the happiness which he experienced in embodying in marble his conceptions, and in living amidst the works of the great men of old. As he resided entirely in Rome, he had no influence either on art or on the public in his own country. The magnificent collection of models and casts from his works bequeathed by him to the Royal Academy, which will ere long be exhibited in Burlington House, will doubtless cause him to be far better known in England than he ever was in his lifetime. Yet there is something singularly attractive in this short biography of a man, who during a long career, commencing from the lowly station of the son of a poor Welsh market-gardener, rose to the highest honours which can, in the eyes of the world, reward an artist—acknow-

ledged fame and success, and the patronage and sympathy of royalty—and who, in the midst of the struggles, strifes, and sorrows of this life, still maintained the simplicity and guileless nature of a child. Such a character is too rare that we should not take an interest in it.

Macchiavelli in a well-known passage has divided mankind into three classes—those who think for themselves, those who think through others, and those who do not think at all. A similar classification, although not expressed in similar terms, may be applied to those who follow the arts. There are first the men of genius, few in number, to whom the sense of colour, form, and proportion—in fact all the qualities necessary to the architect, painter, or sculptor—have been given in the highest degree by nature, and who have exercised the greatest influence upon the arts which they have respectively cultivated. Without including the great artists of Greece, concerning whom we have but imperfect information, the number of these men is small indeed; when we have enumerated Giotto, Raphael, Michael-Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Turner, and a few others about whom opinions may be more divided, we have almost completed the list of painters who in modern times have undoubted claims to be ranked amongst them. The second class will comprise a much wider range, and includes many who by their works have delighted and instructed mankind, although they may not have influenced their generation or attained the highest place. The walls of annual exhibitions furnish an ample illustration of the third class.

Both Eastlake and Gibson belong to the second class. But Eastlake to his acquirements and skill as a painter, and to that intellectual cultivation in which Gibson was entirely deficient, added other qualities which brought him more into immediate contact with the world, and rendered his life a more useful, active, and eventful one than that of his friend and fellow-labourer. His experience and knowledge enabled him to take a wider and juster view of art in its various phases and in connexion with its many ends than Gibson, and consequently there are more materials for his biography. However, as in the case of Gibson, Lady Eastlake has not considered it necessary to give more than a sketch of the life of her husband, leaving the details to be filled up as far as is possible by the works, literary and artistic, which he has left behind him.

Charles Lock Eastlake was born on the 17th November, 1793, at Plymouth, where his father, a lawyer of high standing, occupied a prominent position. If the associations of childhood and the scenes with which youth is surrounded have an



influence upon the imagination and works of an artist—a fact upon which the painter himself frequently insisted—the varied and lovely landscapes and bluer skies of the southernmost counties in England appear to be especially fitted for the birthplace of artists; for from Plymouth and its neighbourhood also came Reynolds, the glory of the English school, Haydon, Prout, the founder of a school of water-colour painters, and one or two others of minor note. Eastlake does not appear to have shown as a child any predominant taste for the arts, although he selected for himself when very young the profession of an architect. He was a boy of remarkable refinement, and of an aptitude and ardour for knowledge beyond his years. At a very early age he showed a keen relish for poetry, for languages, and for drawing, which he studied under his fellow-townsmen Prout. After receiving the first elements of education at the Plymouth grammar-school, and far more solid instruction in his father's house, he was placed at the Charter House, which he entered already no mean proficient in those classical studies which were perhaps best fitted to develop the peculiar qualities of his mind and to prepare him for the career which he ultimately chose. He decided, when but a boy, that those pursuits which required the highest exercise of the intellectual and imaginative faculties were best suited to his tastes and temperament. He appears even to have hesitated for a moment whether he should not make poetry a profession, but Haydon, who was but a few years his senior, by his enthusiasm and eloquence led him to fix upon painting, and its highest branch—the historical. Before coming to an ultimate decision, although that decision was taken under the influence of a certain amount of impulse, he had thoroughly reasoned the matter out, and he stated the conclusion to which he had arrived, and his motives, in letters to his father and brothers, of which Lady Eastlake has given extracts, of singular vigour, logical force, and lucidity of expression for one so young and of so little experience. In the early cultivation of his mind, in the just estimate in which he held the arts, and in the industry and application which he displayed, lay the foundation of that high reputation and success in his profession which he afterwards enjoyed, and which led to his filling the most eminent position that can be attained by an English painter—the Presidency of the Royal Academy.

Having decided upon his profession, he gave himself to its study with the utmost diligence. He had conceived the highest standard of a painter's education—one uniting the utmost cultivation of the intellect and the widest knowledge with the

greatest technical skill. He therefore continued his classical studies, read Greek and Latin and modern languages, and commenced laying in those rich stores of general knowledge, and forming that refined taste in literature and art, which distinguished him in after years. Entering upon his profession with these qualities of intellect, with industry, and a determination to succeed, he could scarcely fail to achieve success. He had gained admission into the Life Academy and obtained the silver medal at the Adelphi, when his designs attracted the attention of a well-known collector and connoisseur of pictures—Mr. Jeremiah Harman, who gave the young painter—then only sixteen—a commission for a picture. He was allowed to choose his own subject—a proof of the judgment and discrimination of his patron. He selected one connected with the Panathenaic festival, which would enable him to gratify his taste, and to make use of his familiarity with the classic writers. But unexpected difficulties led him to abandon it for ‘The Raising of Jairus’s Daughter.’ He devoted himself with ardour and energy to this new subject, adding to his stores of knowledge by the researches which he considered it necessary to make, for truthfulness of representation, in biblical literature and Hebrew archæology. Already he evinced that attention to accuracy of detail and careful conscientious execution, which, whilst it contributed to render him one of the ablest critics of art, may have detracted from his success as a painter. At the same time his early feeling for the highest qualities of art, and his correct judgment, were proved by his appreciation of the genius of Turner, and his enthusiastic admiration for the works of that great painter, then comparatively uncared for, but who, he declares in a letter to his brother, ‘is the first landscape-painter in the world, and before he dies will perhaps be the greatest the world ever produced.’

A visit to Paris in 1815—when the spoils of Italy were still in the Louvre—first introduced him to the glories of Italian art; for at that time there was in England no collection of the works of the Italian painters, such as we now have in the National Gallery, open to the public, and the few private galleries were not easily accessible to the young student. It is not surprising that the rich and powerful colouring of the Venetian school should have made a deep impression upon him. He expressed in his letters home unbounded admiration of the works of Titian. The ‘Peter Martyr,’ recently burnt through the carelessness and stupidity of some Italian priests, and by many thought to be the master-

piece of the painter, especially attracted his attention, and he declared that 'if ever a picture were uniformly grand, this is.' At the same time we already find that judicious criticism, and that independence of judgment, for which he was in after years so much distinguished. He ventured to dispute Reynolds's condemnation of the minute accuracy of detail in Titian's foregrounds and accessories, thus anticipating the verdict of the best modern critics. He was equally discriminating and just in his appreciation of Correggio. Although, after contemplating the great Venetian masters, he could not but feel in that painter the absence of the force and richness of effect for which their works are so remarkable, he asserted that in point of colouring, the flesh of Correggio leaves little to be wished for. The painter's 'prodigious excellence' appeared to him 'to consist in expression, the more astonishing as it seems to flow from his own mind, unassisted by any other means than a most 'divine taste.'

It was not the Venetian or Florentine masters who alone attracted him by the gorgeousness of their colouring or the correctness of their drawing. His taste was already sufficiently true and catholic to admire and appreciate all really good work of whatever time or school. He speaks of the master-piece of Paul Potter, the 'Bull,' now at the Hague, with almost as much admiration as of the works of Titian; and Teniers and Ostade came in for a large share of his praise and judicious remarks. The bent of his mind at that period, and the effect of his theoretical and classical education were, however, shown by his selecting, out of those rich and varied treasures of art, the 'Vision of St. Paul' by Poussin as the picture to copy for Mr. Harman.

He left Paris in the midst of the general alarm created by the unexpected landing in France of Napoleon. Not many weeks elapsed before he who had caused all this consternation was a prisoner in English waters, and the painter had the opportunity of making his full-length portrait standing on the gangway of the 'Bellerophon.' The Emperor was in the habit of presenting himself in the evening to the crowd, which assembled in boats round the vessel of war in which he was confined. Noticing the daily visits of young Eastlake's boat, he not only promoted the object of the sketcher by remaining for some time in one position, but he sent on shore the uniform and decorations which he was accustomed to wear, in order that the accessories to the portrait might be in all respects correct. The original small picture made from the sketches thus taken is now in the possession of Lady

Eastlake. A full-sized portrait subsequently executed, and exhibited with much success in London and the provinces, and for which the painter received altogether 1000*l.*, she has failed to trace to its present possessor. The original sketch is marked by Eastlake's peculiar qualities. It is carefully executed in the details, and reproduces faithfully the corpulent figure and somewhat haggard expression of the Emperor at that time. No one can doubt that it is a true likeness, and as such its interest and value will increase as time rolls on; but it wants that force—that power of seizing and putting prominently forward the peculiar features or expression in order to convey to the mind of the observer the leading characteristics of the man—which distinguishes the works of the greatest portrait-painters, such as Reynolds and Gainsborough of our own school.

The success of this picture, and the independence which it brought to him, enabled Eastlake to accomplish the great object of his ambition—a journey to Italy. He left England in September, 1816, and in the following month entered Rome in company with a young man who was also destined to leave his mark in the world—Dr. Bunsen. This visit ended in a residence abroad of fourteen years, until the scenery, people, and language of Italy became as familiar to him as those of his own country.

Eastlake's self-education peculiarly fitted him for the enjoyment and appreciation of the remains of antiquity and the monuments of art which abound in Rome. He was soon intimately acquainted with the ancient ruins which rise in the half-deserted, or lurk in the squalid and thickly-peopled parts of the city. His beautiful sketches show with what love and care he studied them, and how deep an impression they made upon him. He was not the man to tolerate the weak and untruthful representation of nature and the mannerism of the modern Italian school of landscape-painters, then under the influence of French teaching and example—an influence which still weighs heavily on Italy, and which she must throw off before she can hope to attain her former greatness in the arts. He saw how it had cramped the genius of Canova; and he did not hesitate to prefer 'the firmer and purer' style of Thorwaldsen.

He had not been long in Rome before he felt the effect of climate and scenery. 'Everything one sees in the streets, even the handbills, having something to do with art,' he writes to his sister-in-law. He frequently refers in his letters and in his essays to this influence upon the various schools of

painting as well as upon individual painters, and remarks upon the change which had taken place in his own feelings and views with regard to his art after he had resided for a short time in Italy:—

‘It is strange,’ he writes, ‘that I had never dwelt on the system of the Venetian school till I had myself discovered the way in which Nature herself atones, if I may so say, for the want of light and shade in hot countries. In short, the character of nature here, and in the works of Titian and others, is to produce light and dark by colour—the noblest and most general system of imitation. In Greece the sea and sky are sometimes the darkest part of the general picture. The monotony of a sandy ground is relieved on one side by the sparkle of marble, and on the other by the depth of the cypress and evergreen oak. So much for inanimate nature—but we find the deep rich tones of men and animals, and even the dresses of the first, all contrive to make amends for the want of that shadow which the northern climates have without colour. The Venetians, therefore, formed their style from the study of Italian nature.’

As dress thus contributes to this influence on the feelings and taste of the painter, so climate and surrounding nature may equally exercise their influence on costume. It might be interesting to inquire how far this is the case. It would seem that the brightness of colours in costume varies to a certain extent with the latitude, unless modified by peculiar circumstances. Generally the warmer the climate, the clearer the skies, and the richer the vegetation, the intenser the love of colour, and the more lavish its display in dress and the other accessories of life. A gradual scale might almost be detected from the pole to the equator, from the Laps and Finns with their monotonous whites and greys, to the feather-clad inhabitants of the Pacific islands. It would seem, however, that clear skies and constant sun are not alone sufficient. In ‘tawny Spain’ the absence of vegetation and the monotonous tints of the naked sierras and rolling plains produce their corresponding effect upon the people, and dark browns and sombre tones are the prevailing colours of their dress and even of the decoration of their houses. Their painters were similarly influenced by surrounding objects more than by climate, as is proved by the colouring of Velasquez, Murillo, Zurbaran, and other great masters of the Spanish school. Even a residence in Italy could not counteract this influence, as in the instance of Ribera and, indeed, of Velasquez.

Eastlake perceived the importance of considering these external influences in studying the works of the painters of different schools, and his inquiring and philosophical mind readily analysed them. He was especially struck with their effect

when visiting Venice for the first time and contemplating the home and the works of the great Venetian masters. The daily spectacle of the sun setting behind the peaks of Friuli 'accounted for the golden and mellow horizons behind the mountains, which is so common a feature in the distances of Venetian pictures. It is first seen in the very early painters, and is also a proof of their looking at nature, as fit for imitation, most in the evening, when shadows are soft, when local colours are hence not destroyed by violent opposition of light and shade (which may make two distinct colours of an object that is really one), when all is warmed by the glow of the sky and atmosphere, and when, what is also an important consideration, the observer of nature is most likely to be at liberty after the labour of the day to look at her appearances.' The origin of the rich golden browns in the flesh tints of Titian, Giorgione, Bonifazio, and other painters of their time—those glowing hues which have given a special character and charm to the Venetian school and which appear to us, in our dull climate and with our dull surroundings, exaggerated and untrue—immediately suggested itself to him. He traced it in the figures and objects which he observed on the canals of Venice; as he saw the backgrounds of Venetian pictures in the luxuriant vegetation, the picturesque habitations and the many-shaped mountains of the Venetian territory.

'The backgrounds and accompaniments to figures,' he says, 'are of a nature to exhibit their characteristic colour in the most forcible manner. In the great canal a glowing gondolier is seen in his white shirt sleeves, against cool neutral architecture, with the greenish water around him—contrasts all tending to light up his sunburnt limbs and face to a fiery depth—but this intense glow is not seen in its largest and truest appearance till the figure is at a considerable distance. This effect is undoubtedly the truest idea of colour, whatever the colour may be, because it is that which the memory most retains. Titian and Giorgione went all lengths in imitating this general effect, not only in sunburnt figures but in fairer ones. The ruins of the frescoes of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, deep and flaming as they are, are not more so than figures sometimes appear with due contrast as described above. . . . Titian used the same in large altar-pieces, which were to be seen at good distances' (a very important consideration when we are brought face to face with them in a picture-gallery, and in a position and light for which they were not painted). "The Assumption," "Peter Martyr," and the Frari Picture are all of this class; and the "St. Sebastian at Rome": but Giorgione was the great inventor of this noble violence, or rather first carried it to perfection.'

The Vivarini, the Bellini, Cima, Carpaccio, and other early masters had experienced the same influence from surrounding

objects, but had failed, from the want of that technical knowledge which their great pupils and followers possessed, to represent it with the same power and effect.

He adds the following remarks, so important and so well deserving the consideration of some of our own modern painters:—

‘The costume of the Venetian women is the same as regards the white mantle for the head as it was centuries ago. Their faces have depth, richness, and soft shade from it. Many of the veiled heads of the “*Maddona*” in Venetian pictures have precisely the shade, the colour, and the distant breadth of these heads as one remarks them when details are no longer perceptible. One consequence of looking at this distant, largest effect of nature is that expression is lost by it, although the general air of beauty is improved; and as expression and nicety of form are qualities only to be appreciated near, so they have less to do with the essentials of beauty, which reside in general proportion and general colour. Correggio and Raphael are, perhaps, the painters who best succeed in uniting what can only be seen near with what can only be seen at a distance.’

He points out too the influence which surrounding objects—especially the new style of architecture introduced with such marvellous effect in Venice, Vicenza, and other cities of the North of Italy by Palladio and his followers—had upon Paul Veronese, whose colour and composition harmonise with the grand architectural backgrounds which he was so fond of introducing into his pictures.

When travelling in the plains and valleys around Vicenza and Bassano and in the mountainous districts of Cadore, and gazing upon the gorgeous sunsets, the long soft twilights and the varied and fanciful shapes of the Dolomite peaks (which have recently been described and designed with so much grace and taste by Mr. Gilbert in his volume entitled ‘*Titian’s Country*’), Eastlake recognised the scenery that contributed to form the taste and style of the Venetian school, and he describes in eloquent terms the effect produced upon himself by a combination of natural beauties unequalled perhaps in any country in the world. The conclusions to which he came from his knowledge of Italian scenery and his investigations of its influence upon Italian art, are the more deserving of attention because they go far towards solving the question which has been so often asked; namely, why England has not produced, and apparently never can produce, any painters of the first rank in the highest branches of art, and especially as colourists? The answer seems to be that in England men are not born in the midst of those influences of climate, scenery, and costume—the three being connected

together—which are required to form the highest taste and feeling for colour, composition, and design. The influence of objects, natural and otherwise, with which we are surrounded from childhood, may account for the fact that the English school has attained a very high, if not the first, position in the representation of domestic subjects, and in a certain class of landscape. The same result may be traced in the Dutch, German, and Flemish schools of painting. That long residence amidst different scenes and in foreign climes has produced its effect upon English and other painters there can be no doubt. The Poussins, Claude, Wilson, and Turner might be cited as instances. It is especially instructive to study the works and sketches of this last great painter. It will be seen that from the influence of scenery and the effects of a warm sky and brilliant sunlight abroad—in France and then in Italy—his colour, which in his early days was grey and monotonous, gradually became richer, and his compositions and designs more full of imagination and fancy, until he attained an eminence which has perhaps never been reached in his especial branch of art by any other painter;—an eminence which we agree with Mr. Ruskin in placing above that attained by Claude, whom he surpasses not only in power, but in knowledge and truthful representation of nature. The highest art, be it remembered, is that which succeeds in depicting nature in her most perfect attributes, without departing from truth.

Eastlake experienced in himself the influence which we have attempted to describe, partly in his own words, after he had been for a short time in Italy. His colouring became warmer and richer, his treatment of landscape more poetic, his compositions more in harmony with the glorious scenery and picturesque remains of antiquity amidst which he lived. In his sketches and studies from nature—when collecting materials for pictures—he united an exquisite tenderness and purity of colour with an accuracy of form and detail, which place them amongst the most valuable of his works.

His taste and knowledge and his feeling for the beautiful in form and colour were further enlarged by visits to the south of Italy, to Sicily, and to Greece. Although in delicate health, and under the most trying circumstances of intense heat, weary journeys, and wretched accommodation—and no one who has not experienced these trials in Eastern wanderings and explorations can know how they discourage and impede work and reduce even the most energetic to a state of listless indolence—he laboured with the ardent zeal and devotion to his art which ever distinguished him. From those journeys he brought



back a collection of studies and sketches which added to the reputation he had already acquired. His biographer tells us that persons well competent to give an opinion upon such subjects have declared that these studies not only excited great admiration amongst artists of all nations collected in Rome, but that they exercised a considerable influence upon the taste and style of the day, and contributed to raise the standard of the art of landscape-painting. And this we can easily believe, when we compare them in their rich glow of colour and poetic feeling with the weak and conventional works of the painters who then flourished, especially in Rome. Lawrence declared his landscapes to be worthy of Poussin—no great compliment many modern critics might be inclined to think. We believe that that painter never produced such studies and sketches. Eastlake's historical pictures, and those subjects from bandit life by which he became generally known in his own country, are indeed chiefly remarkable for the delicacy and poetic treatment of their landscape backgrounds, in which, however, we do not see all the vigour and originality of treatment which characterise his studies from nature. In his more finished works these admirable qualities are too often sacrificed to the figures.

Eastlake was too fastidious a critic, and too diffident of his own powers, to become a great historical painter, or to attain even in landscape-painting to the grandeur of Turner, who, when working with him in the same studio, used to laugh at this fastidiousness, and began several pictures and finished three whilst his brother-artist had scarcely completed one. But then Turner worked from that inspiration of genius which seems to require neither thought nor analysis, although both are exercised in the highest degree so rapidly that the operation is unconscious and imperceptible to ordinary men. Eastlake reminds us of the orator who is thinking as much of the words in which he shall clothe his thoughts as of the thoughts themselves, and who consequently can never acquire the same influence which impassioned and apparently unstudied eloquence exercises upon mankind.

Rome, not so easily accessible as now to the vulgar, was at that time the resort of men of high intellectual culture and of refined taste, and not the mere gathering place of narrow-minded converts, upstart Americans, and fox-hunting Englishmen and women. Eastlake was everywhere received in the best society. His taste, his knowledge, and the reputation which he had acquired as an artist, could not fail to render him a popular and desired guest. He thus gained many in-

fluent friends and became more widely known, preparing the way for those distinctions and honourable offices which were afterwards conferred upon him in his own country, whilst his time was fully occupied with the commissions for pictures which he received.

The picture which he painted for the Duke of Devonshire of 'Isadas, a young Spartan, taken in Battle for a Divinity,' exhibited in 1827 in Somerset House, obtained for him admission into the Royal Academy. At that time this influential corporation was far more exclusive than it is at present, and the fact of Eastlake having been elected one of its members whilst residing abroad—the only instance of the kind that had then occurred—was a proof of the high estimation in which he was held by English artists. Haydon declared the 'Isadas' to be 'quite worthy of Poussin's own hand;' and in Rome, where the works of foreign artists have rarely met with lenient criticism, it created an extraordinary sensation, and was as much praised for its colour and correct drawing as for accurate representation of ancient architecture and costume. Eastlake had, as usual, devoted to his work that conscientious and careful study which he gave to all his undertakings, and he could not produce a picture which did not contain much that would attract and interest men of knowledge and taste. His letters at this time, of which Lady Eastlake has given extracts, indicating the choice of his subject and explaining the manner in which he had treated it, show his varied acquirements and the clear knowledge he had obtained, through observation and study, of the principles of his art, and the power he possessed of expressing logically and clearly his opinions and views—by no means an easy thing in dealing with a subject so abstruse and metaphysical. There are few of his letters, as well as of his essays and discourses, which do not contain maxims and definitions of great value both to the painter and critic. We find, for instance, in one of them this definition of the distinction between 'taste' and 'style,' so often confounded:—"The business of the artist is to define the intention and general principle of nature. This is *taste*. He is next to define the appointed means of attaining this end (representing this intention), and that is *style*." (P. 109.) But this definition of taste hardly accords with a passage which we are about to quote in the next page.

The two pictures which contributed most to his reputation as an artist, and which became the most popular in his own country, were 'Pilgrims arriving in sight of St. Peter's at Rome' (of which he executed various repetitions with slight

variations), and 'Byron's Dream.' They hold high places in the English school, and are both characteristic of the peculiar, and best, qualities of the painter. In the first he has shown that sweetness, grace, and purity of feeling, which are confounded with tameness and insipidity by those critics who look for power and originality alone in a painter. But it is on account of these very qualities that this picture will always be a favourite with a large class of persons. When a work becomes thus attractive to many and excites their sympathies, it may be assumed that, whatever faults it may have in the eyes of those who have some standard of their own, it possesses unquestionable merits. This is an important consideration when we have to judge of the *usefulness* of a picture—that is to say, how much it may contribute to general enjoyment or instruction. And this test is frequently distinct from that of the mere technical skill displayed—a fact too often overlooked by critics. The landscape in the 'Byron's Dream' was founded upon his studies and sketches in Greece, and is an example of the poetic feeling with which he looked at and represented scenery. He showed especial care in the composition of both these pictures. In describing to Mr. Harman the principles which guided him he observes:—

'The imitation of nature, however refined, is tolerably safe and secure work in comparison with the arrangement of the masses and lines of a composition. No part of the art, I am convinced, requires more *taste* than this—it is where a painter can be helped least, and where he must draw most on his own powers. It is, in short, the most creative part of the art, more so than even the expression of the passions: because for these we have a native and common feeling to guide us, and nature and detail to look at. But the elements of Beauty, applied to the conduct of a picture so as to produce that effect which attracts and enchants the spectator at the first glance, requires more of the artist than any other branch of the art.' (P. 113.)

He then points out that not only in representing nature but in all their artistic creations—such as architecture, furniture, vases, and ornamental foliage—the Greeks had some definite principles to guide them, and that on this account they never failed altogether but were nearly equal in all their arts. It is precisely from ignorance or wilful neglect of this truth, that our modern English painters, commonly known as pre-Raphaelites, conscientious and painstaking as they may be and unquestionably entitled to the merit of having brought back the English school to a more healthy condition, have failed to produce the highest class of work or to excite a wide interest and sympathy. We do not remember to have seen in the works of Mr. Ruskin,

their leader and prophet, any notable remarks upon composition. His criticisms and teachings are chiefly directed to details, such as the effects of colour and of light and shade, or to minute accuracy of representation. Admirable, no doubt, in many respects, but, as Sir Charles Eastlake has justly urged, only to be used in subservience to composition, and in order to convey that general impression which nature produces upon us.

We find in several of his letters excellent remarks on this tendency to exaggerate details, and to attempt an exact copy of nature. When describing the beautiful landscape spread before him from Ehrenbreitstein, the river, bridges, town, plain, and distant hills, he remarks:—

‘A literal imitation of many things which were visible and even somewhat prominent would have destroyed the charm of the scene. . . . In very abstract representations of nature all circumstances which would diminish the grandeur of the impression are omitted. There is evidently, then, a necessity for *generalising* in every branch of art—there is always much to be omitted, and the omission of useless or pernicious detail only makes the whole—the ruling idea—more impressive and distinct. In the imitation, therefore, of nature, the great question is—what is the general character of the impression received? and next, what are its chief causes? . . . There can be no doubt that our memory of nature is composed entirely of general ideas, and art must be generalised to meet this idea of beauty. The mere copying of nature in detail is not only objectional, because it does not correspond with our impression of her, but it immediately suggests the feelings of its inferiority to nature, and the more so the closer it is.’

These principles are as applicable to poetry as to painting, and are especially deserving of attention in these days when the same tendency is conspicuous in both arts. The minute representation of the most insignificant objects in the pictures of the pre-Raphaelite school has its counterpart in what is commonly called the ‘word-painting’ of many of our, for the day, popular writers. That special and lasting impression which it should be the object of the painter and the poet to produce is lost in a cloud of irrelevant details. That which is in itself beautiful or grand is rendered vulgar or poor by the accessories with which it is surrounded and encumbered. The truly great painter produces the effect which his mind has conceived by a judicious generalisation and by concentrating the attention of the observer on certain leading ideas; so the truly great poet excites the feelings and the passions, and reaches the chord which he desires to touch, by the simplest and most direct means. Titian and Velasquez, Homer, Dante and Shakspeare, effect by a touch or by an epithet what the inferior painter or poet attempts, and fails to

accomplish, by the most elaborate imitation or description. Not that the great painter and the great poet omit details or execute their work in a slovenly and imperfect fashion. What they do is to select those accessories which are essential to the completeness and proper understanding of the subject, and these they represent with all the skill and power that they can command. It is this which renders the pictures of Raphael and Titian, in which certain details are as elaborately represented as in the works of the most inveterate pre-Raphaelite painter, so harmonious as a whole, and to which must be attributed the undying influence of the verses of Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare.

The justness of view and knowledge of the principles of art which led to these criticisms upon one school of painting, induced Eastlake to condemn the opposite tendency in another school which was at one time in the ascendant and still exercises a certain influence in Europe—the modern German school, of which Cornelius, Overbeck, Kaulbach, and their followers are the representatives. He saw that in their endeavours to generalise overmuch, to carry back the minds and intellects of men in the region of art, and to express by painting that which is within the province of language, these painters had ‘departed from nature without rising to a general idea; ‘manner, caprice, vulgarity, and ugliness are often the consequence.’ He admitted the historical knowledge, the profundity of thought and research, and the grand ideas which their works often displayed; but he justly remarks that their conceptions were better fitted for words than for painting. They had committed the error corresponding to ‘word-painting’ in poetry. The much-lauded frescoes of the Munich school he pronounced to be absolutely below criticism in colour, to be vulgar and exaggerated in expression, and by no means pure in their forms. This new German school had as much misunderstood the true ends, capabilities, and principles of art as the new English school, and both, with views undoubtedly praiseworthy and worthy of respect, have failed to effect their objects, or to produce works of lasting influence.

His election to the Royal Academy imposed upon him the necessity—in his conscientious interpretation of his duty—of leaving Rome and residing in England, thus abandoning that artist's life and those associations which had rendered a residence in Italy so congenial to his tastes and a source of so much pure happiness. On his return to his own country he devoted himself diligently for some years to the practice of his art, making use of the materials which he had stored up during

his residence abroad. The picture he painted during this period which attracted most attention is his 'Christ Blessing Little Children.' It has the qualities which we have indicated in another of his pictures, and which will render it always popular with the many, although it may be condemned by some critics—viz., sweetness and great purity of expression, the prevalence of a quiet religious feeling, an agreeable composition and an harmonious and tender colouring. In these respects it is perhaps the most characteristic of his works.

But it is as a critic, as President of the Royal Academy, and as Director of the National Gallery, that Eastlake is best known in England and that his influence was most exercised and felt. The reputation he had gained at Rome as a painter and as a successful investigator of the principles and history of art, combined with his high and honourable character, obtained for him friends, who were not only lovers and connoisseurs of the arts, but statesmen who could appreciate their value and use. Amongst them was Sir Robert Peel, whose liberal and enlightened views on art and delicate and generous bearing towards artists and men of letters and science might well furnish an example for imitation. He had not been less struck by the straightforward simplicity of Eastlake's character, than by the ability and practical knowledge displayed in the painter's evidence before Mr. Hawes' Committee 'for inquiring into the means of promoting the arts in this country,' and by his contributions to the literature of Art and his letters upon the proposed decoration of the Houses of Parliament. When, therefore, the 'Fine Arts' Commission' was nominated, Sir Robert requested Mr. Eastlake to accept the appointment of secretary.

Whatever may be the verdict of the public upon the success of the labours of the Commission in decorating the Houses of Parliament, there can now be no difference of opinion as to the appointment of Eastlake to be its secretary. In conducting the routine work of the Commission, he displayed business habits and a power of dealing with details, which could scarcely have been expected from one who had hitherto devoted himself to an artist's career. His correspondence and the records he kept of the proceedings of the Commission are models of conscientious accuracy. In his relations with the various artists, painters, sculptors, and others—not the easiest of mortals under any circumstances to deal with—who were employed in, or in any way connected with this great undertaking, he showed a delicate consideration for their feelings and a just appreciation of their merits unaffected by prejudice

or professional jealousy, which gained for him their entire respect and confidence. The Reports which he made to the Commission, and his occasional contributions to periodicals, some of which have since been published in a separate form, are amongst the most valuable additions to the literature of the fine arts that have appeared in this country. They are distinguished by a lucidity and accuracy of expression, by broad and philosophic views of the principles and object of the arts, and by a varied knowledge of all subjects connected however indirectly with them, which place them in many respects above the lectures of Reynolds, to which they are not inferior in elegance and propriety of diction.

The work which the Royal Commission had undertaken was a vast one and not unworthy of a great and cultivated nation. The Prince Consort, who was its President, took the principal part in its conduct, and superintended with remarkable industry and intelligence every detail. He was guided and encouraged in his labours by an enlightened desire to promote the fame and elevate the character of his adopted country by raising a monument not inferior to those of other nations and other times, by encouraging the arts and artists, and by founding a national school of historical and decorative painters, such as flourished in Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. That these grand aspirations and noble ideas, worthy of a leader of a civilised people, have not been fully realised, may be attributed to more than one cause. In the first place, the architect of the Houses of Parliament was restricted to a style of architecture which at that time was not fully understood, and which, unless treated in a broader and more comprehensive spirit, is ill adapted for internal decoration. Instead of having the full and diffused light which painting and sculpture required in such a building—especially in our climate—the great halls, the passages, the staircases, and the very places of assembly of the representatives of the people, are so dark that they scarcely admit at all of the highest class of decoration. In the next place, the purely architectural decorations are out of keeping and harmony with what we term ‘works of art’—that is to say, works which by their abstract perfection and beauty are admirable, irrespective of the site they may occupy. Sir Charles Barry’s conception of Gothic architecture was a highly and elaborately-decorated building, in which all the ornamentation, whether consisting of human figures, of animals, or of foliage, should be strictly conventional, and, as nearly as human ingenuity could make it, the counterpart of what had been executed by those who

worked some centuries ago. We believe that such a view of the end of architecture, of whatever style, is essentially a false one; and that to entertain and act upon it is to limit the capabilities and true genius of Gothic architecture. At any rate it is essentially opposed to the proper exhibition of sculpture and painting of the highest class if they are to form part, as they ought always to do, of the architectural decoration. In making these remarks we do not wish to be understood to join in that indiscriminating condemnation of Sir Charles Barry's building in which it is the fashion to indulge. With all its evident faults there is no modern public edifice in Europe, and few mediæval ones, which can be compared to it for general grandeur and picturesqueness of effect, and for the beauty of many of its parts and details, both exterior and interior.

Another cause of the failure of the attempt of the Royal Commission to create a school of mural painting was the want of knowledge and experience of English artists in the highest branch of mural decoration. As we have already pointed out, the external influences and the traditions, which are required to create a school of great historical painters and great colourists, are wanting in England. Such a school cannot be created on demand, and in this instance it was expected that it would appear ready formed. It is true that the competition for the frescoes produced designs of great merit and power, and there appeared men who, in a different climate and under different circumstances, might not have been inferior to the old fresco-painters. We need only mention the cartoons of Mr. Watts, which united grandeur of conception and design with the treatment and feeling required for wall-painting. But they were never executed, and those ultimately chosen were for the most part more in accordance with the traditions and practice of the English school. If the permanent and general interest which they create are amongst the principal tests of the merits of works of art—as unquestionably they ought to be—no one will doubt that, of all the wall-paintings executed in the Houses of Parliament, the two frescoes by Mr. Maclise of the Battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo are the most valuable and important, because they are, as far as possible, actual representations, accurate even in the minutest details of portrait, costume, and minor accessories, of great national events. They must consequently not only have a lasting but an ever-increasing interest for future generations. This is readily understood if we consider the feelings with which we should contemplate the representation of any remarkable event of former times executed by one who had lived at



that time, and was consequently able to give us a truthful picture of it and of those who took part in it. To treat an historical subject effectively, so as to create a general and permanent interest without such authenticity of facts and data, requires powers of drawing, colour, and composition of the greatest rarity.

A third cause of the failure of the pictorial decorations of the Houses of Parliament consists in the nature of the material employed. The use of oil for mural decoration, owing to its confusing reflections of light and its tendency to grow darker, has been generally abandoned. All the great mural painters have employed some kind of water-colour, or tempera, either the 'fresco secco' of the earliest Italian masters, or the later 'buon fresco,' or some modification or combination of these two processes. The German school of wall-painters have adopted the so-called 'water-glass' system. The process of 'buon fresco,' or true fresco, consisting of painting on wet lime which, when drying, imbibes and permanently retains the pigment, has in Italy resisted to a great extent the effects of age, and it was believed that it would withstand the insidious influences of even our English climate. The water-glass process was declared to be imperishable because the use of a fluid, which hardens like an impenetrable varnish over the face of the picture, was supposed to protect the colours themselves from all contact with the atmosphere. Both modes of painting—the 'buon fresco' and the 'water-glass'—have been adopted in the decoration of the walls of the Houses of Parliament, and both unfortunately show signs of being equally liable to decay. Whether this arises from atmospheric causes peculiar to London, if not to the rest of England, or whether from the materials employed, especially in 'buon fresco,' not having been properly selected, seems still a matter of doubt. Some of our ablest analytical chemists, amongst them Dr. Percy, who has been officially charged to investigate the subject, have declared that no painting on lime, whatever may be the colouring materials or the process used, can withstand the effects of the London atmosphere, impregnated with the acids generated by coal smoke, gas, &c. On the other hand, there are connoisseurs of experience who maintain that, provided the materials employed be properly and carefully selected, and the artist have experience and knowledge of the art, there is no reason why 'buon fresco' should not be as durable in England as it has proved to be in Italy.

Upon all questions connected with mural as well as with general decoration, whether as to subject, style, mode of treat-

ment or material, Sir Charles Eastlake's views and opinions were theoretically sound, and his reports to the Commission, several of which were collected and published by his friend Mr. Bellenden Ker in a volume entitled 'Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts,' are full of learning and wise teaching. The late Mr. Uwins, a painter of no mean capacity, declared that 'the time will come when these papers, put forth under the modest title of "Reports of the Fine Arts Commission," will be quoted as the highest authority on the several subjects on which they treat,' which include sculpture and basso-relievo, as well as fresco and other branches of painting. But unfortunately, however admirable and just the principles laid down, whether from the peculiar circumstances to which we have alluded, or from other causes, they could only be partially applied. Nevertheless, they tended to establish Eastlake's reputation as an original thinker and as the highest authority upon all questions connected with the fine arts.

In August 1850 the Presidency of the Royal Academy became vacant by the death of Sir Martin Shee. That distinguished post, which makes him who occupies it the head and representative of English art, had been held from the time of Reynolds by men who possessed more or less literary powers and acquirements, and who were men of authority as teachers and critics. The President of the Royal Academy had not always been the first of living British painters. Shee, although a man of a highly cultivated mind and taste, was but an indifferent portrait-painter. Reynolds had united great literary and critical abilities with the highest pictorial skill. But such an union of qualifications has been rare in the English school. Very few of our painters have had that education and training, or have possessed that knowledge and refined taste, which are necessary to make a good teacher, a first-rate critic, or a successful exponent of the principles and practice of art, or to place their profession in public estimation in that position which it ought to hold in all civilised countries. These qualities, possessed in an eminent degree by Eastlake, led to his having been chosen without hesitation and almost unanimously as the successor of Sir Martin Shee. He received on the occasion the usual honour of knighthood. During the fifteen years in which he held the office, years of no ordinary difficulty and trial, he fully justified the choice that the Royal Academy had made, both by promoting its interests and by upholding and raising its character at home and abroad. The management of its affairs occupied much of his time and

compelled him to abandon gradually the exercise of his profession.

It is not often that the President of the Royal Academy has the opportunity of appearing before the general public as a teacher and exponent of art. His discourses, pronounced before the members and students, are more or less of a private nature, and unless published by their author, as were the lectures of Reynolds, they have little influence beyond the select few collected to hear them.\* Of late years the annual dinner of the Royal Academy has furnished an occasion to the President for saying something about art and artists which may reach both the profession and the public. The speeches pronounced by Sir Charles Eastlake on these occasions, when the most eminent statesmen and literary and scientific men of the day are present, were never slovenly or off-hand, but were always models of good taste and judgment, and never failed to contain some appropriate reflections or advice intended both for his audience and for those outside, and calculated to convey a proper estimate of the arts and of the position of those who profess them.

In 1855 Sir Charles Eastlake was appointed Director of the National Gallery. This newly-constituted office was one particularly fitted to his tastes and acquirements. There was no living artist who had the general knowledge of all schools of art that he possessed. His administration of the National Gallery has contributed not a little, we are convinced, to the improvement of public taste and knowledge of art, as it certainly has to public enjoyment. He succeeded, by judicious arrangement, by valuable additions, and by a catholic spirit in the purchase of pictures, to raise it to the rank of one of the most interesting and important collections in Europe, both as regards the choice character of the works it contains, and as illustrating the history of painting from the time of its revival in the thirteenth century to the present day.

He had, in one of his early letters, expressed an opinion that the National Gallery ought to contain an historical series of pictures as well as a collection of paintings brought together without reference to schools or epochs. He was able, when its Director, to carry out these views. Before his time many opportunities that could never occur again of increasing

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\* Sir C. Eastlake's discourses were privately printed for the Royal Academy. It is greatly to be desired that a complete collection of Sir Charles' writings, which are now scattered, should be given to the world.

and enriching our Gallery, and making it more worthy of the nation, had been lost. He had bewailed the neglect and ignorance of those who when in office allowed important private collections such as that made by Mr. Solly, and which now forms the principal feature of the fine and instructive collection of pictures at Berlin, to pass into foreign hands. He exerted himself to the utmost to induce the Government of the day to purchase the drawings of the old masters which Sir Thomas Lawrence by his will had offered to the nation on the most advantageous terms. Who can now look back without a sense of regret and shame to the dispersion of that magnificent and unrivalled collection, which contained amongst its treasures many original designs and sketches for pictures in our National Gallery, and to which on this account alone it would have been an invaluable addition? And this feeling is increased by the reflection that there is now amongst our public men a tendency to mistaken economy, and to a vulgar and narrow-minded appreciation of art, which may even in these days lead to a repetition of similar blunders. We say 'mistaken economy' because in no case that we can call to mind has a collection of any importance been offered to Government and declined, which has not proved to be of far greater pecuniary value when disposed of by public competition than the sum named for its purchase. The Lawrence and Bernal collections are striking examples of this fact. If we are to take the lowest and most mercenary view of art we might still insist that there is a money value in such objects, to say nothing of their influence upon public taste, and consequent indirect influence upon our manufactures and commerce, which renders them by no means an unprofitable investment. We could mention many instances besides the two we have named, in which by the re-sale of a portion of a collection the choicest and most valuable part of it might have been secured to the country for nothing, or next to nothing. Our present rulers, if report speaks true, do not seem inclined to follow the example which Mr. Disraeli set them when he purchased for the nation the Blacas collection, an enlightened and liberal act, for which we desire to give him all credit. Thus we fear that an invaluable collection of ancient gold ornaments, Etruscan, Greek, Roman, and mediæval, which had been offered to the nation on very advantageous terms, and which would have made the British Museum equal, if not superior, to the Louvre in this department of archaeology, has been lost by vacillation and unwise economy.

As Director of the National Gallery, Sir Charles Eastlake

visited most parts of Europe for the purpose of acquiring pictures and extending his knowledge of the principal public and private collections. The result mainly of these journeys was the addition of 139 pictures to the National Gallery, including specimens of the principal schools, and many beautiful and valuable works of the early Italian masters which serve to illustrate not only the history of art, but, to a certain extent, that of European civilisation. Now that a kind of reaction seems to have set in against the productions of early Italian and German art, no less foolish and irrational than the mania which made them at one time the mere hobby of the collector, ignorant both of their true value and of their real beauties, it may be well to quote one of Sir Charles's tersely expressed aphorisms with reference to them:—'The imperfection of immaturity is always more pleasing than the imperfection of decline.' It is this which renders the pictures of the early masters, with all their faults, so far more pleasing and interesting than those of the painters of the later Italian schools with all their merits. In the one case we see earnest men struggling against imperfect technical knowledge, and the consequent inability to express adequately their thoughts and feelings, in the other we have abundant technical knowledge and the accumulated experience of several generations without thoughts or feelings worthy of expression.

We owe to Sir Charles Eastlake the exquisite little picture generally known as the 'Aldobrandini Raphael,' the small but select collection of M. Beaucousin of Paris (which his personal influence secured for the nation), the specimens of the early Italian schools from the Lombardi collection, several interesting works from the remains of the Manfrini and Costabile Galleries, and many other important paintings. It may be added that the respect which his honourable and loyal character had earned for him abroad, enabled him to obtain access to private collections and to acquire pictures which would probably have been beyond the reach of other Englishmen.

It was during one of his periodical visits to Italy for the purpose of acquiring pictures that his life was brought to a close at Pisa on December 24, 1865. He died in the seventy-third year of his age regretted and honoured by all who knew him. He was buried at Kensal Green Cemetery by the members of the Royal Academy, his wife declining a public funeral in St. Paul's as inconsistent with that modest and retiring character which had distinguished her husband through life.

To her short and interesting biography Lady Eastlake has added two essays by Sir Charles, one entitled 'How to Observe,' the other a fragment, upon 'The Beautiful and Sublime,' and 'The Representations of the Saviour.' Also a discourse delivered before the Royal Academy upon 'The Difference between Language and Art.' They are remarkable, like all his writings, for clearness of view, precision of thought, and felicity of illustration; especially the 'How to Observe,' which may be recommended to the general reader as well as to the student as a masterpiece of exposition and criticism. He had at a very early age, as we have seen, studied the philosophy of art. Lessing's celebrated work 'The Laocoon,' seems to have inspired him with a taste for those investigations into the principles and metaphysics of art in which it was his delight to indulge. His knowledge of the German language enabled him the better to pursue these researches, as it is almost exclusively in German literature that such speculations are found. His own mind in matters of philosophy and thought was of a somewhat German cast, and we have been struck with the subtle reasoning and profound views which occur in his writings. Lady Eastlake is, no doubt, right in her suggestion that in Lessing's work he found the confirmation of his own system of definition as respects the principles of art, and that 'from it again he struck out new and sound ideas peculiarly his own.'

To his accurate and extensive knowledge of all that concerned the history and practice of painting, his discourses, the two volumes under the title of 'Materials for a History of Oil Painting' (the second volume of which has been published by Lady Eastlake since his death), and his translation of Kugler's 'Handbook of Painting,' bear ample testimony. The 'Materials for the History of Oil Painting' embrace a much wider field of inquiry than this modest title would suggest, and the volume is full of matter no less interesting to the general reader than valuable to the student. In his writings, as in his character, Eastlake worthily represented his country and his art; and whatever may be the estimate of his pictures by posterity, those who follow the arts may be proud of a man who laboured, not unsuccessfully, to raise their profession, and to secure for it the position which it ought to hold in every country that has claims to high culture and civilisation.

ART. V.—1. *Memoir of Dr. Conolly.* By Sir JAMES CLARK, M.D., Bart. London.

2. *Lunacy, its Past and its Present.* By ROBERT GARDNER HILL, F.S.A. London.

THE tomb of St. Dymphna, the patron-saint of the remarkable lunatic colony at Gheel in Belgium, is sought to this day by the faithful, who have worn away for ages the stones surrounding her effigy in their prayers for her propitiatory influence on behalf of their afflicted friends. And on that spot, at least, it may be said that her influence has not been unfelt. But throughout Europe and for many ages, the treatment of the insane was based on the old priestly conception that madness meant possession by the devil. The awful visitations which darken and overthrow the mind of man, were regarded as visible manifestations of 'the Evil one, to be exorcised by charms or averted by the ritual of superstition. Physical as well as spiritual influences were however not forgotten, and the priestly leeches, whilst they inculcated an appeal to the Most High in aid of their efforts to evict the arch-fiend, did not neglect to employ the devil's own weapons in the form of brutal treatment. But it was left for later times to invent so-called scientific contrivances to wrench madness out of suffering humanity, and especially to German subtilty and imagination to devise methods of torture which transcended any amount of simple physical brutality. Instead of eviction by the aid of God, terror and surprise were called into play. Devices of so devilish a nature were sometimes employed, that we are left to doubt whether the physician or the patients were the most insane. One of these was to entice the sufferers to walk across a floor, that suddenly gave way and dropped them into a bath of surprise, in which they were half drowned and half frightened to death. A still more demoniacal plan of treatment was sometimes employed. Patients were confined by chains in a well, and the water was gradually made to ascend, thus exposing the poor victims to what appeared to them to be the gradual approach of inevitable death. But such terror was not sufficiently imaginative or romantic. Dr. Conolly tells us, to satisfy some German physicians, who 'wished for machinery by which a patient just arrived at an 'asylum, and after being drawn with frightful clangour over a 'metal bridge across a moat, could be suddenly raised to the 'top of a tower, and as suddenly lowered into a dark and sub-

‘terranean cavern; and they owned that if the patient could be made to alight among snakes and serpents it would be still better.’ In England, as late as the middle of the last century, the national tendency favoured mechanical contrivances less mentally terrifying, but even more physically cruel. A Dr. Darwin invented the circular swing, in which monomaniacal and melancholic patients were bound in the longitudinal position when it was required to induce sleep, and in the erect position when intestinal action was required. This instrument was said to produce such results that the mere mention of its name was enough to induce terror. Dr. Cox, a physician, desired to improve upon this swing by advising that it should be used in the dark in hopeless cases, with the addition of unusual noises and smells. Yet this terrible contrivance was regarded by physicians of, we presume, ordinary humanity with such approval that it is spoken of by Dr. Hallaran as an invention ‘that no well-regulated asylum should be without.’ A curious example this of the complacency of even educated men in accepting arrangements, however cruel, with which they are familiar, and a warning to asylum physicians of this age to beware of what Bacon calls the ‘Idols of the den.’

We confess that it is painful and perhaps unnecessary to trace back so far the misery the insane have undergone; and we should not have continued the sad story, were it not advisable to show that the judicious treatment of the insane is a progressive science nobly developed by our fathers and contemporaries, but yet capable of a still wider extension by our sons, labouring in a season when the fair humanities give promise of sweeping away like a flood all the old ideas which in a modified form still surround asylum life.

The evidence given by witnesses before committees of the House of Commons in 1815, relative to the condition of the old York Asylum and of Bethlehem Hospital, show that within the memory of living men patients were treated more like furious beasts than human beings. In the latter asylum they were shown to the public on certain days of the week, the charge being only twopence, a less sum than it cost to see the lions in the Tower. It was the custom for the blackguards of the town, and even for women, to jeer and mimic the demented inmates in order to excite them to rage. Refractory patients were heavily chained, sometimes those who were not violent were fastened like savage dogs to the wall. Mr. Wakefield, reporting his visit, said:—

‘Attended by the steward of the hospital, and likewise by a female keeper, we proceeded to visit the women’s galleries. One of the side-



rooms contained about ten patients, each chained by one arm or leg to the wall, the chain allowing them only to stand up by the bench or form fixed to the wall, or to sit down to it. The nakedness of each patient was covered by a blanket-gown, only the blanket-gown was a blanket formed something like a dressing-gown, with nothing to fasten it in front; this constitutes the whole covering; the feet were even naked.'

In another part of the house many women were found locked up in cells, naked and chained, on straw, with only one blanket for a covering; but this being the common treatment at the time, did not seem to strike the public mind so much as the case of William Norris, whose figure may be said to stand out as a martyr and a liberator, for the atrocious treatment of this poor creature not only roused the indignation of the whole British community, but was instanced as a terrible example of our treatment by foreign physicians—very unfairly, by the way, inasmuch as the Retreat at York, instituted and supported by the Quakers, which exercised less restraint than any other asylum in Europe, had been in operation long previous. Bethlehem, however, being the most noted public asylum in the metropolis, naturally attracted more attention than any other. Norris, it appears, was at times violent, no doubt in consequence of the indignities he had to put up with from his drunken keeper. In order to control him, it was suggested by the apothecary that he should be chained, and that the chain should be passed through a hole in the wall of his cell, so that when it was necessary to approach him, he might be hauled up by the chain. Luckily, want of room would not permit of the acceptance by the governors of this wild-beast treatment, and a more economical cage as regards space was contrived for him, which is thus described by the French Asylum physician, Esquirol:—

'A short iron ring was riveted round his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring made to pass upwards and downwards on an upright massive bar, more than six feet high, inserted into the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar about two inches wide was riveted; on each side of the bar was a circular projection, which, being fastened to and enclosing each of his arms, pressed them close to his side.'

Thus manacled he lived for nine years. It is noteworthy, as showing the dangerous influence of an asylum atmosphere, that the Committee of Governors of the hospital, in their report upon the evidence given concerning this infernal contrivance, state that 'it appears to have been upon the whole *'rather a merciful and humane than a rigorous and severe imprisonment'*! and as a proof that it was so, they affirm 'that

'he never complained of its having given him pressure or 'pain'!

Dr. Munro, the chief physician, who gave his assent to the use of this cruel cage, and under whose care the poor women were chained to the walls in the different wards, stated before the Committee that 'irons were only fit for paupers; that 'they were never used for his own private patients.' . . . Being asked why a gentleman would not like irons, his reply was indicative of a social contempt of the lower classes which seems strange enough at the present day, especially after the loving tenderness of Conolly for the poor and neglected. 'In 'the first place,' replied he, 'I am not at all accustomed to 'gentlemen in irons; I never saw anything of the kind; it is a 'thing so totally abhorrent to my feelings, that I never considered it necessary to put a gentleman in irons.' But the highest rank did not exempt the unhappy victims of mental disease from treatment at which humanity recoils. Mr. Massey, in his 'History of King George' III.,' has drawn from the Harcourt Papers an affecting picture of the atrocious treatment to which the King was subjected in 1788, when Dr. Warren regarded him as a confirmed lunatic. The King's disorder manifested itself principally in unceasing talk (he talked once for nineteen hours without intermission), but no disposition to violence was exhibited. Yet he was subjected constantly to the severe restraint of the strait-waistcoat; he was secluded from the Queen and his family, and denied the use of a knife and fork. He was abandoned to the care of low mercenaries, one of whom—a German page named Ernst—actually struck him. The King after his recovery retained a lively recollection of these outrages. No sooner was Dr. Willis called in than all this changed. That estimable person immediately soothed his patient, released him from coercive restraint, presented him with a razor to shave himself, and when the King demanded a knife and fork he courteously assented, saying, that he hoped to be allowed to have the honour of dining with His Majesty. The Queen and Princesses were again brought into his presence. These measures were viewed with the greatest jealousy and alarm by the Court physicians, but the consequence was that the King in a few weeks entirely recovered. That was one of the first and most striking instances of a victory gained by non-restraint over madness.

The effect of the parliamentary inquiry of 1815 was exceedingly great. It struck the first great blow at the bad experience which is the bane of lunatic establishments. The periodical

vomitings and purgings which at stated times were indiscriminately administered to the patients regardless of necessity, but because Dr. Munro had inherited the practice from his father, were given up; poor Norris was extracted from his iron cage, and after having been so long confined in it, to the prone or erect position, thankful for small mercies, expressed his thanks that he was 'allowed to sit down on the edge of his bed.' The poor women that hung from their fetters and chains on the wall, like vermin chained to a barn door, were liberated, dressed like human creatures, and became at once calmer, and Dr. Haslam the apothecary, who was the medical despot of the hospital notwithstanding his proud boast to the Committee, 'I am so much regulated by my own experience that I have not been disposed to listen to those who have had less experience than myself,' (a remark we sometimes still hear, by the way, from asylum superintendents), found that the fresh breath of a humane public opinion had blown to the winds his cruel conceit, and so changed the den that he had 'hung with curses dark,' that visitors, horrified but a year before by the sights and sounds in the asylum, now scarcely recognised it so changed and quiet were the wards.

In all public asylums and wherever any public supervision penetrated, chains were abolished, and to this extent the poor insane pauper was put upon a par with the gentleman, but handcuffs and strait-waistcoats were still considered implements that 'no well-regulated asylum should be without.' The time was at hand, however, in which the force of public opinion, even in respect to these minor forms of personal restraint, was about to influence old ideas. From the very commencement of this Journal the subject was discussed in these pages. In 1803 an article on Pinel's '*Aliénation Mentale*,' written by Dr. Henry Reeve, who was afterwards physician to the Norfolk and Norwich Bethlehem Hospital, where he introduced a milder form of treatment, appeared in our third number; and the spirited review by Sydney Smith of Tuke's work on *Non-Restraint* published in 1814, contributed to enlarge the notions of resident physicians of asylums with respect to this great principle which before long was to receive a larger practical development at their hands. Still it was accident again that gave the next impulse to the movement, and this took place in the Lincoln Asylum. Conolly in his '*Treatment of the Insane*,' tells us that, 'a patient in that asylum had died in the year 1829, in consequence of being strapped to a bed in a strait-waistcoat during the night, and this accident led to the establishment of an important rule that whenever restraints were used in

‘the night, an attendant should continue in the room; a rule which had the desired effect of much diminishing the supposed frequency of such restraints being necessary.’ It was soon found that a principle that answered so well at night was also applicable by day, and the consequence was, that by degrees the necessity for restraint became less frequent, so much so, that for some successive days the asylum records were without any entry of their use. This was in the year 1834, at which time Mr. Hadwin was the house-surgeon of the asylum. In 1835, Mr. Gardner Hill succeeded him. Imbued with the spirit of his predecessor, he still further ignored the use of mechanical restraint, and in 1837 he boldly declared that they might be altogether abolished.

As the name of Dr. Charlesworth, the visiting-physician to the Lincoln Asylum, has been associated with that of Dr. Gardner Hill as an equal labourer in carrying out the new idea—nay, has been placed by some as the real discoverer—we think it but fair that the evidence furnished by Dr. Gardner Hill in his volume, ‘Lunacy, Past and Present,’ should be adduced, and we hold it to be conclusive. Whilst it must be admitted that Dr. Charlesworth readily received the ideas of the house-surgeon of the Lincoln Asylum, and warmly seconded him in his bold attempt to throw away all implements of restraint, it cannot be further maintained that he had any right to the name of inventor of the system. Dr. Conolly, indeed, refers to him as sharing with Dr. Gardner Hill that credit, but this must be ascribed to a too partial friendship. Dr. Gardner Hill is certainly not persuasive in his style, and for this reason has raised up many enemies to his assertions; but truth compels us to say that the following evidence of his claims to the great honour of being the first to do away with mechanical methods of restraint is indisputable. The report of the Lincoln Asylum for 1836 refers thus early in the history of the great experiment to the success of Dr. Gardner Hill’s fruitful idea:—‘Three successive months (except one day) have now elapsed without the occurrence of a single instance of restraint in this establishment; and out of thirty-six weeks that the house-surgeon has held his present situation, twenty-five whole weeks, excepting two days, have been passed without any recourse to such means, and even without an instance of confinement to a separate room.’ Again, in the report of 1838, which is signed by the Chairman of the Visiting Committee, E. P. Charlesworth, the merit of the new idea is unequivocally ascribed to the house-surgeon—no mention being made of

Dr. Charlesworth's name. 'There is now,' says this report, 'an increased confidence that the anticipations of the last year may be fulfilled, and that an example may be offered of a public asylum, in which undivided personal attention towards the patients shall be altogether substituted for the use of instruments of restraint.' '*The bold conception of pushing the mitigation of restraint, of actually and formally abolishing the practice mentioned in the last report, due to Mr. Hill, the house-surgeon, seems to be justified by the following abstract of a statistical table, showing the rapid advancement of the abatement of restraint in this asylum under an improved construction of the building, night-watching, and attentive supervision.*' The table thus mentioned shows that the number of hours passed by patients under restraint diminished from 20,423 in 1829 to a significant 0 in the year 1838. Although Dr. Charlesworth heartily seconded his endeavours, and for so doing deserves great praise, yet it was not to be supposed that so mighty a reform could be effected without the opposition of the usual number of obstructives to all original ideas. Dr. Hill says:—

'Within the walls I had the whole staff of attendants against me. I prevailed over the attendants by going amongst them and personally superintending the refractory patients. I spent several hours daily in the disorderly patients' wards for weeks in succession—in fact I watched the attendants and the patients until I felt satisfied that restraint was a pretext for idleness, and nothing more. When restraint was abolished, then ceased the reign of "guttling, guzzling, and getting drunk by the attendants," as had been the case under former management. Outside the asylum I had the whole medical world against me. The superintendents of several of our largest asylums opened a regular battery against me. I was assailed right and left. The "Hillite system," as they pleased to term it, was denounced as "Utopian." By one it was called "an absurd dogma," by another "a gross and palpable absurdity;" some fulminated against it as "the wild scheme of a philanthropic visionary, unscientific, and impossible;" by others as the ravings of a theoretic philosopher, involving the unnecessary exposure of the lives of the attendants—in fact, a *practical breaking of the Sixth Commandment*. Others, more moderate in their views, denounced it as speculative, peculative, &c. &c. Dr. Clutterbuck rhetorically condemned it "as empirical, and highly dangerous to the patient and to those around him." Dr. James Johnston said "it indicated insanity on the part of its supporters; it was a mania which, like others, would have its day;" and Monsieur Moreau de Tours said that "the idea was entirely Britannic; that it was an *impossibility in most cases, an illusion always, and the expression itself a lie.*"'

It seems very hard indeed if, after all these rough words, the

medical man who called them forth should be deprived of the merit of having given occasion for them!

Thus, in the words of Dr. Conolly, the non-restraint system became established at Lincoln. It is to the infinite credit of the noble nature of the great reformer, that he never failed to admit, especially in public, that the initiative of the new system was not due to himself. To Dr. Gardner Hill this great merit was due to his lectures, indeed, on Lunatic Asylums, delivered at the Mechanics' Institution at Lincoln in 1838, Dr. Conolly owed the happy inspiration which led him to embrace the new doctrine. In order to convince himself of its truth, before he assumed the post of resident physician at Hanwell Asylum, he visited the Lincoln Asylum and witnessed its practical application.

It must strike many minds that the world has dealt unfairly in practically ignoring, as it has done, the claims of Dr. Gardner Hill. In all great discoveries it is generally the one who has translated ideas into acts that has reaped the final reward. The great Pinel, Dr. Tuke of the York Asylum, Dr. Hadwin of the Lincoln Asylum, all contributed their stone to the new idea, but it is to Hill that the undoubted claim of courageously clearing an asylum of all mechanical implements of restraint is incontestably due, and for this service the crown that is due to him should no longer be withheld. And this may be done without taking one inch from the stature of Conolly, who so modestly repudiated any claim to the idea during his life.

But to Conolly belongs a still higher crown, not merely for his courage in carrying out a beneficent conception on a large scale and on a conspicuous theatre, but for his genius in expanding it. To him, hobbles and chains, handcuffs and muffs, were but material impediments that merely confined the limbs; to get rid of these he spent the best years of his life; but beyond these mechanical fetters he saw there were a hundred fetters to the spirit, which human sympathy, courage, and time only could remove.

Perfect as was the experiment carried out at Lincoln Asylum, the remoteness of that institution from the great centre of life, and the want of authority in its author, would no doubt have prevented its acceptance for years by the physicians of the great county asylums so long wedded to old habits. It was for some time treated as the freak of an enthusiastic mind, that would speedily go the way of all such new-fangled notions; and no doubt it would, had not an irresistible impulse been given to it by the installation of Dr. Conolly at Hanwell,

where, with a noble ardour, he at once set to work to carry out in the then largest asylum in the kingdom the lesson he had learned at Lincoln.

Dr. Henry Maudsley in his sketch of the life of Conolly, in the '*Journal of Mental Science*,' dwells upon the feminine type of his mind:—'A character most graceful and beautiful in a woman, is no gift of fortune to a man having to meet the adverse circumstances and the pressing occasions of a tumultuous life.' Now and then humanity has to thank the Creator for the seeming imperfections of his creatures. No doubt this great reformer's mind was not of the self-contained perfect type that would have satisfied Mr. Carlyle; it was, on the other hand, utterly lopsided; more womanly than the mind of a woman, it seemed to begin and end with love and sympathy; and what a world of sympathy it requires to deal with the demented, fatuous, and idiotic, those only know who have been brought into constant contact with them. Together with Pinel, the great French psychologist, he possessed the rare gift of moral courage, or rather, shall we say, he possessed a firm belief in the power of gentle and humane feeling to conquer the most outrageous passions. Notwithstanding the tremendous responsibility both these noble men took upon themselves when they unloosed the bonds of their prisoners, they never hesitated, or doubted of the result of the step they were about to take. They were alike discouraged. 'Experience,' that dreadful impediment to all progressive science, shook its head doubtfully, and anticipated their discomfiture. Couthon, in 1792, after interrogating, at the request of Pinel, the inmates of the Bicêtre, whom that philanthropist proposed to reclaim, recoiled with horror from the proposal. 'You may do as you please with them;' said he, 'but I fear you will become their victim.' In the same manner Conolly's attempts were met with incredulous pity. His 'want of experience' in lunatic asylums was ever quoted against him; and after the success of the system of non-restraint was proved, the superintendents of other asylums were still unbelievers. In a letter to Mr. Hunt, of Stratford, recording his success, he says:—'Our asylum is now almost daily visited by the officers of other institutions, who are curious to know what method of restraint we *do resort to*, and they can scarcely believe that we rely wholly on constant superintendence, constant kindness, and firmness when required.'

It is very curious to note the difference with which Pinel and Conolly reviewed the first results of their brave work—the dramatic detail of the Frenchman with the calm narrative

style in which the physician of Hanwell describes the relief from bonds of a whole asylum full of lunatics :—

‘The first experiment of Pinel was tried upon an English captain, whose history no one knew, as he had been in chains for forty years. He was thought to be the most furious among them; his keepers approached him with caution, as he had in a fit of fury killed one of them on the spot with a blow from his manacles. He was chained more rigorously than any of the others. Pinel entered his cell unattended, and calmly said to him, ‘Captain, I will order your chains to be taken off, and give you liberty to walk in the court, if you will promise me to behave well and injure no one.’ “Yes, I promise you,” said the maniac, “but you are laughing at me; you are all too much afraid of me.” “I have six persons,” answered Pinel, “ready to enforce my commands if necessary. Believe me then, on my word, I will give you liberty if you will put on this strait-waistcoat.” He submitted to this willingly without a word; his chains were removed and the keepers retired, leaving the door of the cell open. He raised himself many times from the seat, but fell again on it, for he had been in a sitting position so long that he had lost the use of his legs; in a quarter of an hour he succeeded in maintaining his balance, and with tottering steps he came to the door of his dark cell. His first look was at the sky, and he exclaimed enthusiastically, “How beautiful !” During the rest of the day he was continually in motion, walking up and down the staircase and uttering exclamations of delight. In the evening he returned of his own accord to his cell, where a better bed than he had been accustomed to had been provided for him, and he slept tranquilly. During the two succeeding years which he spent in the Bicêtre, he had no return of his paroxysms, but even rendered himself useful, by exercising a kind of authority over the insane patients whom he ruled in his own fashion. In the course of a few days Pinel released fifty-three maniacs from their chains; among them were men of all conditions and countries,—workmen, merchants, soldiers, lawyers, &c. The result was beyond his hopes; tranquillity and harmony succeeded to tumult and disorder, and the whole discipline was marked with a regularity and kindness which had the most favourable effect on the insane themselves, rendering even the most furious more tractable.’

But this humane conduct nearly cost him his life. The Paris mob did not believe in his humanity, and attributing it to some base motive, seized him one day in the streets, and would have hung him but for the interference of an old soldier of the guard, whom he had liberated from his chains !

The English physician, although quite as enthusiastic as Pinel, is still ruled by national calmness of thought, and his account of the first four months of non-restraint as experienced at Hanwell, is given in a letter to his friend, Mr. Hunt, of Stratford, in a manner so quiet and undemonstrative, that the greatness of the experiment seems lost in the simplicity of the record. Not only had he to deal with a much larger



number of lunatics than Pinel—there were 800 at Hanwell when he made his first venture—but when he loosened their bonds he had no strait-waistcoats and other articles of restraint, like the physician of the Bicêtre, to fall back upon. What he gave was absolute freedom, as far as the use of the limbs was concerned, and had he resorted to even the slightest means of mechanical control, the enemies of the new movement, who were jealously watching him, would have declared that he had failed. Under such circumstances, the humble spirit in which he announces his triumph is very remarkable:—

‘I know you will feel glad,’ he says, writing to his friend in January 1840, ‘that we have now ruled this great house for four months without a single instance of restraint by any of the old and objectionable methods. The use of strait-waistcoats is abolished, hand-straps and leg-locks never resorted to, and the restraint-chairs have been cut up to make a floor for the carpenter’s shop. All this of course occasioned some trouble and some anxiety, but the success of the plan and its visible good effect abundantly repay me. I think I feel more deeply interested in my work every day. I meet with the most constant and kind support of the magistrates; indeed, my only fear is that they should say too much of what is done here, and thus provoke envy and censure.’

Looking at the matter as we now do, so long after the practical process of the abolition of all means of personal restraint has been established, we cannot fairly estimate the anxiety of mind that must have oppressed Conolly, when having thrown away the fetters he stood face to face with suicidal patients whose great aim in life is to get rid of it. The enduring cunning of this class of patients in compassing their ends, their adroitness, their impulsive vigour, but too well known to him, must have been before him night and day—a single life lost at this moment of trial, and the whole superstructure would have crumbled to the dust. It unfortunately happened that during the second year of trial nine such cases were brought to Hanwell; many of them came in a raving condition, bound hand and foot; they were taken to the wards and then set free, whilst those who brought them fled in terror. Well might the resident physician, in the presence of such crucial tests of the faith that was in him, tremble for its success. Instead of rigid bonds to confine the patient’s limbs, he had nothing to resort to but unceasing watchfulness and sympathy. These were to all the world but himself weak and impotent substitutes; but the event proved that he looked with larger eyes than his contemporaries, and his courage was responded to with the most complete success. The abolition of all means of personal restraint was soon found to have more than a temporary influence upon

the patients. It modified the very types of insanity. Instead of calming, the patients' bonds only exasperated them, and their features from their constant employment settled into rigid expressions of rage and fury, that we are only familiar with in the prints of madhouse scenes in the old times—to wit, Hogarth's grim sketches, which seem almost to caricature human nature, even when exhibiting the most diabolical expressions. Conolly in his fifth report notices this extraordinary change :—

'Fresh illustrations have been daily afforded of the advantages of those general principles of treatment, which have been expressed in former reports, and of which the effects are to remove as far as possible all causes of irritation and excitement from the irritable, to soothe, encourage, and comfort the depressed, to repress the violent by methods which leave no ill-effects on the temper, and leave no painful recollections on their memory; and in all cases to seize every opportunity of promoting a restoration of the healthy exercise of the understanding and of the affections. Insanity thus treated undergoes great, if not unexpected, modifications; and the wards of lunatic asylums no longer illustrate the harrowing descriptions of their former state. Maniacs not exasperated by severity, and melancholy not deepened by the want of all ordinary consolation, lose their exaggerated character in which they were formerly beheld.'

The history of the four months from the 1st of June to the 31st of October, 1839, the date of the first report presented to the Quarter Sessions by the resident physician of Hanwell asylum, repeats itself in all the subsequent reports from his pen. Implements of coercion were abolished once and for all; and if the history of non-restraint was limited to a mere record of the disuse of these mechanical implements, the record would be very slight indeed; but, as we have before said, Conolly took no such limited view of the great theme he was handling. In his mind non-restraint was synonymous with an entire absence of any circumstance or thing that unnecessarily irritated or thwarted the patient—a position asylum physicians, as a rule, have not yet fully comprehended. There are methods of coercion which wound the spirit still more than manacles hurt the body. Fully aware of the tyranny that may be inflicted without the use of iron or thong, in every page of his works he enforces the necessity for human sympathy and kindness. That the philanthropic labours of Dr. Conolly were not overlooked by his contemporaries we have proof in the following extract from the first number of the '*Psychological Journal of Medicine*,' written by the editor (Dr. Forbes Winslow) in the year 1848. In reviewing Dr. Conolly's work on the '*Construction and Government of Asylums*,' Dr.

Winslow thus bears honourable testimony to that physician's benevolent exertions on the behalf of the insane then under his care in the Hanwell Asylum :—

'Let the hundreds who annually visit this noble institution, and wend their way through its wards, inspect its arrangements, and perambulate through its grounds, give evidence of the admirable skill with which everything is conducted. Dr. Conolly's spirit appears to pervade every department of the asylum; he is like a father among his children, speaking a word of comfort to one, cheering another, and exercising a kindly and humane influence over all; making the very atmosphere in which the patients live redolent of the best sympathies of our nature. He feels, as all ought to feel who undertake the important, the anxious, and responsible management of the insane, *that the affliction of disease does not necessarily block up the avenues to the human heart*; that even in the worst, the most distressing forms of mental malady, there often exist some of the better principles of our spiritual being in all their original purity, upon which the physician and the moralist may act with advantage.'

In this liberal and just view of the treatment of the insane, we fear he has left but few disciples behind, few who see the whole scope of his system, or at least have courage to carry it out. Had he lived, he would not have thought that the county asylum was the latest expression of his idea, or have contented himself with that form of brick and mortar humanity which county magistrates so affect. Indeed, we have his own words in condemnation of asylum extension, at a time when it had not reached its present monstrous development. Ten years ago, in a letter addressed to Sir James Clark, whose able and interesting memoir is now under review, he says :—

'In the monstrous asylums of Hanwell and Colney Hatch, sanitary principles have been forgotten and efficient superintendence rendered impossible. The magistrates go on adding wing to wing and story to story, contrary to the opinion of the profession and to common sense, rendering the institution most unfavourable to the treatment of patients, and their management most harassing and unsatisfactory to the medical superintendent.'

And this process of enlargement is going on with redoubled vigour all over the kingdom. Nearly every county asylum is demanding and obtaining enlargement, and applicants are overtaking even these enlargements. It is capable of proof that lunacy is not increasing in a greater ratio than the population, but still they flow into these asylums quicker than the old inmates die out. The very imposing appearance of these establishments acts as an advertisement to draw patients towards them. If we make a convenient lumber-room, we all know how speedily it becomes filled up with lumber. The

county asylum is the mental lumber-room of the surrounding district; friends are only too willing, in their poverty, to place away the human encumbrance of the family in a palatial building, at the county expense. But though the natural appearance of these institutions is so attractive, the pleasure-grounds look so well kept, the walks so trim, everything that is merely material is in such good order, we fear we must demur to the extravagant opinions that have been uttered with respect to their qualifications as places of mental cure. Insanity does not wholly alter a man's nature; as a rule, his old instincts, habits, and feelings remain exaggerated or twisted in some cases no doubt, but still they form an integral part of his nature, and cannot be rudely violated or oppressed without creating natural offence.

Let us enter one of these fair asylums however, which, according to Professor Paget of the Cambridge University, 'is the most blessed manifestation of true civilisation that the world can present.' Let us, as we have said, pass along these interminable wards and examine this paradise which rouses the Professor to such an enthusiastic approval—enter not with heart hardened by long endurance and deadened by that dreadful experience, which kills all attempts at reform, but with a fresh mind which does not refuse the lunatic in his harmless condition at least some of the ordinary feelings and emotions of our common humanity. The first thing that strikes us is the monastic and cloisteral system which obtains. It would appear as though it were an offence in asylum life for men and women to meet together. We all know the amenities that prevail in convent life, and of the manner in which nuns love one another; how then can we wonder that the female patients we pass in the long galleries are eaten up by utter vacuity and dreariness; or that the men only a stone's throw off herd hopelessly together, starved of some of the best feelings of ordinary life such as arise from social intercourse with the other sex? It strikes one with astonishment to see the airing courts thus sorted as if especially to make the wanderers miserable. To see that even meals cannot be taken in common. We ask in vain why this unnatural division is established—a division which while it violates nature, deprives the physician of one of his best means of cure. Some years ago it was the custom at Colney Hatch for the females and males to dine in one room, but at different tables—an expedient which at the time called forth the praise of the visiting commissioners; but even this mild, not to say aggravating, approach to a more natural state of things—at a distance, has of late been discontinued. There

is no objection urged against a natural mingling of the sexes under proper precautions, and the only practical objection urged against it that we have ever heard, is that the organisation of asylums does not permit of these mixed gatherings. The decorous and regulated intercourse of the sexes is in itself an invaluable lesson in self-restraint.

Towards the end of Dr. Conolly's life, he was oppressed with many fears lest the advance that had been made should, through the selfishness and neglect of mankind, lose its impulse, and indeed be permitted to go back. The present age is certainly not less philanthropic than the one in which he carried out this great reform, but there are certain elements at work in asylum life that justify some of his apprehensions. The first and foremost of these is the gradual growth of the county asylums. Some of these have become so large that anything like individual treatment of the patients is quite out of the question. They have ceased to be houses for the cure of mental disease and have subsided substantially into mere houses of detention. And not only have they outgrown their curative capabilities, but they have also degenerated from that high standard as houses of mercy and pity, to which Conolly would have them raised. No one saw more clearly than that philanthropist, the fact that the abolition of all means of mechanical restraint put the asylum physician at the mercy of his attendants. In place of the strait-waistcoat, which with all its faults acted without passion, he had to rely upon human force liable to human weakness. To keep this in check the most careful supervision is absolutely necessary—a supervision on the part of the medical officers, that is ludicrously inadequate on account of their limited numbers: the result is that as a rule the patients are at the mercy of the attendants. What that mercy is, let the inquests that have lately been held in asylums on patients who have died through brutal ill-treatment at their hand make the sad answer. We do not wish to be hard upon these 'instruments of the physician's will' as Conolly terms them; they are neither better nor worse than others in the same class of life; those only who know how trying are their duties, can fairly make sufficient excuses for them; but as a fact, the school they go to is not calculated to teach humanity to uneducated minds, and we more than fear they do not forget their instruction. What we say is no mere surmise. The difficulty of obtaining trustworthy attendants is one of the trials of the medical superintendent. Yet without their intelligent aid he works in the dark.

'The physician,' says Conolly, 'who justly understands the non-

restraint system, well knows that the attendants are the most essential instruments, that all his plans and all his care, all his personal labour, must be counteracted if he has not attendants who will observe his rules when he is not in the wards as conscientiously as when he is present.'

Again, he says, significantly enough :—

'Attendants are generally persons of small education, and easily inflated by authority; they love to command rather than to persuade, and are too prone to consider their patients as poor lost creatures, whom they may drive about like sheep.'

We fear the attendants of the present day are not one whit improved. There are certain asylums that have such a bad name for those trained in them, that they stand no chance of obtaining service with the medical superintendents of other establishments. Indeed, such are the tricks they learn, that many asylum physicians prefer obtaining assistants who have never seen asylum life. As the strength of any establishment must be measured by its weakest part, we fear that county asylums in this particular come off but very poorly. As we have said before, it is the attendant who is the real master of the patient: hour by hour he is at his mercy. The many small cruelties he perpetrates, sometimes from temper; the many neglects he is guilty of, often in consequence of fatigue, are seldom known and are but rarely recorded. It is only when some dreadful cruelty happens that the world is made cognisant through an inquest, that restraint has not altogether vanished with the destruction of bonds. When we hear, as we have too often of late, that a poor demented creature has had his ribs crushed in by the knees of his attendant whilst kneeling upon him, or trampling on his chest in that position, possibly the public might be induced to think twice over the verdict, that 'the county asylum is the most blessed manifestation of true civilisation that the world can present.' At the last spring assizes no less than three convictions have been obtained in different parts of the country against the keepers of lunatics for acts of brutality and violence. No wonder Lord Shaftesbury expresses a hope that these verdicts may have a salutary effect in future.

At all events poor Reynolds, who died whilst experiencing one of these 'manifestations of civilisation,' would have been able to put in his protest against this doctrine if they had only given him a little more time to live. For these evils the county magistrates are wholly answerable. The Visiting Commissioners have over and over again protested against the enlargement of asylums, clearly seeing as they do that the whole spirit of non-

restraint is thereby contraverted, but unhappily the Commissioners have no power to avert the evil. The supervising power established by the Government to correct the tendency to slip back into restraint, is set at nought by the jealousy of the county magistrates, who hold the purse-strings. With them the county asylum is mainly an institution to maintain and keep lunatics on the club system, and their cure, the only proper object of an asylum in the eyes of the physician and the legislation, is made a secondary object.

‘If,’ says Dr. Conolly, ‘the public would really estimate the consequences of the present inadequate number of medical officers in relation to their duties, which at least ought to be performed in asylums, an augmentation would be insisted upon. With the various interruptions to which they are liable, it is quite evident that the medical officers cannot sufficiently superintend a thousand patients; that they cannot even sufficiently visit the wards often without exhaustion, and consequently cannot exercise due supervision over the attendants; that on numerous occasions important duties must be omitted, and important circumstances overlooked, and that many special moral appliances must be neglected with serious consequences, not the less real because they are unrecorded. Without a very efficient superintendence, chiefly to be exercised by the medical officer, or rather by the chief medical officer, the mere absence of mechanical restraint may constitute no sufficient security against the neglect, nor even the actual ill-treatment, of insane persons in a large asylum. The medical officers who consider such watchful superintendence not properly comprised in their duties have formed a very inadequate conception of them.’

The absurd rules which are forced by the magistrates on the medical superintendents take up much of the little time they have for their overwhelming daily labours. We were informed by one of these gentlemen, that by the rules of his asylum, he was obliged to make an entry of his visit every time he entered a ward; and this piece of needless clerkship alone occupied forty minutes every day. Whilst we dwell with pride upon the fact that mechanical restraint is practically abolished in this country, let us not forget that foreigners sometimes regard with astonishment the miserably inadequate staff with which we are contented to work our asylums. Colney Hatch, with its 2,000 patients, has only four medical officers,—is it to be wondered at that foreign physicians refuse to believe in our boasted moral treatment when they find our medical supervision so miserable a sham?

The patients are treated on an organised system, very well suited to a workhouse, but totally unfitted to an asylum for mental cure. Individuality is entirely overlooked; indeed the whole asylum life is the opposite of the ordinary mode of

living of the working classes. When the visitor strolls along the galleries filled with listless patients, the utter absence of any object to afford amusement or occupation strikes him most painfully. Care is taken to shut out the ever-varying scenes and passages of life, so full of variety and so fraught with interest. Every natural emotion and healthy motive that freshens the intercourse between human beings in the outside world is excluded from them; and what is substituted? It is remarked with infinite approval now and then by the Commissioners that the walls have been enlivened with some cheap paper, that a few prints have been hung in the galleries, that a fernery has been established—matters all very well in their way, but utterly inadequate to take the place of the moving sights and scenes of the outside world. Can we wonder that the chronic and convalescent patients grow weary of their prison, that the very sight of the asylum is hateful to them, that the greatest treat you can give them is a walk out of sight of its walls?

The great want admitted in every asylum is occupation. In the county asylums the labourer goes with a sense of relief to work at the farm, and the artisan takes his place in the workshops—those true places of cure when moderately used. But even these invaluable aids to medicine may, we think, be greatly improved. At present by many patients the work is looked upon as mere diversion, it lacks the stimulus that urges on a man in the world. As it is admitted that the object in setting the patient to work is not that he may repay by his labour the cost of his treatment, but that he may be induced to cast aside his hallucinations and fancies, and return once more to healthy feelings and thoughts—why is the healthy stimulus of pay withheld? How many a man would be gradually drawn from his insanity if he knew his labour was to have its reward, and that he would leave the asylum with help for those his illness had thrown into sore poverty and distress!

The time has at length arrived when it is obvious that if our asylums are to resume the true position from which they should never have been allowed to depart—that of hospitals for the treatment of the insane—a thorough revolution must be made in their management; and in order to bring about new measures, we must pray for the advent of entirely new men. There are epochs in all institutions at which a paralysis seems to seize upon those conducting them. With regard to our present superintendents as a body, with a few noble exceptions, we unhesitatingly assert the spirit of Conolly is dead. A miserable spirit of routine, without resources, spring, or



energy, is sapping and destroying asylum life. The gross fallacy of supposing that no man without experience in pauper lunatic asylums is capable of taking charge of such establishments, is the cause of an infinity of mischief. Our own belief is, that wholly fresh blood is imperatively demanded. Who have been the great reformers—the leaders in the onward, ever onward course of non-restraint? Not physicians trained in all the bad traditions of asylums, but general physicians, who have come to the task with fresh minds and habits untainted by an unhappy experience. Pinel, before he took charge of the Bicêtre, was a general physician. Conolly, happily, was innocent of the ways of asylums before he became superintendent of Hanwell; and the far-famed Retreat at York received its inspiration from an intelligent Quaker layman, William Tuke, of York. It is the same with all other professions and arts: improvements come, as a rule, from without; from a class of thinkers, who have not to unlearn habits of mind instilled into them by a kind of Chinese practice and a reverence for old authority.

No doubt in the eyes of the public these establishments are the necessary places of detention of troops of violent madmen, too dangerous to be allowed outside the walls. It is difficult to get rid of old notions on the subject of lunatics. The popular idea is that they must all be raving and desperate, and the visitor to an asylum enters the wards with the expectation of meeting violent maniacs, whom it would be dangerous to approach. He has not taken many steps, however, before this illusion begins to vanish; he may even ask, 'Where are the mad people?' as he sees nothing but groups of patients seated round the fire or lolling about in a dreary sort of way, perfectly quiet, and only curious about the curiosity of the stranger. This is the class of people that form at least 90 per cent. of the inhabitants of our asylums, chronic and incurable cases that no treatment will ever improve, upon whom the elaborate and expensive classification and organisation is entirely thrown away, and to whom the palatial character of the building in which they are immured, not only affords no delight, but is perfectly detestable. It is this class of patients, beyond human help, that now choke up the public asylums throughout the land, converting them from houses of cure into mere prisons. It will doubtless surprise the reader to be informed that out of the total number of 24,748 pauper-patients in county and borough asylums, and in registered hospitals, in the year 1867, no less than 22,257 were past all medical cure, whilst the curable amounted only to 2,491, or a little more than 10 per

cent. When we consider the pressure put upon the ratepayers for the erection of large asylums throughout the land, this result is so disastrous that it may be said our whole scheme for the cure of lunatics has utterly broken down. And the mischief is growing from day to day, for the chronic cases are eating up the miserable percentage of beds still open for newly-arrived acute cases. As the asylums are extending in size, the very atmosphere within the walls may be said to be saturated with lunacy. They are becoming centres for the condensation and aggravation of the malady, rather than places of cure; just as the crowding a fever hospital makes the type of disease more malignant. We are convinced that this is an evil that has been too much overlooked. The insane not only require more physical support than the sane to keep them from going back, but also more healthy mental stimulus; they cannot lean upon themselves without deteriorating. Hence the true principle of cure for the curable, and of support for the incurable, is *an association with healthy minds.*

It must not be supposed that the insane are altogether wanting in observation, or that they are uninfluenced by example. To drive weak and perverted minds into a crowd, and there keep them as a class apart, is clearly against the teachings of common sense, and is opposed to scientific observation; and to keep them there unnecessarily is a crime. The most painful impression left upon us after visiting a county asylum is the doleful wail from the patients as they pray for liberty from the medical attendant—all the more painful as we are aware that large numbers are needlessly detained. Of the ninety per cent. of chronic cases, at least thirty, by the admission of the medical superintendents, and probably nearer forty to less official views, are both harmless and quiet, capable of giving some little help in the world, and with a capacity for enjoyment. To deny them their liberty under these circumstances is both cruel and illegal, inasmuch as the certificate of lunacy which is the authority for a patient's detention states that he must be 'a proper person to be detained and taken charge of,' which certainly cannot be said of these poor harmless and incurable creatures.

Thus it will be seen that more than a third of the beds in existing asylums are improperly filled, and may be cleared not only with advantage to those needlessly detained, but also to the ratepayers, inasmuch as the room they take up would afford accommodation for these next twenty years for the acute and curable cases which cannot now find admission.

The advisability of opening the asylum gates to this crowd

of incurable and quiet cases being granted, as it is, by the Commissioners and the medical superintendents of asylums, the next question is how to provide for them. The Commissioners, with a pardonable official conservatism, have a pet plan of their own: they are perfectly willing, and indeed desirous of clearing the asylums of every patient that can with safety be permitted more freedom, but they cannot make up their minds to let them go beyond sight of the establishment. Thus in their twenty-first report they refer with approval to the associated cottage system which has been adopted in some of our asylums:—

‘In the enlargement of existing county asylums, as well as in the erection of new ones, it has been our practice to advocate, as far as possible, the construction for the more quiet and trustworthy patients, especially those employed in the farm, or in the laundry and workshop, of inexpensive associated accommodation, homely in character, and simple in architecture.

‘The detached blocks erected at Kent, Devon, Chester, Prestwich, Nottingham, Glamorgan, and Wakefield asylums, and the associated accommodation provided in many others in connexion with the laundry and the workshops, have proved most successful, and all our experience points to the advantage which not only the quiet working patients derive from this description of accommodation, but even some of the less orderly and tractable.’

The advantage of these associated buildings for patients convalescent but still under treatment cannot be denied; they are valuable stepping-stones to the outside world to which these convalescents are tending, but as regards the crowd of harmless incurable patients, the outlet they could possibly supply would be totally inadequate to the demand. Moreover they are nothing more than extensions of the asylum, broken fragments scattered around it, and totally wanting in the freedom that is alone valuable for the mass of chronic and incurable cases. It is impossible to refer to this recommendation of the associated cottage system without recollecting that they have been inspired by a far simpler system that has lasted with approval for ages, and one which is as much superior to this weak imitation as a fine picture is to a feeble copy.

We referred at the commencement of this article to the one exception to the cruel treatment of the insane that obtained throughout Europe as late as the first quarter of the present century. Singularly enough the exception was in the land of municipal liberty—Belgium. The following account, gathered from the ‘*Psychological Journal of Medicine*,’ is the substance of a report by Dr. John Webster of London, to

whose discrimination, fairness, and perfect truthfulness psychological medicine, in England at least, is indebted for this rediscovery of an institution which has had an immense influence in furthering the non-restraint principle in its widest and best spirit.

‘What is far more interesting to those accustomed to the bolts and bars, the locks, wards, and high walls of crowded European asylums, is the almost entire liberty accorded to the lunatics resident in the town of Gheel and its neighbouring hamlets, to the number of 1,100, or a little more than a tenth of the whole district. The only building in the nature of an asylum is a structure fitted for sixty patients in the town of Gheel itself, lately erected. Here the patients when they arrive are detained a short time on trial, before they are dispersed among the cottages under the care of the *nourriciers*, or attendants, or caretakers, under whom they subsequently remain. The little army of pauper and other patients, gathered from the whole superficies of Belgium, instead of being stowed away in gigantic asylums, such as Colney Hatch, in which all ideas of life are merged in the iron routine of an enormous workhouse, are distributed over six hundred different dwellings, the major portion of which are small cottages or small farmhouses, in which the more violent or poorer patients are dispersed; and the remainder are situated in the town of Gheel, and are appropriated to quieter lunatics and those who are able to pay more liberally for their treatment. In these habitations the sufferers are placed under the care of the host and hostess, more than three patients never being domiciled under one roof, and generally not more than one. The lunatic shares in the usual life of the family, his occupations and employments are theirs, his little cares and occupations are the same as theirs. He goes forth to the fields to labour as in ordinary life; no stone walls perpetually imprison him, as in our asylums. If it is not thought fit for him to labour with the plough or the spade, he remains at home and takes care of the children, prunes the trees in the garden, and attends to the pottage on the fire; or, if a female, busies herself in the ordinary domestic duties of the house. The lunatics, as may be supposed, are not left to the discretionary mercies of the host and hostess. A strict system of supervision prevails, somewhat analogous to that of the lunacy commissioners and visiting justices of England. The entire country is divided into four districts, each having a head guardian and a physician, to whom are entrusted the medical care of every inmate belonging to the section. There are in addition one consulting surgeon, and one inspecting physician, resident in the infirmary at Gheel, for the whole community. The general government of the colony is vested in the hands of eight persons, who dispense a code of laws especially devised for it. The burgomaster of Gheel presides over the managing committee, whose duties are to distribute the patients among the different dwellings, watch over their treatment, and to admit or discharge them. Of late the divisional officers have the duty of selecting the *nourriciers*, who are chosen, not hap-hazard like our own, but for no other reason than the good of the patient, and they are selected for

him with a view to his age, manners, language, and calling—in short, the *individual* requirements of the lunatic are especially considered. Even the style of household and family arrangements are not thought too small a matter to take into account, when the disposition of the lunatic is settled. The *nourriciers* themselves have the stimulus of a reward for their kind treatment, in the shape of a more remunerative patient, and they also have honorary rewards distributed with great ceremony for their kindness and intelligence; on the other hand, in case of any neglect, the patient is instantly removed, a punishment which is generally effectual in preventing a neglect of duty. It is said that the *nourriciers* have acquired through ages a traditional aptitude for the intelligent treatment of patients: this may seem a strange assertion, but we see no reason why qualities of this nature may not as well be transmitted—at least, if Dr. Darwin's facts are to be depended upon—as any others.'

A later writer upon this remarkable colony, Dr. Edmund Neuschler, says:—

'At the hearth and at the table, so also in the stable and the field, and at the most various occupations, the working patient is the companion of his *nourricier*. At the time of my visit, attention was universally directed to the potatoe harvest; and I saw the liveliest activity out of doors, both among sane and insane. *The constant companionship permits the most natural and unconstrained supervision of the patient.* It does not annoy him, and it is hardly to be observed, as the *nourricier* does not stand over him like an idle spectator or a keeper, but is apparently engrossed in his own work. Often indeed, if the patient is trustworthy, he goes alone to the field, or is accompanied only by a child; and it has never happened that the latter has been injured by his companion.'

It cannot be expected that no restraint is used, considering that our system of non-restraint is nowhere received abroad; but it is worthy of notice, that with this free-air system of almost perfect domestic treatment, the number of persons in restraint, and that of a light kind—consisting mostly of an anklet—is less than is to be found in many of the closed asylums of France. Even these restraints—used mostly to prevent escape in a perfectly open country—are becoming milder every day, and the present chief physician, Dr. Bulkens, is in hopes of getting rid of them altogether. The remuneration to the *nourricier* is small indeed compared with the sum allowed to patients' friends in England when they are permitted to go out on trial—namely from 65 to 85 centimes daily, out of which, besides expenses of clothing, 12 francs are annually deducted for medical attendance.

Ever since the existence of this singular community has been made known to the psychological world, in England, its teaching has made the most profound impression upon it. It was not

to be expected that our own superintendents of asylums, saturated with a vicious spirit of routine which they unhappily term experience, would at once acknowledge the value of a plan so antagonistic to their own interests and to our own asylum practice, which they have been led to imagine as perfection itself; but in the discussions that are continually taking place on the advisability of a further extension of the non-restraint system, Gheel is continually cropping up like a ghost that cannot be laid. Insignificant objections, futile nibblings at details, the usual outcries of small minds on the impossibility of our learning anything from a benighted remnant of a remote age, are heard from time to time; meanwhile, practically we are beginning to talk with approval of 'the associated cottage system.' But a moment's consideration shows that this plan, referred to by the Commissioners, is an inversion of the plan of the Gheel community. In the latter the hospital is a mere atom compared with the wide extent of the surrounding country, which is the real trial-ground and true fold and asylum of the patients. The asylum building is not even visible, and never throws a dismal shadow on the surrounding free ground, whilst our associated cottages are oppressed with the magnitude of the gloomy walls that overshadow them. The patients in them, whilst allowed this slight tether, feel that the attendants under whose care they remain, bring day by day the stifling asylum atmosphere with them, and all the associations of the dreary house of detention. And if these cottages thus overshadowed are sought after, as we know they are with delight by the patients, what a light the fact throws in the direction of Gheel!

Indeed it is in this direction that nearly every eminent authority in psychological medicine is inclined to tread. 'Family life' is the new watchword that is being uttered by the best teachers on Mental Pathology throughout Europe. The family life mainly surrounds the woman; she it is who is its perpetual centre—from her flows all the affections and the feelings; we can therefore fully understand the reason that in the colony of Gheel it is the housewife that mainly takes charge of the patients. Dr. Brierre de Boismont, whose eminent authority is worthy of all attention, dwells particularly upon the merit of the feminine influence in the treatment of the insane.

'The character of man,' he says, 'cannot bend itself to this kind of slavery. The attempt to do so is indeed most distressing, as one must listen to the same complaints, the same pains, and the same demands. These repetitions last for hours, sometimes for days. They are mingled with disagreeable remarks, irritating words, insulting reflections, and

even the infliction of bodily injuries, and very often accompanied by lying slander and calumny. The character of women accommodates itself better to these incessant annoyances.'

Those only who are intimate with the insane know the value of these reflections; and not only may we add our own testimony to the value of these words, but we may also observe that the influence of children is incalculable for good. In the artless ways of the little ones there is nothing that irritates or alarms. The insane are rarely suspicious of a child's motives; they will follow their directions, join in their amusements, submit to their demands with a simple faith that is remarkable considering the fear they too commonly entertain for the motives of adults. We give our implicit belief to the statement that in Gheel a child has never been known to have been injured by any of the male patients.

Dr. Maudsley, than whom we can mention no higher name among our own psychological physicians, has wisely prophesied 'that the true treatment of the insane lies in a still further increase of their liberty;' and in doing so he is but liberally carrying out the forecasts of his late father-in-law, Dr. Conolly; and we may add that his able *collaborateur* in the editorship of the 'Journal of Mental Science,' Dr. Lockhart Robertson, has practically endorsed the same doctrine in a letter lately written to the editor of the 'Lancet,' where, speaking of the benefit of placing better-class patients in the houses of medical men as private patients, he says:—'The improved treatment of the chronic insane lies in this direction—in removing them when possible from the weary imprisonment of asylum surroundings, and in placing them amid the healthier influences of home life.' 'Many chronic insane,' writes Dr. Maudsley, 'incurable and harmless, will then be allowed to spend the remaining days of their sorrowful pilgrimage in private families, having the comforts of family life, and the *priceless blessing of the utmost freedom* that is compatible with their proper care.' If this can be truly said of better-class patients, such as are to be found in private asylums, we cannot by any stretch of reasoning see why the same humane advice should not be extended to the insane pauper. The Sussex County Asylum, over which Dr. Robertson until lately so skilfully presided, admirably conducted as it is according to the present ideas of asylum management, can by no means compare with any well-conducted private asylum in the homelike character of its surroundings, or in the domestic nature of its treatment: hence we must claim him as an advocate for the domestic treatment of the pauper lunatic. We know it is asserted that middle-

class life can furnish more appropriate accommodation to private patients than could the lower class for asylum patients; but we hold this to be a wholly gratuitous assumption. Does anyone doubt that if a premium of twelve shillings a week were offered by advertisement for the care of harmless pauper lunatics, that adequate accommodation would not be offered in abundance? We think there can be but one answer; and yet twelve shillings is much less than the actual cost per head of asylum patients. On the average the weekly estimate is about nine shillings, but this sum excludes the original building charge or house-rent. Considering the magnificent scale on which asylums are built, and the quantity of land they stand upon, an additional five shillings per head on this account must be added, (the sum in reality is much more,) yielding a present cost of (say) fourteen shillings for every pauper-patient in these establishments. Why should we persist in keeping those chronic cases against their will, and at such an expense, when, with more liberty and happiness, they may be maintained at a far less cost, and at the same time free the asylum of the beds they occupy for immediate and curable cases?

We are led by the result of these figures to consider the system adopted for pauper-patients in Scotland, the only plan that can be compared with that of Gheel. There suitable cases are distributed among their friends and in licensed houses. The Scottish Commissioners report that this plan, which relieves the asylums of all patients that would otherwise inevitably tend thither, and removes those that would otherwise cumber the wards, works very well; and if good health is a criterion of good treatment, the Scotch pauper-lunatics so disposed of may be considered to enjoy a most unexceptionable position, inasmuch as the mortality among them is lower than we find recorded among our own insane poor. Attempts have been made to depreciate this 'Gheel of the North,' as it has not inappropriately been termed; but we fail to find any reason for this disingenuous attempt. In 1866 there were 1,588 pauper-patients thus disposed of: 75·5 per cent. with relatives and friends; 21·1 per cent. as single; and 3·4 per cent. to persons who have the Board of Lunacy license to receive either one, two, or three patients under one roof. This arrangement appears to be an exact copy of the Gheel arrangements. Like the Gheelois, they are under the control of the Scotch Lunacy Board, and they are visited by the Commissioners at stated times, who have the power to remove any patient to an asylum, or otherwise, as may be



thought desirable. We gather from the report of Dr. Mitchell, one of the deputy inspectors, whose duty it is to visit them, the following observations :—

‘They will find more to interest them in the every-day occupations of a cottage life than they could in any large establishment. What goes on there, and what they see there, comes more easily within their comprehension and interest, *and they have a pleasure in feeling that they have some little share in it all, and that personality is not lost.* Their occupations and amusements may be more commonplace than in asylums, but they are not necessarily less useful on that account. The cottage kitchen is an ever busy shifting scene, and it would not be easy to manage a tranquil pauper-patient passing from acute disease into incurable imbecility, more favourably situated than at its fire-side, where the surroundings are natural, and the influences are healthy.’

It would be impossible to deny this statement with truth. The picture addresses itself to any unprejudiced mind as unexaggerated and life-like. It is charged by the asylum advocates with being drawn with a *couleur-de-rose* tint, but we can see no sign of false colouring; neither is there any reason to call in question the strict veracity of Dr. Mitchell’s statement. The only point in which we should feel ‘inclined to differ from him would be his assertion that ‘such surroundings’ are more applicable to the fatuous and idiotic, or mindless persons: all classes not dangerous would be equally benefited by such a family system. The English Commissioners ‘have their reasons for ‘doubting whether the system could adequately be extended so ‘as to afford any material relief to the county asylums;’ giving no other explanation of this reason than that 6,600 insane paupers so reside with friends in England; but this can be no bar to a further extension of the system under much better control. The country is large enough to support ten times six thousand five hundred pauper-lunatics, if means were taken to establish such a system. No doubt sixpence a day, the Scotch allowance for such patients, is not sufficient; but, as we have before stated, twelve or fourteen shillings a week would be amply sufficient. The Commissioners, overworked as they are at present, would, we admit, be totally unable to undertake the very necessary work of supervising such a crowd of patients as would be thus accommodated; but this objection could be remedied by an increase in their numbers. They may be trebled with advantage; or, if this plan would be too costly, the work of supervision may be undertaken by the union medical officers at stated times in the year.

It has been proposed that the supervision of such cases of chronic and harmless lunatics, thus boarded out, should be

entrusted to the superintendents of asylums. This plan would occupy the time of that official, which would be much better employed with the acute cases in the asylum. Very little, if any, medical care is required for those poor people who are beyond the physician's art. Moreover, the plan of entrusting their supervision to the asylum superintendents would, we believe, be injurious in two ways. In the first place, in order to save time, there would be a tendency to lodge such boarders as near as possible to the asylum—to make a colony close to its doors; now this may very well satisfy the superintendent, who would wish to retain his dominion, and to maintain a certain kind of modified restraint upon the actions of the patients; but we contend it would be an unnecessary encroachment upon their liberty, and therefore injurious to them mentally, inasmuch as they would still feel themselves to be under the depressing influence of the prison from which they had been liberated; they would be a kind of ticket-of-leave lunatic, and would partake of the ticket-of-leave man's dreads and suspicions. Of course, where convalescent cases were thus lodged out of the asylum, as near a contiguity to it as possible would be advantageous, for the sake of the physician's constant attendance, but the chronic lunatic may very well dispense with his visits.

Supervision by a paid staff of inspectors we hold to be indispensable in such a free-air system; and we believe it to be the most practicable, and the most advantageous both for the sake of the lunatic and for the sake of the asylum itself. The visitation of private patients at present is a mere delusion, once a year being the average amount of visits paid to them. In the case of pauper boarders they would demand more careful supervision than even the better class of patients, hence a large increase of the inspectors is indispensable. It would require time to get such a system into working order, but it would, when once established, be so elastic, that no new rules or regulations would be demanded. The office of such inspectors should not only be that of supervision, but they should also have the duty of distributing the patients. We do not think that the cottage system, pure and simple, is the best adapted to the class of patients such as are found in the neighbourhood of important cities; for instance, Colney Hatch, and Hanwell, number among their inmates a large majority of town-bred lunatics. These would not necessarily be benefited by being placed in cottages in rural districts. Their habits and associations are all connected with town life. The country lunatics, again, would live more happily amid the fields, and in the midst

of rural occupations among which they may take a part. Following the admirable example of Gheel, the inspector should have the power of placing out the pauper-lunatics in such houses and situations as would be best fitted for them. The peculiarities of each case should be considered as far as possible, and the person taking charge of it should be the most suitable.

There is no reason why the pauper-lunatic boarder should in this respect be treated worse than private patients in private houses. Indeed, what we ask for them, is a perfectly similar free-air treatment to that granted to the quiet chronic cases among the better classes. London is full of certified patients, many of whom mix with the general population, but we never hear of offences committed by them, neither should we if harmless pauper cases were distributed among the population.

If thirty per cent., and this we believe to be below the real number, that could with advantage be withdrawn from our asylums, were thus boarded out in private families, all the difficulties with respect to finding beds for acute cases would at once vanish, and the perplexing problem which is at the present moment troubling asylum physicians, commissioners in lunacy, visiting magistrates, and the taxpayers would be solved. The existing establishments would present vacant wards, instead of being crowded to suffocation, and civilisation would no longer be outraged as it now is by the daily refusal to admit urgent cases. According to the last report of the Commissioners in Lunacy, just issued, no less than 661 applications for admission had been refused at Hanwell, and 562 into Colney Hatch, in less than twelve months!

But it is not sufficient to remove these chronic cases from the county asylums, we must prevent fresh ones getting in, which would speedily happen if some change were not made in the terms of their admission. Harmless cases of long standing must be made inadmissible, just as they are at St. Luke's. Unless the door is shut to cases of this kind, which are beyond hope of cure, it would be impossible to free asylums of the dead weight that would inevitably again oppress them. They may be admitted for a short time, in doubtful cases, but immediately the physician has ascertained that they are past cure they should at once be drafted out into private houses and keeping.

And here we may ask, may we not take some steps to arrest the disease before it has become fully developed? It is well known that the curability of the disease depends upon its being treated early. But how is early treatment to be secured for the poor? It has struck many thoughtful minds, that one crying

evil of the treatment of insanity is the fact that it is made a special science, apart from the ordinary range of general medicine. By the general practitioner it is looked upon as something out of the way of his regular duties. The family doctor has not been accustomed to consider such cases, and when brought before him he refers them to a special authority, as something mysterious that ordinary medicine cannot touch. The approach of an attack is either unobserved, or treated simply as low spirits or the result of indigestion; possibly the practitioner has never seen a case of mental disease, is totally unskilled in the symptoms which to a trained mind would have given forewarnings of an impending attack. This is a fatal blot in our medical teaching. Insanity is as much a bodily disease as gout or rheumatism. The insane action or idea as surely springs from a morbid derangement in the brain structure, as a bilious attack springs from a morbid condition of the liver. There is no mystery about it; it is a mental manifestation arising from a physical cause, and should form as necessary a branch of medical study as chest or heart disease. We believe ourselves that this separation of one organ, and that the highest, the brain, from general medical study, is the most fruitful cause of incipient insanity being suffered to degenerate into confirmed lunacy. The sentinel who is at every man's door, be he rich or poor—the general practitioner—is the one who should be able to foresee the approach of an attack. But he has never studied, or has the slightest possible knowledge of, psychological medicine—the danger goes on from day to day, the chance of averting the evil is lost, and when the patient has become an outrageous lunatic he is taken to a ‘mad-doctor,’ that is if he has the means to pay his fees, if not he is allowed to linger on, making his home miserable and sinking every day into deeper disease, when he is taken to the asylum.

The loss to the community by reason of this defect in the knowledge of the general practitioner is not the only evil of this separation of psychological medicine from general medicine. The error which underlies all special study and experience, even if it makes the vision keener in a limited area, is far more serious where mental afflictions are concerned than in other diseases. A surgeon may with advantage devote himself to particular manipulative arts. A man who is drawing teeth all day makes a far better dentist than a general practitioner. The operation of lithotomy requires special skill, which practice alone can secure. But to treat mental disease properly, not only the condition of the brain, but of the whole body, must be taken into account, as in all cases madness arises

from morbid bodily conditions, some of which the specialist overlooks, or rather he is so engaged at looking for one thing, that he overlooks another which may be of equal or greater importance. Of course there will always be physicians eminent in mental disease, leading men whose genius in their own department overrides all other shortcomings, but these will necessarily be few. Otherwise we are convinced that for the good of general medicine this particular study, dealing as it does with so many complex problems, should be merged in the general routine of medical practice. If insanity were treated as a purely physical disease, like any other nervous disorder, it would lose one half of the dread which at present surrounds it; it would no longer be hidden like a crime, and the patient himself would not feel the misery of being avoided and distrusted, one of the most annoying things that meet the convalescent, and often the cause of the distrust he himself evinces. Moreover, there would be no fear of positive injustice being done to the poor man, such as the decision of the late Mr. Tidd Pratt threatens to inflict upon all members of Friendly Societies who may happen to become insane. This gentleman, apparently taking the old priestly idea of insanity, that it is a spiritual disease, and therefore not within the range of usual physical maladies or infirmities for which these societies give aid in the shape of weekly sick-allowances, refused to certify the rules of any society that proposed to give such aid; indeed, in more than one instance sick-allowances have been refused to members thus afflicted with the most pauperising of all diseases. When the universities and other licensing bodies demand a knowledge of mental disease from all graduates in medicine, insanity will meet with an important check to its future progress.

But the first step towards a proper utilisation of our present system of treating mental disease in our public asylums is to disgorge them of the cases that clog their action. A fatal torpor seems at the present moment to affect all parties interested in this necessary reform. The Commissioners, the medical superintendents, the visiting magistrates, and the taxpayers, whilst admitting the evil, seem to have lost all power to make a change. Meantime, as the asylums are becoming monstrous by gradual accretion, a still more fatal obstacle to the further application of the principle of non-restraint is going on. The amount of capital sunk in the costly palaces of the insane is becoming a growing impediment. So much money sunk creates a conservatism in their builders the county magistrates, which resists change; and moreover vested inte-

rests are growing up, which unconsciously warp the minds of the medical superintendents, as any great or radical change in the treatment of the insane would, they imagine, endanger their present position—an idea which is of course erroneous inasmuch as in no case can the treatment of acute disease pass into other hands. Hence the strange and futile objections that we see daily urged against a greater freedom in the treatment of the lunatic; but that a sweeping change in that direction is one of the inevitable reforms we feel blowing towards us in the breath of every angry discussion among practical psychologists on this matter, is but too obvious. As we see wing after wing spreading, and story after story ascending, in every asylum throughout the country, we are reminded of the overgrown monastic system, which entangled so many interests and seemed so powerful that it could defy all change, but for that very reason toppled and fell by its own weight never to be renewed. Asylum life may not come to so sudden an end, but the longer its present, unnatural and oppressive system, as regards the greater number of its inmates, is maintained, the greater will be the revolution when at last it arrives.

In conclusion, let us add that Dr. Conolly has found in Sir James Clark a worthy biographer, who is thoroughly imbued with the benevolent spirit of his deceased friend. Possibly the memoir would have been improved by a few of those letters Dr. Conolly knew so well how to write, and which would have given the fresh and original impressions of his mind whilst he was carrying out his great reform. With this reservation, we cannot speak too highly of Sir James Clark's thorough identification with the object of his memoir in his liberal interpretation of the idea of non-restraint. The memoir is fruitful in suggestions, with respect to the further development of that idea which is loudly called for, and to which we have in the foregoing pages given utterance. Sir James Clark, in his honoured old age, has nobly spoken the truth without prejudice, and with a love of progress as regards greater liberty to the lunatic, which would have become many younger physicians now unfortunately silent.

ART. VI.—1. *A Spring Tour in Portugal*. By the Rev. ALFRED CHARLES SMITH, M.A. London: 1870.

2. *Guia historica do Viajante em Coimbra e arredores*. Por AUGUSTO MENDES DE CASTRO. Coimbra: 1869.

3. *Panorama fotografico de Portugal*. Coimbra: 1870.

THE author of this little tour may claim the merit of the discovery, in which we ourselves have the good fortune to participate, that Portugal is now one of the most accessible and attractive countries to which the British tourist can direct his course, although it is still one of the most neglected. But this last circumstance is an additional recommendation to those who desire to escape from the beaten tracks of Europe. The distance from Southampton to Lisbon is about 840 miles, or only twice as far as from London to Leith. The voyage may be performed in eighty or ninety hours in the magnificent vessels of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, which touch at Lisbon on their way to Brazil. The winds are not always 'rude in Biscay's sleepless bay,' and, at a proper season, even that sea may be crossed without inconvenience in a good ship. On the fourth day at latest, the traveller, wafted down the Lusitanian coast by the northern breeze which usually prevails there, finds himself in a new world. He has left behind him the March winds or the October fogs of Britain and the northern seas. He wakes in an ethereal climate. He lands in a city, no longer to wander up and down like Childe Harold, disconsolate 'mid many things unsightly to strange ee,' but to find the conveniences and luxuries of one of the most magnificent capitals of Europe—well built, well lighted, and well ordered. He is received with singular good will and interest by a good-natured people, who, disliking the French and abhorring the Spaniard, have not lost their secular regard for Englishmen—who talk our language to a remarkable extent among the educated classes—who, like ourselves, drink tea (more green than black) as often as they can get it—and who use the British sovereign as the current coin of the realm. Steamboats plying on the Tagus will transport him in half an hour to any point on its banks. A pair of lusty mules, or, if he prefers it, a mail-omnibus, will convey him in two or three hours to Cintra. Excellent roads, which were within twenty years almost unknown, are now extending in all directions, and already unite the principal towns. Lines of railroad from Lisbon to Oporto, from Lisbon to Badajoz and the Valley of

the Guadiana, and from the southern shore of the Tagus to Evora and Setubal, afford an easy means of communication with the rest of the world. There is probably no country in Europe in which so rapid a progress has been made in the arts and appliances of social life as in Portugal within the last few years. It is true that until lately there was none in which so much remained to be done. But the work is now carried on with as much activity as the resources of the country permit, and we do not doubt that the results will at no distant period reward the patriotic promoters of these improvements.

To those who derive their knowledge of Spain and Portugal from the romantic expeditions of Lord Carnarvon in 1827 and 1830, the adventures of George Borrow in 1835, and even the more recent experience of Richard Ford, it may seem incredible that you can now travel with ease and rapidity from Valencia to Oporto, or from St. Sebastian to Cadiz, without meeting with more impediments than between Ostend and Vienna. Even the political passions of the people, though their patience is sometimes severely tried, have lost the intensity of the former period.\* Property is more diffused, liberty more secure, religious bigotry seems to have vanished with clerical domination, and, above all, railroads have rendered communication infinitely more easy. The increase in the exports of agricultural produce and fruit to this country, more especially from Lisbon, is in itself enormous, and is gradually enriching districts in the Peninsula which had till lately no market for their growths.

To him who looks below the surface it will soon become apparent that these beneficial changes are the result of a revolution as great as ever occurred in any nation. The present century has witnessed in that country conflicts of extraordinary magnitude for so small a stage. In its earlier years Portugal was the seat of that tremendous struggle which eventually drove the French armies from the Peninsula. The rock of Lisbon and the lines of Torres Vedras were the resting-place or fulcrum from which the power of England dislodged and overthrew the French Empire; but the theatre of war was ruined for a generation by the contest through which it had passed. Next came the disruption of the Portuguese Empire

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\* One reads with amazement in Lord Carnarvon's delightful book of such occurrences as the murder of a professor of Coimbra in a wood some forty years ago by a band of armed students, and of the narrow escape of the noble Lord himself amidst the popular convulsions of the Miguelite wars. At the present time there is in the rural districts of Portugal no police and very little crime.



in South America and the loss of transmarine possessions second only to those of Spain and Britain. On the conclusion of peace, the monarchy was restored, and for a time a profligate and arbitrary Court, a poor and corrupt nobility, a bloated and bigoted Church, revived all their former pretensions, and in 1827 the people rose with the frantic energy of loyalty and superstition to defend the altar and the throne in the person of Dom Miguel. Civil wars succeeded to foreign invasion, and it was long before the horizon became again serene. But all these things have passed away. The victory of the revolution is complete. The Church, once so rich and so powerful, is all but entirely disestablished and disendowed and has shrunk to the narrowest proportions. The *fidalgos* have ceased to be the minions of the Court, and if any of them hope to retain or regain their influence, it must be by the services they can render to their country. The lands of the Church and the nobility have passed to a surprising extent into the hands of the *peasantry*, who are becoming the most influential class in the State; and the Government is conducted on purely popular principles. The changes we have noted in the external conditions of the cities and villages of Portugal are therefore the result of a great social and political revolution, and it would be a work of real interest if an English traveller of ability would carefully trace these causes to their latest consequences. We think it would be found that Portugal is, in truth, greatly more advanced than Spain in the practical application of the principles of free government, and that she has already passed through many difficulties which have not yet been solved by her neighbour.

She is still cursed with a most oppressive tariff and with the spirit of monopoly in some branches of trade, to which the Government adhere chiefly from the want of any other mode of raising a revenue. The poverty of the State is the greatest misfortune of the people, and undoubtedly a far larger revenue, if it could be raised, might be laid out with infinite advantage to the whole nation. We have no doubt that the condition of the agricultural population has considerably improved; and, although they suffer from the want of capital and the exactions of the money-lenders, who alone have capital at their disposal, yet the possession of land enables them to satisfy their own modest wants. But, on the other hand, a people in this condition is not easily taxable, and the public revenue does not increase in the same proportion as the means of the people. The downfall of the Church and the aristocracy has swept away some of the elements which tended to raise the intellectual character

of the country and to assist it in emergencies. Nothing great is to be expected from a people in its present condition. Their standard of life is low, but it is equal, and perhaps the sum of human comfort is increased. The Portuguese themselves appear to be conscious that the achievements which rendered their name illustrious belong to the past, and it is not easy to foresee, in a country thinly peopled, blessed with a delightful climate, and inhabited by a simple and rather sluggish people, what causes could again rouse them to great efforts or enterprises.

With few exceptions, English travellers and English literature have done nothing to make Portugal better known to the world. In the last century Costigan's letters left us an amusing picture of a singularly corrupt Court and administration; and Mr. Twiss laboriously explored a part of the country. Murphy the architect has given us a superb description of the great Abbey of Batalha, with plates and plans which are still the best materials Mr. Fergusson could find to his hand when he entered upon the interesting but neglected subject of Portuguese architecture. Mr. Beckford, indeed, traced an inimitable sketch of what Alcobaça and Batalha were on the eve of their annihilation, in the narrative of an excursion which may be quoted as one of the most exquisite specimens of style, *finesse*, and wit in the language. It is one of those rare books that cannot sink; and, slight though it be, that volume deserves to float down the stream of time like a page of Addison or a tale of Voltaire. For ourselves, we acknowledge that Mr. Beckford inspired us long ago with an extreme desire to visit spots associated with so much humour and pathos; and we have recently accomplished that object, not indeed in the unwieldy coach of the Prior of Aviz or on Mr. Beckford's fleet barb, but with the modern appliances of a railroad and a post-chaise. Southey, too, loved Portugal, and spent there many happy months; but on looking back to his letters, there is an incompleteness in all he did or wrote. He resembles his own commonplace book—vast, varied, curious, sometimes humorous, but leaving no deep mark on the mind; moreover, the country was at its lowest point of degradation and misery when he visited it, and hardly a vestige remains of Portugal as he saw it.

But the greatest of all offenders against the good fame of Portugal and the Portuguese is Lord Byron. The first book of 'Childe Harold' is familiar to all who read the English tongue. The extreme beauty of its descriptive passages and the biting acrimony of its sarcasms serve alike to fix it in the memory, and the consequence is that the genius of poetry has

branded the Portuguese for ever as 'a nation swollen with 'ignorance and pride'—'unkempt, unwashed, unhurt' (the last epithet being introduced only to rhyme to 'dirt')—'a purple 'land where law secures not life'—and we are told that every Spanish hind knows the difference between himself 'and the 'Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.' All this is totally false and very mischievous. It has engendered among the English a contemptuous tone in speaking of the Portuguese, and it has engendered among the Portuguese a sense of resentment against the arrogance and injustice with which they have been treated by one of the greatest poets of England.

Lord Byron visited Lisbon in 1809, at the commencement of the Peninsular War, when the lustre of Vimeiro had just been dimmed by the blunder of what is termed the Convention of Cintra, and the utmost bitterness of political satire mingled with his verses. The condition of the country was doubtless lamentable. Nor could the poet foresee what services this very country, which he denounces, was about to render to Europe and to England by its position and fidelity. The Douro had not been crossed by Wellington, Talavera and Busaco had not been fought, the lines of Torres Vedras, though already begun, were still enveloped in mystery. A few months later, Byron himself must have borne testimony to the gallantry with which the Portuguese levies fought side by side of our troops, to the patriotism with which they obeyed the stern injunctions of their ally to fall back before the enemy, and to the indefatigable industry of the peasantry in our cause.\*

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\* The lines of Torres Vedras could not have been constructed without it. The conscription for labour extended, says Sir John Jones, to more than fifty miles round; women and boys took their share in the labour, and at one period, although the middle of harvest, the workmen on the lines amounted to more than 7,000. 'It is but a tribute 'of justice,' says the same high authority, 'to the Portuguese gentlemen and peasantry of Estremadura to state that, during many months 'of constant personal intercourse, the latter showed themselves ever 'respectful, industrious, docile, and obedient; whilst the former in 'every public transaction evinced much intelligence, good sense, and 'probity, and appeared in their domestic relations kind, liberal, and 'indulgent, both as masters and parents.' (*Jones's Sieges of the Peninsula*, vol. iii. p. 901.) This was precisely at the time when Lord Byron was writing his stanzas to hold them up to eternal obloquy! The suppressed passages and notes, which have been unwisely and improperly restored in some recent editions of 'Childe 'Harold,' are even more offensive and untrue than the text. Why should passages be 'restored' which the better judgment of an author (or of his friends) led him to reject and condemn?

But Byron was, in fact, totally ignorant of the country and the people. Another curious instance of his want of reflection or knowledge occurs at stanza xxxii., where he asks what the bounds are which divide Lusitania from Spain? and concludes that the frontier is not marked by any natural line where 'dark Sierras rise in craggy pride,' but simply by a 'silver streamlet':—

'And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,  
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.'

It is true that on one point, but on one point *only*, between Elvas and Badajoz, where Byron entered Spain, the route is open and undefended except by those fortresses, which are however even there no mean 'fences of art.' But the preservation of Portuguese independence, and the military policy of the country from the days of Alfonso Henriques down to those of the Duke of Wellington, have been mainly determined by the fact that Portugal is divided from Spain by great ridges of mountains, through which, to this day, there are no roads, and that any army operating against Portugal must advance on the line of the Minho or on the line of the Guadiana, which are nearly 200 miles apart. The province of Tras os Montes in the north-east, and the whole line of the Estrella mountains, running from north to south, form an almost impenetrable barrier, which the Portuguese are even now but little disposed to break down or open by works of art. There is, in fact, scarcely any natural frontier in Europe so strongly marked, save that of the Pyrenees.

We think, therefore, that Portugal in its present condition, with its social improvements, its glorious past, its interesting scenery, and its remarkable monuments, offers an attractive field to an inquiring traveller, and we doubt not that a book of great interest might be written about this small kingdom, if it were undertaken in the spirit of Richard Ford's 'Spanish Handbook,' or Mr. Street's 'Gothic Architecture in Spain.' Even Mr. Murray has not yet shed the light of his countenance on Portugal, for he would probably acknowledge if he visited the country, that the handbook he has given us for this part of the Peninsula is the least excellent of the series. The Rev. Mr. Smith, author of the little volume before us, cannot be said to have supplied these deficiencies. He is apparently an amiable clergyman of the Church of England, slightly addicted to ornithology and stuffed birds or reptiles, with no scorn or hatred for any living thing, except it be a *dissenter*. When at Evora, he was shown by especial favour the large flag of the Holy Inquisition, twelve feet in length and eight in breadth,

with the very expressive motto, 'Exsurge, Domine, causam 'Tuam judica.' On this occasion the reverend gentleman indulges in the following reflection:—

'Doubtless that banner had witnessed many a cruel death, and had floated over the procession at many an *auto da fé*, but amidst the enormities of which the Holy Inquisition was undoubtedly guilty, *it was the cause of one glorious effect, which remains to this day, that dissenters from the Church have never gained a footing in Spain or Portugal*; so that, while I could scarcely repress a shudder as I thought of the fearful tortures and the wretched victims of which it reminded me, and felt thankful that such a tyrannical court of inquiry had never penetrated our more favoured country, I could not but admire the unanimity in the faith to which in the Peninsula it has given rise, an unanimity from which we at home are apparently so distant; but which, if only it could be attained, would be the greatest blessing religion in England could know.'

We have no desire to bear harshly on Mr. Smith. He is sufficiently punished by the reflections which such a passage as this, written in our times, will awaken in many minds—but it was written for home use and application, and it probably did not occur to him that he is himself a dissenter on the banks of the Tagus. In speaking of the Portuguese, we discover in him no signs of bigotry or prejudice. But he took with him none of the qualities which are required to write a good book of travels. He knew nothing of the language or literature of Portugal. He had a very imperfect acquaintance with her splendid and varied history. He has not the slightest knowledge of architecture, whether ecclesiastical or secular. In painting he is equally inexpert, but that is of less consequence as Portugal contains few, if any, pictures, and appears never to have produced a painter. Gran Vasco, indeed, has the reputation of a great national artist, but it is only in the city of Viseu that we can hear of any works that sustain that character, and these Mr. Smith did not see. Lastly, Mr. Smith appears to feel but a slender interest in a subject which we should have thought familiar to every Englishman, the campaigns of the Duke and the operations of the British army. What, then, does Mr. Smith's tour prove? It proves, which is very much to the purpose, that an Englishman, caring but little for literature or history, art or war, but chiefly intent on shooting small birds, may enjoy himself extremely in wandering over Portugal in the spring or autumn months. The delicious air of the Portuguese heaths, which resemble the Surrey hills with a richer vegetation and a clearer sky—the luxuriance with which plants native to the soil, and even the trees of Brazil and Japan and Australia, flourish in sheltered spots,

the *Eucalyptus* and the Norfolk Island Pine growing beside the *Araucaria Brasiliensis* with camellias and magnolias as large as forest trees—the innumerable streams which find their way from the mountains to the sea, for there is a marked contrast between the well-watered and wooded valleys of Portugal, and the adust and shadeless plains of Spanish Estramadura and Castile—the picturesque and primitive garb and implements of the people, which have probably undergone but little change in the last 600 years—and we must add, the ready welcome which an Englishman finds among the upper classes—all concur to render a tour in Portugal as pleasant and easy a thing as Mr. Smith found it, and to those who may be disposed to imitate him, we can recommend his little volume as a useful, though not a very robust or instructive companion.

Mr. Smith's estimate of the character of the Portuguese is a favourable one, and he contrasts it with that of the Spaniards, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter people. We agree with his impression of the two nations, for if the Portuguese have lost much of their ancient fire and energy, it must be confessed that the Spaniards have degenerated in an equal degree, and without acquiring those amiable qualities for which the Portuguese are remarkable. After some censorious remarks on the Spaniard, Mr. Smith observes:—

‘To all this the Portuguese character is an exact contrast: indeed, I know no nation which recommends itself to the stranger so much at first sight as this remarkably civil, obliging, respectful, deferential race. Not indeed by any hyperbolic phrases or extravagant pretensions, as when the Spanish noble puts his palace and all its contents at your disposal, without the slightest intention of bestowing on you one single maravedi; but I have invariably found that the Portuguese, of all classes, will at every opportunity undergo any trouble, take any pains, submit to real inconvenience, to show a kindness to the stranger, while there is not to be found throughout the country any of that false pride, that hateful hauteur, that abominable assumption, which prevail to so great an extent across the border. These, it is true, are but superficial and inferior traits of character, but as, on the one hand, they are very apparent to the traveller, so, on the other, they form a tolerably correct index of what is more hidden from view. Thus the Portuguese is not only far more truthful, from having no cause for concealment and no desire of self-laudation, but he is far more open and honest, less liable to take offence, and consequently less vindictive. As we journeyed through the country we saw little disposition to impose on the foreigner, though this may probably be in some measure due to the rare appearance of the foreigner amongst them. As regards their religious feelings, I do not think that I am in a position to form any decided opinion; though, strangely mixed up with a great deal of gross superstition and irreverence, they certainly showed upon occasion a

considerable amount of earnestness and devotion; and the churches were often crowded with worshippers of both sexes, so that, as regards the male population, outwardly at least, they appeared far more attentive to their religious duties than the men of Spain. Neither are they so bloodthirsty and cruel as the Spaniards, and in proof of this I would adduce the bull-fights of the respective nations. . . . There is yet another and more decisive proof of their milder nature in the very infrequent use of the knife, and those dark deeds of violence so rife amongst the hot-blooded, quarrelsome Spaniards. In short, the more I compare the disposition of the two nations which inhabit the Peninsula, the more convinced I am that the advantage lies very decidedly in favour of the Portuguese, for whom indeed I have learnt to entertain a very sincere regard, and an admiration which I am very far from feeling towards the Spaniards.'

The best guide to Portugal is its own history. No state and no people can boast of annals more romantic, of achievements more heroic; and when one contrasts the diminutive size of this province of the Peninsula and its present scanty population with the exploits which once made it great and still preserve its independence, the country affords one of the most singular and interesting spectacles in the world. Each period of this eventful existence is still distinctly marked in the monuments of the kingdom, for the present has not obliterated the past; and it needs but a slight effort to recall a long train of gallant deeds and heroic personages. Emerging from the mountainous tracts north of the Douro, where the earldom of Portugal detached itself, towards the end of the eleventh century, from the Kingdom of Leon, the first effort of Portuguese nationality was the expulsion of the Moors. From Guimaraens to Coimbra, and thence from Santarem and the Tagus, the Cross slowly advanced against the Crescent, and here and there many a Moorish tower or gateway still records, after seven hundred years, the presence and the flight of the Mussulman invader. In more than one spot the old name of Monte Moro or Montemor marks a stronghold of the infidel. It was in 1139 that Alfonso Henriques finally overthrew the Moorish kings at Ourique. The legend of the realm, as it was related to the King of Melind by Vasco de Gama in the imperishable verses of Camoens, records that on the eve of the battle a hermit appeared to the conqueror of the morrow and predicted that from that day forth the crown should be his, and should descend to the sixteenth generation of his heirs. The omens were favourable, the victory was won, and the promise was fulfilled. Alfonso Henriques, proclaimed King by his triumphant army, emblazoned on his shield five bezants on five escutcheons borne crosswise, which to this day shine on the flag of Portugal, in memory of

the five kings he had conquered, or of the five wounds of our Lord, or of five wounds he had himself received. The Cortes of Lamego more deliberately gave the national sanction to his accession to their throne. But the prediction which began in triumph was fulfilled in gloom. King Sebastian, who might be called the last of the crusaders, though he was a contemporary of Philip II. and Queen Elizabeth, was said to be sixteenth in descent from the first king of his race, and he lost his sword and his life in a contest against the very race whom his ancestor had driven beyond the bounds of Portugal, and the kingdom itself passed for a time under the yoke of the stranger.

In the Monastery of Santa Cruz, still standing in Coimbra, and built by himself in 1131, Alfonso Henriques meditated and prepared his heroic enterprise. The Abbot of that house, Dom Theotonio, was his chief friend and counsellor. The cloisters of the building were his favourite retreat; and in the choir of the church his remains are deposited. The gorgeous tomb which now covers them was erected centuries after his death by Dom Manuel in 1502, in the luxurious taste of a later age. The epitaph which was placed there records that the King died in the ninety-first year of his life and the seventy-third of his reign, reckoning no doubt from his first accession to sovereignty—an unequalled instance, we suppose, of royal longevity. The identity of the tomb is singularly well established, for not only was it opened in 1520, in presence of Dom Manuel, when they found ‘o corpo do devoto Rey D. Affonso ‘Henriques inteiro, incorrupto, a carne seca, e a cor palida, ‘e macilenta, mas de aspecto severo que parecia estar vivo;’ but it was reopened in presence of Dom John V. in 1732, and again in presence of Dom Miguel in 1832. On this last occasion the bones of the founder of the monarchy were found in a box of cedar.\*

The chivalry of Portugal completed in the thirteenth century the work of liberation and conquest which Alfonso Henriques had begun. Dom Diniz, the ‘Husbandman,’ and the husband of St. Isabel, established peace and order in the kingdom, and founded in 1308 that University of Coimbra which still preserves the learning of the Lusitanian race and boasts a thousand students within its walls. It is not an uninteresting circumstance that this ancient foundation receives and instructs a

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\* A full account of this singular transaction is to be found in the notice of Coimbra by Senhor Mendes de Castro which we have prefixed to this article. This gentleman is a law student at Coimbra, who describes with much vivacity the beauties of his native country, and is now publishing the photographic panorama of Portugal.



large number of students from Brazil; so that although the political tie between the mother country and that Empire is severed, Coimbra is still the *Alma Mater* of the Portuguese race in South America. Here and there the military orders of the Church have left their traces, and at Leço do Balia, near Oporto, the ecclesiologist will find a Church of the Knights Hospitallers which well deserves his attention. But we pass on to the most glorious and romantic age of this remarkable people.

Upon the southern bank of the Mondego, opposite Coimbra, and hard by the bridge half sunk in sand which spans that turbid stream, the traveller visits, in the gardens of the old Convent of St. Clara, a spot which still bears the name of the 'Fonte dos Amores.' The clear water, gushing from the rock under a grove of the magnificent cypresses of Goa, flows in a channel reddened by sanguineous conservæ and water-plants, which are still believed by the people to owe their hue to the blood of Iñez de Castro, shed in that place. It was there that the innocent wife of Dom Pedro was immolated by the resentment of his father and the fury of the courtiers. In the adjoining convent she had found a refuge, and the conduit that supplied it with water was wont to convey to her along its course the clandestine correspondence of her husband. The fierce grief of Dom Pedro and his vengeance upon the murderers knew no bounds, and when he mounted the throne two years afterwards his first care was to cause the body of her whom he had lost to be interred with regal honours in the Monastery of Alcobaça, after he had compelled the nobles of Portugal to do homage to her corpse. In a chapel of the southern transept of that renowned monastery, the monuments of the sainted Iñez and her husband are still to be seen, not side by side, but foot to foot (for such was the King's will), in the fond hope that at the day of resurrection the first object to meet his eyes will be his beloved Iñez. The tombs have survived the outrages of time and of invasion. They are in the finest taste of the fourteenth century. The countenance of Dom Pedro, asleep, with his faithful hound at his feet, has the indescribable air of majesty and repose which the sculptors of that age gave their monuments, and which may be seen in the effigy of our Edward III., and in the Beauchamp tombs at Warwick. Iñez, still beautiful, lies opposite, immortalised by love and death, the heroine of a story which combines all the tenderness of romance with the truth of history. The towers of Alcobaça rose in stately pride. A monastery of enormous magnitude grew around the church. The cloisters and even the kitchens, with rivers of living water running

through them, still attest in their desolation the magnificence of that Abbey where Mr. Beckford was regally entertained. But the chapel which contains the remains of Pedro and Iñez is its choicest sanctuary, and that on which the eye and memory of the pilgrim will ever most love to dwell.

The immediate successor of Dom Pedro was his eldest legitimate son—

‘Remisso, e sem cuidado algum, Fernando.’

His reign of fifteen years threw the kingdom into confusion and brought the Spaniard to the heart of the country. On his death in 1383 Dom John I. of Castile claimed the crown, but the voice of the people loudly called upon Dom João, the Master of Aviz, an illegitimate son of Dom Pedro by his last mistress, Therese Lourenço, to mount the throne.

In the old Cathedral of Coimbra, known as the *Sè Velha* (for in Portugal the term *Sè*, *sedes*, *see*, is still applied to the metropolitan churches), that the Master of Aviz received his election. That church, which dates from the twelfth century, and was perhaps founded by St. Ferdinand in the eleventh century, is one of the most remarkable monuments of the kingdom, and still retains much of the purity and simplicity of the age in which it was built. But Dom John had yet to conquer the realm whose crown he wore. On a ridge of sandy hills which lies between the great monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha, stands the straggling village of Aljubarrota; it is the spot across which Mr. Beckford galloped in the freshness of the morning on his English mare, when he returned to Batalha. On the 14th August, 1385, that ridge witnessed the decisive battle which sealed the independence of Portugal. The Castilian army was routed by the King with immense slaughter. The fight is described by Camoens with more than his wonted spirit in the fourth book of the *Lusiad*; and to this day the battle of Aljubarrota is as fresh in the memory of every Portuguese as the battle of Hastings in our own. Like the bastard William, the bastard John raised a magnificent abbey to commemorate his victory, and gave to it the speaking name of the ‘Abbey of the Battle.’ Two years afterwards John of Gaunt, having arrived in Portugal with his two daughters, Philippa and Catharine, the contention of the crowns of Portugal and Castile was terminated by the marriages of the two Englishwomen with the rival kings.

‘Despois que quiz, o Padre omnipotente,  
Dar os Reis inimigos por maridos  
As duas illustrissimas Inglezas  
Gentes, formosas, inelytas Princezas.’

(*IV. Lusiad.* 47.)

And thus the 'aspiring blood of Lancaster' mingled with that of a race as noble as its own. It was at that time likewise that the first treaties of offensive and defensive alliance were concluded between England and Portugal—treaties which have been renewed from time to time in the course of six centuries, and which still subsist, for the maintenance of the independence of Portugal, and for the admission of the British fleet in peace and war to the harbour of the Tagus.

A large square chapel on the right hand of the great entrance to the Abbey of Batalha, surmounted by a central octagonal lantern of singular beauty, is known as the 'Capella do Fundador;' and it is consecrated by the tombs of these great princes. In the middle repose Dom John and Philippa of Lancaster, with their right hands locked in each other. She died in 1416, and he in 1434, on the anniversary of his great victory, after a reign of fifty years. Their effigies rest on a huge slab of marble, enwreathed with leaves of sweet briar, and the motto '*Il me plaît pour bien.*'\* Nor have they been disturbed, although the French troops committed ravages on the mural decorations of this chapel and in other parts of the abbey.\*

•The spire which once surmounted this chapel has fallen in, and the painted glass is totally destroyed. The windows are at this time not even glazed: but it is a sepulchre no Englishman can visit unmoved. Visibly before our eyes it brings the immediate descendants of our Edward III. and John of

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\* In one of the halls of the old palace of Cintra there is a humorous legend that Dom John was caught there by the Queen in the act of kissing one of the maids of honour. 'Por bem' said the Monarch, which we take to be Portuguese for 'All right.' 'Por bem' cried the courtiers, and to this day the cry is repeated by a flight of magpies in the compartments of the roof with the words painted on labels which they hold in their beaks. It was the age of mottoes, but we are not aware that it has been remarked that this celebrated 'Por bem' of John I. reappears as 'Pour bien' on his tomb.

Southey asserted in his 'History of the Peninsular War' that the body of John I. in the convent of Batalha was mutilated by the French during Massena's retreat. Sir William Napier contradicts him and still more peremptorily, and we must say brutally, asserts (book xii. cap. 3) that '*the body of that monarch had been wantonly pulled to pieces and carried off by British officers during the retreat to the lines.*' Both these statements are untrue. The chapel was despoiled by the French (as we believe), but the tomb of King John I. was not violated or materially injured. And we must say that Sir William Napier ought to have had certain knowledge of the fact before he made such a charge against British officers. We believe he mistook the tomb in question for that of a different person.

Gaunt in the place they chose for their own burial; and the arms and badges of England are mingled with those of Portugal on their tombs. Nor do they rest there alone. In large niches or compartments along the south wall of the chapel are the tombs of the four younger sons of Dom John and Queen Philippa—Dom Fernando, the Regulus of Portugal, who died a hostage to the Moors, because his honour forbade him to escape from captivity—Dom John, the master of Santiago—Dom Pedro, who fell at Alfarrobeira—and, above all, Dom Henrique, Duke of Viseu, that illustrious prince who was the father of maritime discovery, and who from his solitary watch-house at Sagres, on Cape St. Vincent, sent out the expeditions which successfully rounded Cape Non, discovered and passed the Cape of Good Hope, explored the track to India, and opened the portals of the West to the conquerors of new worlds.

‘ For then, from ancient gloom emerged  
The rising world of trade : the genius, then,  
Of navigation, that in hopeless sloth  
Had slumbered on the vast Atlantic deep  
For idle ages, starting, heard at last  
The Lusitanian Prince who, heaven inspired,  
To love of useful glory roused mankind,  
And in unbounded commerce mixed the world.’\*

It is not too much to say that Prince Henry stands alone in history, uniting the chivalrous prowess which he shared with his great uncle the Black Prince, to those statesmanlike and scientific qualities which made him the precursor of all modern discovery and commerce. We followed Mr. Major some little time ago in the biography of Prince Henry, and we have since visited with extreme interest his tomb. The motto upon it, ‘ *Talent de bien faire,*’ tells of his laborious and conscientious life, and it is not unworthily entwined with the insignia of the English Garter and leaves of his native oak. Pause for a moment to reflect on the descent of this remarkable man. His father was the illustrious conqueror of Aljubarrota, and his grandfather, Dom Pedro I., the husband of Inez de Castro. By his mother’s side he was the great-grandson of Edward III. of England and the grandson of John of Gaunt, nephew of our Henry IV., and first cousin of Henry V. The blood of the two greatest maritime nations flowed in his veins—for Portugal preceded England in the glorious task of discovery and empire.

The Founder’s Chapel is, we think, the finest and most inte-

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\* Thomson’s ‘ Seasons ’—*Summer.*

resting portion of Batalha, both in an historical and in an architectural point of view. But the Chapter House is also a most extraordinary and beautiful structure—a square of 63 feet, unsupported by a column; Mr. Smith says, roughly, ‘about 98 feet;’ but he appears to be totally unacquainted with Murphy’s admirable plans and measurements, which are we believe accurate. These, with the church itself, are what may be called the heroic portions of the edifice. The cloisters and the unfinished chapel (Capella Imperfeita) belong to a different period. Between 1400 and 1500 Portugal had risen to an unparalleled height of wealth and power. The treasures of the Indies flowed in upon her; the throne of Dom Manuel assumed something of the barbaric splendour of an Eastern monarchy. It is curious to remark in the Portuguese architecture of the later period the effect of this transition. Gothic and ecclesiastical art became depraved to the last excess of ornamentation. The object was no longer to produce a grand and elevating effect, by simple means, but to expend money and craft in working stone to the tenuity of lace. The Capella Imperfeita is a marvel of execution, but it reminds one of a hall in the palace of Aladdin far more than of a Christian mausoleum; and it stands in its desolation more expressive perhaps than it would have been if it contained the tombs of all the sovereigns of the land. Mr. Smith calls it ‘the gem of the whole building,’ and expends on it a page of laudation, not undeserved. The Portuguese themselves always speak of it as one of the wonders of the world, and so it is—a thing in architecture totally distinct from anything that exists out of Portugal. But when all is said, we revert to the Founder’s Chapel and the Chapter House as far nobler specimens of architecture, and we are content to leave Dom Manuel’s Chapel alone in its unfinished glory. It is however a mark of distinction to have created a style of architecture very beautiful in its way, to which nothing else is *aut simile aut secundum*.

Let us turn now to more modern, if not more pleasing scenes. We agree with Mr. Smith that the merits of Cintra have been exaggerated, chiefly because it was till lately the only accessible point of the country from Lisbon. The welcome shade of evergreen oaks, the magnificent burst of tropical vegetation which fills the glen, sloping to the south and west, and the jagged peaks of ‘La Penha’ overhead, are enchanting; but, as Lord Carnarvon said long ago, ‘Cintra resembles a beautiful picture set in a worthless frame; whenever the eye rests on the town and its immediate neighbourhood the scenery is unrivalled, but the distant landscape is generally flat and

‘uninteresting.’ At the present time Cintra owes its most attractive site to the energy of an English gentleman and the taste of an English gardener, who have restored Mr. Beckford’s deserted abode at Montserrat to far more than its pristine magnificence, and surrounded it with gardens of unparalleled beauty. In that spot the tree-ferns of South America and Madagascar, the aloes of Mexico, the palms of Syria, the araucarias of New Zealand and Brazil, the camellias and magnolias of China and Japan, and the whole flora of Australia, grow with a profusion and luxuriance unknown, we believe, in any other part of Europe. The combination of soil, air, temperature, and aspect is of the happiest kind. Nevertheless, we prefer Busaco; and if the Portuguese Government pursue for a few years their present plan of converting the grounds of that old monastery into a garden of acclimatisation, the most gratifying results may be anticipated.

The railway from Coimbra to Oporto takes the traveller to the station of Mealhada, about ten miles north of the Mondego; from thence a good carriage-road or a pleasant path through woods conducts him to the baths of Luso, some five miles farther on the western side of the Sierra de Busaco. These baths are now so much frequented that there are five or six rough hotels in the valley, which afford accommodation sufficient for the summer months, and they are much resorted to by parties of students from Coimbra.

The site of the monastery of Busaco is in the centre of a huge basin or crater, on the south-western side of the mountain, about 600 feet above the baths of Luso, but the ridge itself rises to a much greater height above the monastery. The *Cruz alta* on the summit commands a view over a great portion of the kingdom—Coimbra, Leiria, Guarda, Viseu, Lamego, Porto, and even Braga are visible from it—so that from the spot on which the Duke of Wellington achieved one of the first of his great Portuguese victories, he in fact surveyed the whole field of his operations in Portugal. But the monastery itself lies, as we have said, buried in a thick wood on the south-western side of the hill. The abundance of water, the shelter afforded by the ridge to the north, and the aspect of this basin, give to it an extraordinary fertility. The great cypresses of Goa, which are called cedars by the Portuguese, and which were sent home by Albuquerque, have grown to a stupendous magnitude. They equal the venerable and mystical trees of the Indian forests from which they sprang; and the whole soil is choked with the extreme profusion of a tropical vegetation. The grounds or woods of the monastery

are surrounded by a lofty stone wall, extending over a circumference of three miles, to which there were but two entrances. The Order of the Barefooted Carmelites which occupied this retreat was silent and severe; scarcely was it allowed them to take a pleasure in the singular beauty of their romantic abode. But they too have now passed away.

To the English traveller Busaco presents another and a different interest. It was on this ridge that the Duke of Wellington successfully resisted the assault of Ney and Massena on 27th September, 1810, just when the Government at home supposed that 'the British army would probably embark.' It was here that the Portuguese troops first displayed their gallantry in action by our side. It was here that the French might have learnt that the third invasion of Portugal was leading them to disaster and defeat. Napier has recorded in an immortal page of his history the gallantry of the onset and of the defence. The aspect of the rough unenclosed ridge, strewn with the large boulders of rock, from which Crawford watched the attack of Ney and ordered the charge of the 43rd and 52nd regiments, is unaltered, except that the road running north-west to Viseu, by which the French advanced, is now an excellent causeway, winding along the deep ravine they had to cross below.

Yet, strange to say, Sir William Napier himself, and the writers who have followed him, have all misconceived or forgotten the true position of the Convent. He says of the road taken by the French, that 'it passed over the Sierra de Busaco *by a large convent, fronting the enemy's right, and on the highest point.*' The Duke himself says: 'At the highest point of the ridge, about two miles from its termination, is *the convent and garden of Busaco.*' But in fact the convent lies on the opposite side of the ridge from that by which the French were approaching, and it is a good hour's walk from the convent itself to the summit. The allied troops were drawn up, not in front of the convent, but in front of the outer wall of the park or garden, and the convent lay at a considerable distance behind and below them. Nor can the convent be said to front the line of approach of the enemy at all, since it is on the other side of the hill, which the French army never reached. Napier represents that the Duke fought the battle of Busaco 'because it was necessary to satisfy public opinion, though the battle was not to be estimated by the result of the fighting. Massena might by victory gain everything; a defeat would scarcely hurt him.\*' But that was not the

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\* *Peninsular War*, vol. xii. p. 6.

Duke of Wellington's opinion. He distinctly reports to Lord Liverpool on the 3rd November, 1810: 'If the expedition into Portugal had been founded upon military principle only, *it would have ended at Busaco*; and I do not hesitate to acknowledge that I expected that Massena would retire from thence, or at all events would not advance beyond the Mondego. But he has continued to advance, contrary to every military principle.' At the time of the battle he had no longer any communication with Spain, and the Duke says (27th October): 'I calculate that a reinforcement of 15,000 men would not give him so good an army as he had at Busaco.' The French army suffered severe losses and a formidable shock in that defeat, although the position was one that could be turned, and was turned on the following day; but it was under these discouraging circumstances that the existence of the lines of Torres Vedras dawned upon them. Napoleon remarked with his usual sagacity, that war in mountainous countries presents a series of strong defensive positions, which it is impossible to attack and carry except at a great disadvantage. The art of the general in such countries consists, therefore, in dislodging the enemy from his defensive positions by compelling him to evacuate them without an actual conflict. That is precisely what Massena failed to do at Busaco, and even Ney prognosticated that the operation would fail.

If there is one class of persons more than another to whom a tour in Portugal presents surpassing interest, it is to military men and to those who take an interest in military operations. In no part of Europe have British troops operated under the command of so great a master of the art of war, and in none is the whole theatre of these operations so compact and accessible. An autumn spent on the Tagus, the Coa, the Mondego, and the Douro, with Napier's History in one saddle-bag and the Duke's Despatches in the other, or Sir Edward Cust's most useful military manuals, would be of as much value to a young officer as a whole course of lectures at the Staff College.

There are always details in the position and configuration of places and objects of which no description conveys an accurate notion. For example, no exploit in war is better known, or more worthy to be known, than the Duke's passage of the Douro in May, 1809, in face of Soult and the French army. The Serra Convent on the left bank of the river, in Villa Nova, still crowns the jutting rock or cliff from which the Duke surveyed the city, and the spot may yet be seen where the British guns were placed so as to sweep the opposite bank, though the convent itself was nearly demolished in the



Miguelite siege of 1832. But Oporto, like all the chief Portuguese towns, is built on an exceeding sharp declivity. The Douro forces its way in this place between dark overhanging cliffs on either shore, hardly less lofty and precipitous than the rock of Ehrenbreitstein opposite Coblenz on the Rhine. Mr. Smith compares them to the cliffs of the Avon just below Bristol. The Serra Convent on the left bank is scarcely, if at all, higher than the Seminary—the building capable of holding two battalions on the right bank, into which the British troops made their way. Napier's plan of the operation, and his description of the Seminary, that 'it was easy of access from the river,' leads one to suppose that it stands upon the bank; and so in fact it does, but the bank itself is a cliff of considerable elevation and as steep as the rock of Edinburgh Castle. The adjoining cemetery at the same level is high enough to command a view of the whole city and environs. The difficulty and peril of the operation was therefore increased by the circumstance that the British soldiers who landed under Colonel Waters had to make their way up a very sharp and rough ascent, where an alarm given to the enemy must have proved fatal to the enterprise.

From Oporto the most picturesque scenery in Portugal begins. The traveller may proceed, as Mr. Smith did, by Braga to Ponte de Lima, to navigate that charming stream—the air redolent of the perfume of the rose and the honeysuckle, with a chorus of nightingales singing from the banks. Or he may visit the wine districts of the Alto Douro, passing by Amarante to Pozo de Regoa by an excellent road, and returning by one of the Douro boats which run down to Oporto in seven hours when the river is full, through some of the most beautiful river-scenery in the world. The English colony of merchants at Oporto has lost nothing of its ancient renown for hospitality, and if any man labours under the prevailing inability to drink port wine, he cannot do better than make an acquaintance with that truly national beverage on the spot where it is grown. We are ourselves convinced that the wines of the Alto Douro are amongst the finest and most generous in the world, and that the disfavour into which port wine has fallen amongst the higher classes of English society arises entirely from a change of taste as to the manner in which the wine is prepared for our market. We have no doubt that for many years to come 'the full-bodied, deeply-coloured, heavy wine' described by Mr. Smith, will continue to be 'attractive to the English palate' of a large number of her Majesty's subjects. But there is also 'a tawny-hued,

‘lighter, clean-tasted nectar, extensively consumed by the English residents in Oporto,’ and, we may add, by the Portuguese themselves, which has far higher and more delicate qualities. For some reason which has never been explained to us, the inhabitants of Oporto, whilst they consume none of the dark and heavy port wine at their own tables, carefully prevent this lighter and superior quality of their wines from becoming a common object of trade, as if they conceived it to be too good for the foreign consumer. There is no question that Portugal abounds in wines which may with skilful treatment be rendered available for the British market. Wine is to a great extent an artificial product, depending for its excellence almost as much upon skilful treatment as upon growth. The growth in Portugal is excellent. The treatment is old-fashioned and out of date. But we are persuaded that it is within the power of the Portuguese wine-growers, or of English wine merchants settled in Portugal, to produce and bring to market wines better suited than those of France to the taste of the people of this country and (barring the spirit they think proper to add to them) at the same rate of duty. The time is past when the commercial relations of England and Portugal could be maintained at the price of discriminating duties or fiscal indulgences granted at the cost of the general trade of the country and of the consumer; and the commercial system of Portugal had been so entirely constructed by the Marquis Pombal on the strictest principles of monopoly, that the Portuguese have considerable difficulty in embracing to their full extent the principles of free trade. Even now the exigencies of the treasury are urged to justify one of the most oppressive tariffs of import duties existing in Europe. We agree with Mr. Lowe that this country has no sufficient motive to make its commercial relations with Portugal the subject of diplomatic engagements. But we are not the less convinced that the independence and prosperity of Portugal are matters of permanent interest to the people of England. The traditional policy of centuries is seldom mistaken; and those who will take the trouble to visit the country in the kindly spirit displayed by Mr. Smith in this little volume, will find ample reason to hope and to desire that the ancient friendly relations of the two nations may be maintained and improved.

ART. VII.—*Saint Paul*. Par ERNEST RENAN. 8vo. Paris: 1869.

INDICATIONS are not wanting at the present moment that the course of theological speculation is passing through a great change. For a long time its direction, where it had any free course at all, was towards criticism and analysis. Ancient manuscripts were disinterred; primitive liturgies were dissected, and their fragments carefully labelled with notes of time and place; Church history was pulled to pieces, and forced to part with its most shameful pages of forgery and falsehood; the creeds and canons of the Middle Ages were scrutinized, word by word; and the Gospels themselves had to support an inquiry which magnified by a thousand diameters every flaw, and left us (at any rate) in perfect assurance that no error or discrepancy had, by any possibility, escaped detection. But now, both writers and readers alike seem to have had enough of demolition. Every one feels that, for all rational purposes, such criticism has had its day. The most important theological books which issue now from the press are of a reconstructive character. Revised texts and versions of the Bible are projected. New commentaries, on a large scale, are in course of preparation. Truer representations of great epochs in Church history are being attempted; and a more vivid conception of Scripture scenes and persons—and even of our Lord's own character and life—are fast driving the untenable charges of myth and imposture out of people's minds.

Among those whose writings are contributing to bring about this important result, we do not hesitate to assign a place to M. Renan. His orthodoxy, indeed, may not be unquestionable; he may even be—though we do not think he is—‘preaching Christ of envy and strife.’ But still, amid the growing disaffection of our age to Christianity, and amid the incredible fogs of ignorance and superstition, which the mendacity of Rome has contrived to throw round the whole subject—it is no small gain, in some nominally Christian quarters, that Christ should be preached at all. It is no small advantage that Christian history should, at least, be recognised as a real history. It is of unspeakable importance that men, like the Apostle Paul, should be rescued from the dream-land of legend, and should be restored in their proper person to the love and veneration of the modern world.

It is true that M. Renan's former volumes in this series, the

'*Vie de Jésus*' and the '*Apôtres*,' were, in our opinion, marred by some very gross misconceptions of the Saviour's character and person, and disfigured by a most unphilosophical prejudice against miracles. Such misconceptions and such prejudices are deeply to be regretted. They render it impossible to regard M. Renan as a master-builder, or to attribute anything like finality to his work. But then neither does he himself, it appears, claim any such character for it. 'These problems,' he says, 'are only some among the innumerable questions of which the world is full, and which the curious set themselves to examine. No one ought to be offended by a mere theoretical opinion.\*' It is, then, as a theorist that he presents himself; as one who has attempted to gather up the *disjecta membra* of primitive Church History from the four winds to which criticism had scattered them, and to give them once more coherence and meaning. The purpose which he has in view is (we may suppose) like that of Darwin in another sphere, to provide a temporary hypothesis, which may or may not turn out in all respects to be correct, but which at any rate will do service to the cause of truth, by aiding men to group the vast accumulation of ascertained facts, and to present them to their imagination in an intelligible form.

Meantime, his industry is as amazing as ever. The accumulation of references at the foot of the page is sometimes quite overpowering; and until one remembers the facilities given for this sort of work, by the plodding industry of innumerable Germans, who have gone this way before, one would say it surpassed the powers of any single student to accomplish. The consequence is that M. Renan's pictures are crowded with detail, and finished to minuteness. When it is added that, not only the libraries of Paris, but also the memoranda of his own travels in the East, have been laid under contribution; and that, as Macaulay and Froude have based many of their most brilliant historical novelties on disinterred pamphlets, tracts, and fly-sheets of a distant day, so M. Renan has diligently gleaned among 'inscriptions' and almost literally has left no stone unturned on either shore of the Levant, in support of each trifling detail or passing remark—it will be easily understood that his narrative does not often stand still from lack of materials, or languish from any deficiency in variety or life.

But it will also, we think, be understood, how there is one

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\* *Apôtres*, p. lii.

besetting sin which—naturally, no doubt, but not therefore excusably—lures astray from the plain road of truth almost all such gleaners in the field of history. It is the temptation to sacrifice veracity to the demands of art, and to give *equable* finish to a whole picture, when the data really gleaned are insufficient to give more than a patchwork aspect to it. Under the stress of this temptation, the fragment of an inscription, or the torn shred of a fly-sheet, acquires a factitious importance. It becomes to its fortunate discoverer, no longer a mere slippery stepping-stone across some quaking morass, but a broad and adamantine foundation on which a whole chapter of history may be built. Thus a habit of false judgment is unawares formed as to the comparative worth of materials; and predilection with its fairy wand sorts the tangled heap into some desired shape, long before patient plodding candour has addressed itself to the task. From this temptation, it is clear, M. Renan has not wholly escaped. How else, for instance, could he have imported (without one word of warning) long quotations from the ‘Clementine Homilies’—an Ebionite work of the last quarter of the second century—into his detailed description of St. James’s emissaries at Antioch more than 100 years before? (p. 291, &c.) How else could five words culled from a treatise of Tertullian in Africa at A.D. 200, be made the sole proof of an osculatory custom attributed to certain churches in the East at A.D. 54? (p. 262.) Why should that patent forgery the ‘Acts of Peter,’ be thought trustworthy enough to fill up the details required in narrating a voyage of that Apostle along the Syrian coast (p. 282); the ‘Shepherd of Hermas,’ written about A.D. 150, be adduced to prove ‘public penances in the germ,’ in St. Paul’s time (p. 240); the ‘Acts of Paul and Thecla,’ ‘which repose on no reality,’ be enlisted to give point and sentiment to St. Paul’s (wholly imaginary) hysterical conversions at Iconium (p. 40); and Hegesippus’ portraiture of St. James—‘partly composed of traits *à priori*’—be repeatedly employed as if it were composed of traits taken from the life? (p. 78, &c.) In all these cases, one can easily see that the temptation to trick out his narrative—if not by fair means then by forcible ones—has been too strong for M. Renan. The result is, to throw us on our guard against the fascinations of his style. A novel is a good thing in its way—and so is a history—but of all literary pitfalls, a historical-novel is the worst and the most mischievous, especially if it deal with theology.

But although we thus place ourselves upon our guard, we are not disposed to be captious in our criticism of a work

which we cordially acknowledge, on the whole, to be by far the most interesting and instructive 'Life of St. Paul' it has ever been our good fortune to read. This volume takes us through the whole period of, what we may call, the Ministry of the great Apostle—embracing those all-important fifteen or sixteen years (A.D. 45-61) during which his three missionary journeys were undertaken, and the infant Church, with four bold strides, advanced from Jerusalem to Antioch, from Antioch to Ephesus, from Ephesus to Corinth, and from Corinth to Rome. Once arrived there, once securely planted in that central and commanding position, strange to say, the Church, with all its *dramatis personæ*, suddenly vanishes from our view. The densest clouds of obscurity immediately gather round its history, which our eager curiosity in vain attempts to penetrate. It is gone, amid a wreath of smoke, as completely as when a train plunges into a tunnel. In the words of M. Renan, 'the arrival of St. Paul at Rome,—owing to 'the decision taken by the author of the "Acts" to close 'his narrative at that point,—marks for the History of the 'Origin of Christianity the commencement of a profound night, 'illuminated only by the lurid fires of Nero's horrible festivities and by the lightning-flash of the Apocalypse.' The causes of this sudden and confounding disappearance have not, to this day, been thoroughly investigated; though (as we shall attempt to show farther on) the investigation need not by any means be regarded as a hopeless one. But at all events the fact remains undisputed; and its obvious consequence is that of all periods of Church history, the fifteen or twenty years which preceded this eclipse are the most worthy of a profound study, the most fruitful of great principles governing all the future destinies of the Church, the most thick-set with events—small in scale, perhaps, but mighty in results—determining the angle with which in the far-off future some tremendous blow should dash upon the strongholds of evil, and worthy (if ever human events were worthy) of a special Divine guidance.

Not without some emotions of anxiety, therefore, will every intelligent person who approaches the subject at all, ask the important preliminary question—What, and of what value, are the documents that have come down to us from this eventful period? Are we here condemned to wander amid the half-lights of legend and tradition? Are we at the mercy of writers at second, third, and fourth hand, who will be sure to give us a mere selection of the facts, strongly coloured by their own subjective fancies? Or are we in possession of clear and

undoubted evidence, such as would be received in a modern court of law?

The answer to this question is fortunately as clear and undisputed as it is happy and reassuring. In all such cases, what we most desire to find are unquestionable contemporary records. And here we have precisely what we want. It can never be repeated too often or kept in mind too distinctly, that amid all the oceans of biblical speculation and criticism with which we have been inundated in the last few years, one summit remains absolutely unshaken and wholly unsubmerged—viz., the four Epistles of St. Paul to the Romans, Corinthians, and Galatians. These have resisted all attempts at demolition. These have never been denied, even by the greatest masters of denial and doubt, to be written by St. Paul, or to date from the time usually assigned to them. Baur, the founder of the (so-called) Tübingen school, himself confesses that 'they bear so incontestably upon them the Pauline stamp, that it is quite impossible to conceive how critical doubt could ever establish any rights against them.'\* With such an admission as this, we for our own part should be perfectly contented; for we are fully persuaded that, even on this narrow basis, the whole of Christianity might be reconstructed. But M. Renan candidly presents us with a far wider and more satisfactory foundation than this:—

'The thirteen epistles which expressly claim St. Paul for their author may be ranged, in point of authenticity, in five classes: (1.) those beyond all question—viz., Galatians, 1 and 2 Corinthians, Romans; (2.) those of ascertained, though at one time impugned, authenticity—viz., 1 and 2 Thessalonians and Philippians; (3.) those of probable, though gravely impeached, authenticity—viz., Colossians and its annexed note to Philemon; (4.) a doubtful epistle—viz., that to the Ephesians; (5.) spurious epistles—viz., 1 and 2 Timothy and Titus. . . . The language of the Epistle to the Colossians varies from that of the certain epistles; its vocabulary is slightly different; its style has more of emphasis and roundness, less of spring and spontaneousness; at times it is embarrassed, declamatory, overcharged; like the style of the spurious epistles, to Timothy and Titus. . . . Still, nothing of all this is decisive. If the Epistle to the Colossians be (as we believe it to be) the work of St. Paul, it was written in the later times of the Apostle's life when his biography is very obscure. . . . As to the epistle now labelled "to the Ephesians," the truest hypothesis seems to be that it was not addressed to any particular church, but was (if indeed it be by St. Paul) simply a circular letter, destined for the churches of Asia. . . . That Paul should have written or dictated this letter, seems almost impossible to admit; but one cannot say it is

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\* Paulus, p. 248.

improbable that it should have been composed during his lifetime, under his eye, in his name. . . . There remain the two epistles to Timothy and the Epistle to Titus. Their authenticity labours under insurmountable difficulties; and I regard them as spurious pieces.' (Introd. p. v., &c.)

We have here placed before the reader the net results of M. Renan's critical remarks, expressed in his own words. Of the three pastoral epistles, thus summarily rejected, we shall have more to say presently. But putting these aside, it appears that M. Renan allows us to build up our conception of St. Paul's life and character, with great security, upon the remaining ten epistles, and to check, by their aid, the biographical record given us in the 'Acts.' The ground then being thus secure beneath our feet, we proceed to inquire—with M. Renan's assistance—who and what St. Paul really was.

Born at Tarsus, a *Greek* city and university on the southern coast of Asia Minor, a *Roman* citizen by birth, and educated (at some later period) at the feet of Gamaliel, the most learned and liberal-minded teacher of the *Jewish* Law then in Jerusalem, the youthful Paul was every way fitted by the circumstances of his early life for that Apostolate to the Gentiles to which he afterwards felt he had been called even 'from his mother's womb.' The title, 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews,' which had been written in three languages and affixed to the cross, was now to be borne, by one personally connected with all those three races, from Jerusalem to Athens, and from Athens to Rome. Just when all was ready for his agency to become most efficient, when such facts as the conversion of 'a great company of the priests,' and the favour of the Pharisee party had made Christianity respectable in the eyes of the Jews all over the world, and when 'the persecution about Stephen' had projected fragments of the Hellenist section of the Church into its new and prolific seedplot at Antioch—then this long-prepared Evangelist was fused, as by a flash of lightning, from a persecutor into an Apostle, and commissioned without delay to bear Christ's name, not merely among Hebrews and Hellenists, but out beyond into the great dark world of heathenism.

All this may seem to some people nothing more than the ordinary course of events. To us, we must confess, it appears to mark what the Bible calls 'the finger of God.' In other words, when we see in the course of human history the ground prepared and the surroundings specially adapted for some germinant fact or personage, in whom the whole future lies enveloped, and then behold that fact or personage emerging,



into view just at 'the fulness of times,'—we claim as much right to refer this observed phenomenon to the great governing Reason in the universe, and to withdraw it from any supposed occult force called chance, as the man of science claims in analogous cases. Indeed, we do not see how such a claim can even be contested by any sensible man. All that can fairly be contested is, What is the most befitting language in which to express so very obvious a truth? And, for our own part, we infinitely prefer the old Biblical language on these subjects—which has some glimmer of meaning even for the ignorant and lowly, and passes, as coin current of the realm, freely to and fro from the study to the workshop, and from the philosopher to the child upon the school-bench.

If M. Renan does not use this sort of language, it is, as he himself explains to us, because he wishes in the present work to take up the position of a mere historical Positivist. Any theory he may propose is proposed simply as a help to the imagination. He would not teach it for the world. His utmost ambition is to join the noble army of handicraftsmen in this science, and humbly to prepare *data* which theology may afterwards work up into more masterly forms, suitable to the needs of mankind. For all which, theology, if she knows what she is about, will be very much obliged to him.

And now the great Apostle, being prepared for his work, leaves his brief retirement among the brethren at Damascus and its neighbourhood, and goes up to Jerusalem to see James and Peter, the only apostles at that time staying in the city. Thus much we are told by St. Paul himself, in his Epistle to the Galatians. From the 'Acts of the Apostles' we are enabled to add two farther touches;—viz., that these two apostles and the whole mother-church held aloof from him at first with terror, until he was introduced to their confidence by Barnabas: and also, that his fiery ardour led him at once to attack the Hellenist Jews whom he found there, and who therefore soon threatened his life and drove him away to Tarsus.

It is a brief story, all too briefly told. For in this short 'fifteen days with Peter' what interesting conversations must have been held! What securities given and taken, that neither one nor the other should hereafter 'run in vain, or labour in vain'! What foundations laid for that conjunction which, after long years of conflict, ensued, when the crossing walls of Jewish and Gentile Christianity found their meeting-point and corner-stone in Christ! Would that we knew more! But in fact we know nothing. And the next time that St. Paul

appeared on this classic ground of traditionalism and sacred antiquities (if we except one brief visit, which M. Renan most gratuitously denies), was some eleven years later, on the occasion of that momentous Council at Jerusalem which is so graphically described in the fifteenth chapter of the 'Acts,' and which M. Renan rightly calls 'one of the most solemn hours in the whole history of Christianity.'

. Meanwhile, during those eleven years, the grand question, which that 'solemn hour' was to decide, had already been virtually decided in practice. Thousands of Gentile converts had already been admitted as acknowledged citizens of the new kingdom of the Jewish Messiah, without submitting to circumcision or in any way enrolling themselves as Jews. And they were already strong enough to defy any attempt, if it had been seriously made, to cast them out of the Church. For it was now five years ago that St. Paul had obeyed at Antioch the call which sent him forth with Barnabas, to carry a line of missions all along the northern rim of the great Mediterranean basin,—until at last the line reached to Rome, the capital of the ancient world. Both the setting forth from Antioch, and the details and surroundings of the subsequent events, are narrated by M. Renan with wonderfully graphic effect. Indeed it is from this point that his present work begins.

Among all these details, perhaps there is none which he presents in a more vivid and interesting light than those relating to the 'old Jewries'—the ghettos, the Jewish rookeries—which existed, under the shelter of the Roman Empire, in all the great commercial cities both of the East and West. It was in these (as the 'Acts of the Apostles' perpetually remind us) that the floating seeds of the Gospel first took root. Here, caught in sheltered hollows, past which the denuding floods of war and revolution often swept harmlessly by, lay patches of Semitic soil, scattered (shall we say, by chance?) over the whole Roman and Parthian world. Amid the break-up of the Roman Republic, the Jews had almost always taken the right side. When Mithridates was gathering the forces of the East, edged with Greek arms and civilisation, to carve out from the decaying mass another Græco-Syrian Empire, we may be sure the memory of Maccabæan times rendered every Jew in Asia a secret Roman partisan. When the Parthians, flushed with the defeat of Crassus, came pouring across the Euphrates, no barrier seemed to Rome so safe as an independent Jewish kingdom under Herod. During Pompey's ascendancy, it was the Jews who assisted him against Aretas. When Pompey fell and Cæsar rose, it was the Jews

who secured Egypt for the Empire. When Cæsar was slain, and Antony and Augustus were face to face at Actium, a strangely opportune defeat by the Arabians prevented the Jews, by a hair's breadth, from throwing their army into the wrong scale, and enabled them to make a lasting friendship with the conqueror. Thus the Jews were, in the first half of the first century after Christ, among the most favoured nations of the Roman Empire; their complaints were always attended to; their princes were often welcome guests at Cæsar's table; and their religion was distinctly recognised as a *religio licita* by the State, however much individuals might amuse themselves with what seemed its grotesqueness and absurdity. Meanwhile a profound peace reigned along the shores of the Mediterranean, from the pillars of Hercules to the harbours of Phœnicia and Egypt. Though commerce on the large scale was grievously taxed and gradually ruined by the unsound fiscal policy of the Empire, commerce on the small scale, and as it was carried on by Jewish hucksters, remained comparatively unharmed. So that a certain prosperity reigned among these Jewish colonies; and the struggle for life was not so severe as to exclude either time or inclination for questions relating to their common faith, or for attempts (which were just at this time singularly successful) to propagate their tenets quietly among the surrounding heathen. Without stopping to point out the strange concurrence of all these circumstances in favouring the rapid spread of the Gospel, let us now hear from M. Renan what was the outward aspect of one of these 'Jewries' to a stranger just arriving, as St. Paul might do, from some foreign country.

'These Jewish settlements formed distinct quarters, often closed by a gate, and subject in religious matters to a ruler who was armed with very considerable powers. In the centre was a common court, and usually a place for meeting and for prayers. . . . These little *coteries* formed excellent vehicles for the propagation of doctrine. Every one knew, every one watched over his neighbour. . . . The synagogue was, generally speaking, undistinguishable from the ordinary houses; forming, with the quarter of which it was the bond and centre, a narrow street or alley. There was always one mark by which these quarters might be known; and that was, by the absence of all sculpture representing animal life.' (P. 10.)

'At Rome the principal Jewish quarter was situated beyond the Tiber; that is to say, in the poorest and dirtiest part of the city,—probably where the Porta Portese stands at present. There, in those days as well as in our own, was the Port of Rome, the quay on which merchandise was unladen, coming up in flat boats from Ostia. It was the haunt of Jews and of Syrians,—“nations born (as Cicero says) to

"be slaves." In fact, the first instalment of the Jewish population at Rome had been formed of freedmen, the descendants (for the most part) of those whom Pompey had brought prisoners to Rome. . . . In these abject quarters of the town no Roman possessed of any self-respect ever set his foot. They were places given over to the most despised classes of society, with their unwholesome trades,—to tanners, fell-mongers, paper-makers. . . . And thus, protected by the disdain which they inspired, and little affected by the railleries of the higher classes, the Jews across the Tiber lived in a world of their own, teeming with social and religious activity. They had their schools of *hakamin*; nowhere was the ritual and ceremonial part of their law more scrupulously observed; and their synagogues present the most complete specimen of organisation of which we have any knowledge. The titles of "father" or "mother of the synagogue" were highly prized. Rich female proselytes took biblical names; converted their slaves along with themselves; had Scripture explained to them by the doctors; built houses of prayer; and showed themselves proud of the consideration they enjoyed within this narrow circle. The poor Jewess found the means, while begging in a trembling voice, to slip a few words of the Law into the grand Roman lady's ear, and often gained the matron over, while she received a handful of small money from her bounty. The keeping of the Sabbath and of the Jewish feasts is, in Horace's estimation, the sign of being a weak-minded man, one of the crowd, *unus multorum*.' (P. 101, &c.) .

No one can deny that this is a graphic, if an unfriendly, description of the lowly haunts of Jewish traders and emigrants, in which Christianity, throughout the great cities of the Empire, first took root. The point has been often dwelt on by previous writers—by Gibbon, and before him by Hume, and before them by Julian and by Celsus; and, long before them all—and that with great emphasis—by the New Testament itself. But these details are new, and they certainly help us to imagine with considerable distinctness the picturesque confusion, the confined and somewhat stifling atmosphere (both mental and material), and the prolific admixture of races and ideas, teeming with the germs of a wholly new order of things, which was the result of that confluence between the Oriental and the Roman world, deplored by the contemporary Juvenal:—

'Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes.'

Well might he deplore it. For, as we at this distance of time can clearly see, to him and such as he, and to all that the genuine old-fashioned Roman loved and honoured, it was indeed 'the last time.' The East was slowly but irresistibly conquering the West. It might take three centuries ere that conquest was consummated—as it might take centuries for a

creeping glacier to overspread a valley, or for one species of plant to oust another from a continent. But the ultimate result was equally sure. At the end of that time the Tiber would be running red with Roman blood beneath the Milvian bridge; an Eastern cross among his standards, and a 'Sol invictus' upon his coins, would reveal the master of the Roman world hesitating between the Baal and the Messiah of the Jewish Scriptures; and the mistress of the Empire would be no longer Rome but a Christian rival upon the Bosphorus,—destined to succumb, in its turn, to a yet more energetic wave of a yet more highly-coloured Asiatic influence, and then to bar the Orontes from any reconquest by the Tiber, till—an hour which certainly has not yet struck.

Meanwhile, had it but been given to Roman eyes to comprehend it, they would have seen the stealthy Asiatic foe that was to conquer them, putting on by degrees its Western aspect, arming itself by degrees with the Western logic, learning by degrees to clothe itself in a Western philosophy, as it gradually advanced along the northern shores of the Mediterranean towards its future home. Its impersonation was almost as incredible at this time, as it was some eighteen years before in Palestine. It was not to be seen in Philo the Platonic Jew, who had lately visited Rome with all his Alexandrian subtleties and allegories in his quiver, and had gone again without discharging a shaft. He was but a Jew still,—and a Jew spoilt, rather than humanised, by dwelling beneath the shadow of that greatest university of the ancient world, that outpost of Europe against Asia in the South, the 'Museum' of the Ptolemies. Nor was it to be recognised in Apollonius the magician, the contemporary and all but countryman of St. Paul, who must have crossed his path at Ephesus and was wending his way, like him, from East to West as a teacher of wisdom and religion. He was but a Greek still,—and a Greek intoxicated and mystified, rather than deepened and humbled, by his contact with the complicated subtleties of Indian Pantheism. Nor, again, was it to be seen in the Herods and Agrippas and Bernices and Tiridates. They were but crowned and glittering nothings, bubbles borne along on the mere surface-stream of politics; bringing with them nothing but their vices, carrying back with them nothing but a greater power to oppress and denationalise their wretched subjects. It was in none of these that the East was advancing to overpower and transform, and then to transfer to another race, the glorious and mighty empire of the Cæsars. Rather, it was in the person of a poor tent-maker,—making good use indeed of the material aids

which Roman civilisation lent him, toiling along Roman roads, protecting himself by his Roman citizenship, using the regular lines of maritime traffic, appealing to Cæsar, and at last borne to his long wished-for 'Rome' at the expense of the State,—but meantime supporting himself precariously by his trade, living (as we say) from hand to mouth, making no impression anywhere on the established authorities in the Pagan Church or State, and only repeating to the bewildered eyes of town-clerks and proconsuls the spectacle that provoked Claudius to strong measures of repression, viz. "Judæos, impulsore Chresto, assidue tumultuantes." Who in the world could have imagined that maps of this man's painful and zigzag journeys would hang up in all the schoolrooms of Europe, after the lapse of 1,800 years, rather than of Claudius's expedition into Britain, or Nero's artistic tour in Greece? Who could believe that this man's well-worn 'parchments' would be eagerly studied, translated, and revised at the distance of eighteen centuries; and the very 'cloak that he left behind at 'Troas' be contended for as the orthodox pattern for an ecclesiastical vestment, far away in the country of Caractacus and Boadicea? Verily, truth is stranger than fiction; and we may add (from quite another point of view) 'as for the truth, it endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth for evermore.'\*

We have here to note, in connexion with this first journey of St. Paul, two very important points in the graphic narrative of M. Renan. The first is, the statement of a fact which, if true, is of the greatest possible interest to every reader of the New Testament—namely, that the churches of Galatia, to which that deeply interesting Epistle 'to the 'Galatians' was addressed, were no other than the churches at Iconium, Lystra, and Derbe, that we all know so well from the fourteenth chapter of the 'Acts.' It has hitherto been generally supposed that the 'Galatia' of the Epistle was some unknown, out of the way region in the northern parts of Asia Minor, near the capital, Ancyra. But M. Renan undertakes to prove, and we think with considerable success, that this is a mistake. His argument is as follows:—

'Up to this time the preaching of the Gospel had only borne fruit in the great cities, where was to be found a numerous trading population. Henceforth there were to be churches in small towns. But neither Iconium, nor Lystra, nor Derbe, were considerable enough to constitute a mother-church, like Corinth or Ephesus. So Paul fell

\* 1 Esdras, iv. 38.

into the habit of designating the Christians of Lycaonia by the name of the province which they inhabited. Now this province was "Galatia,"—using the word as it was used by the Roman administration. For the Roman province of Galatia was far from being coincident with that country occupied by Gallic adventurers, of which Ancyra was the centre. It was an artificial agglomeration, answering to a transitory union of provinces which had been put into the hands of the Galatian king Amyntas. . . . At the end of his reign, in B.C. 25, he held—besides Galatia properly so called—Lycaonia and Isauria (as far as Derbe inclusively), the south-east and east parts of Phrygia, with the towns of Antioch and Apollonia, Pisidia and Stony Cilicia. All these countries, at his death, formed a single Roman province, with the exception of Stony Cilicia and the Pamphylian towns. . . . And this state of things lasted a long time; Ancyra being the capital of the whole, which thus comprised almost all the central parts of Asia Minor. The Romans thought it good policy to decompose nationalities and to throw their traditions into confusion, by changing in this way old geographical lines and creating arbitrary administrative groups,—like our "Departments." Now Paul was in the habit of designating each country by its administrative name [e.g. "Asia," "Macedonia," "Achaia"]. And the country which he had evangelised, from Antioch in Pisidia as far as Derbe, was for him "Galatia"; and the Christians of that country "Galatians." (P. 48.)

We do not think that sufficient attention has hitherto been paid to these facts. Certainly it adds a new pleasure to the perusal of the Epistle, if we can imagine those who 'would have plucked out their own eyes and given them to me' as belonging perhaps to Lois' or Eunice's family, or as companions of the youthful Timothy at Lystra; if the 'suffering 'so many things in vain,' be a reference to the persecutions recorded in Acts xiv.; and if the infirmity of the flesh, alluded to in the Epistle, were the cause of 'Luke the physician' being attached to St. Paul's company, who afterwards sends salutations to the neighbouring town of Colosse, and whose native place tradition makes to be Antioch [of Pisidia], within this very district.

The second point we have to note, is a very important omission. Neither in the account of this first missionary journey, nor in any of the subsequent chapters, does M. Renan vouchsafe to throw any light upon the question, *What* precisely it was that St. Paul taught during these early missions: What it was, that converted wholesale so many Jews and heathens to Christianity: What was the 'mould of doctrine' into which they were cast. It is not till we reach nearly the end of the volume, that we are given an analysis of the Epistle to the Romans—by way (we may suppose) of supplying all past deficiencies. But it is obvious, that a polemical Epistle, on a

certain contested point of interest mainly to people of Jewish training, written moreover (as M. Renan allows) at the very end of St. Paul's active ministry ere he set sail for the last time from Corinth for Jerusalem, can hardly be taken to represent accurately the fervid oral teaching by which his first successes were gained, and which attached his early converts to him with so strong and lasting a loyalty. We are now at A.D. 45. But the Epistle to the Romans was not written till A.D. 58. During all these thirteen years can we suppose—with the letters to the Thessalonians also in our hand—that no changes passed over St. Paul's mind; so that a letter written at the end of the period, and to persons he had never seen, may fairly represent his oral preaching, in the beginning of the period, to persons with whom he was living in the closest daily intimacy? We think therefore we have some reason to complain of M. Renan for his reticence; and we feel that, while we are treated to a feast of pictorial description, and have gained endless information about the looks and surroundings of the great mission—of its innermost life, its real meaning, the secret of the hold it gained upon men of varied rank and culture and intelligence, M. Renan can tell us nothing at all.

Yet if, on a calm and judicial review of the whole matter, we found ourselves obliged to believe, that the life and labours of St. Paul amounted to nothing more than a fevered and aimless wandering up and down the earth, with nothing very particular to say, except to announce the coming end of the world, which turned out to be a mistake; and to teach an excellent morality, which was taught almost equally well by Buddhist teachers and by Greek philosophers;—for such a life we should certainly feel neither sympathy nor admiration, and as to explaining the problem of its marvellous success,—we should think we had got just so far as a mathematician who had written down his figures on the paper, or a chemist who had arranged his bottles on the shelf.

The truth is, that it is impossible for M. Renan, while holding his present convictions, to give an intelligible account of these missions. He has persuaded himself that the resurrection of Jesus Christ was an hallucination; and that His subsequent appearances to His disciples were simply delusions, arising from the heated state of their imaginations. He cannot therefore, in justice to his subject and his own preconceived ideas, bring himself to represent things as the 'Acts of the Apostles' and St. Paul's own letters represent them. There, one thing is foremost—the historical fact of Christ's resurrection from



the dead. There, the burden of the Apostles' preaching, the very purpose and *raison d'être* of their being Apostles at all, is to bear witness to the truth of this event. When it is proposed to elect a twelfth Apostle in the place of the traitor Judas, the reason is simply that he may 'be a witness, with us, of the resurrection.' When St. Peter preaches the first Christian sermon at Pentecost, the pith of it is, 'This Jesus hath God raised up; whereof we all are witnesses;' and when he next opens his lips, in the Temple, it is to repeat the same thing: 'Whom God hath raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses.' On this, with St. John, he is carried before the Sanhedrim; and here it is the same testimony: 'Jesus, whom ye crucified, God hath raised from the dead.' On the morrow they are arrested again; but it is only to repeat the same asseveration. At Joppa, Peter holds the same tone: 'Him God raised up the third day, and showed Him openly.' At Antioch in Pisidia, Paul makes a great and successful sermon; but the burden of it is: 'God raised Him from the dead, and He was seen many days of them who are witnesses unto the people.' Ere long he has to address quite a different sort of audience at Athens; but the testimony is the same: 'God will judge the world by that man whom He hath chosen; whereof He hath given assurance, in that He hath raised Him from the dead.' Presently he begins to write epistles; and to the Thessalonians preaches 'Jesus, whom God raised from the dead'; to the Galatians, 'Jesus Christ, and God the Father who raised Him from the dead'; to the Corinthians, 'If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain'; to the Romans, 'Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more.' In fact, we may say, turn where you will among these records of the early preaching of Christianity, and you never fail to find—amid whatever other matters of a temporary and local interest—this one foundation of the Faith ever pointed to, ever witnessed to, afresh,—the actual Resurrection of Christ. And yet in the face of all this, M. Renan all but removes it out of view; thinks to explain the Apostolic history and the 'origins of the Christian Church' without it; gives the whole drama, with the leading and central point of the plot omitted; and, to justify himself, quotes the Judaizers who disparaged St. Paul's vision of the risen Lord, in contrast with the means of certainty possessed by the twelve—forgetting how that proves the appearance to the twelve *not* to have been in the nature of a vision; and argues that St. Peter evidently agreed with St. Paul about the Lord's state after death—forgetting

that the argument may with equal cogency be reversed, and prove that St. Paul's notions agreed with St. Peter's.

But it is time to leave this first missionary journey, and the petty towns of proconsular Galatia, and to return with St. Paul on his momentous visit to the mother-church at Jerusalem, in order to attend (what is commonly called) the first Council of the Church. M. Renan is fully alive to the supreme importance of this moment, and has described it with great vivacity:—

'Paul, Barnabas, and Titus arrived thus at Jerusalem. It is one of the most solemn hours in the history of Christianity. The grand problem is about to be solved; the men on whom the whole future of the new religion depends, are about to meet face to face. On their greatness of mind, on their uprightness of heart, hangs the future of humanity. . . . Many of the Galileans had by this time disappeared; and their place had been taken by a certain number of persons belonging to the Pharisee party. Now "pharisee" was only another word for "devotee"; and these good saints at Jerusalem were accordingly strong devotees. Being far removed from the *esprit*, the delicacy, the elevation, of Jesus, they had fallen after his death into a sort of leaden bigotry, precisely similar to that which their Master had so strongly condemned. They were incapable of irony; they had almost forgotten the eloquent invectives of Jesus against hypocrites. Some of them had become a kind of Jewish "faqeeers," taking as their model John the Baptist and Banus, or "dervishes" given over to practices of devotion. . . . In short, the Church at Jerusalem had drifted more and more away from the spirit of Jesus. The dead weight of Judaism was too much for it. Jerusalem was no fit soil for the new faith to grow in, and would have ended by destroying it: for in this capital of Judaism, it was very difficult to cease being a Jew. The new men therefore, like St. Paul, almost systematically avoided residing there. And now that they were forced, under pain of separating themselves from the primitive Church, to come and hold conference with men of the older school, they found themselves in a position full of awkwardness and of immense peril to their cause, which could only succeed by concord and abnegation of self. The interview, in short, was singularly constrained and embarrassed. . . . When the question was introduced about circumcision and the necessity of keeping the Mosaic Law, dissension at once broke out. The Pharisee party stiffly asserted their pretensions. The party in favour of liberty replied with a triumphant vigour; and cited many instances in which uncircumcised persons had received the Holy Spirit. . . . Both sides were keen, animated, and almost unsympathising towards one another: no one renounced his previous opinion: the question was not brought to a solution: but they all remained united in the common work. The love which they had for Jesus, the memories in which they lived in common, formed a bond superior to all divisions. And the most fundamental divergence of opinion which the Church has ever experienced within her bosom, issued in no anathema. A grand example, which succeeding ages will find it hard to follow!' (P. 76, &c.)

It is easy to see that M. Renan has here been somewhat carried away by his admiration of the theories of the Tübingen school. He will not indeed go with them the whole way. He will not admit that the 'Acts of the Apostles' is altogether untrustworthy—a mere compilation belonging to the middle of the second century, 'unhistorical, arbitrary, and not even 'shrinking from absolute fictions.'\* He holds that it was the work of St. Luke, though not written till many years after St. Paul's death—viz., about A.D. 80. But still, he will not accept its more softened and mitigated narrative of these events; and maintains that, 'although (probably) the author 'has not invented his personages, yet he is a clever advocate, 'who writes to prove certain foregone conclusions, and to draw 'a support from facts of which he has heard people speak, for 'his own favourite theses; especially for the right of the Gentiles to enter the Church, and for the Divine institution of the 'hierarchy.'† We confess ourselves entirely at a loss to imagine what can be discovered in the 'Acts' indicating a fixed purpose to exalt the hierarchy. We can discover the election of a new Apostle by the whole body of the disciples, the reception of the great Apostle of the Gentiles into the Church by a simple layman at Damascus, the *placet* of the whole 'multitude' at the decision of the Council, the mission of Paul and Barnabas to their great work through the agency of mere 'prophets and 'teachers' at Antioch. But to find traces of a strong hierarchical tendency we hold to be absolutely impossible—except by the use of Tübingen lenses of so high a power as to introduce endless chances of error into the inquiry. The other allegation, on the contrary, we think to be perfectly well-founded. We trace (as no one can well fail to do) in the 'Acts of the Apostles' a distinct purpose to set forth in the strongest colours the legitimacy of the Gentile churches. But when we notice that this was also the main purpose of St. Paul's life, the ever-recurring subject of St. Paul's letters, the standing controversy of St. Paul's epoch,—so far from doubting the authenticity or the early date of the book on that account, we find here positive proof that it is, as we have always supposed it to be, a true relic of the apostolic age, one of those spontaneous productions of real men writing for their own age, not of affected philosophers writing for posterity, which the Providence of God has secured for us, and which the good

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\* Schwegler, 'Nachapost. Zeitalter,' vol. ii. p. 78.

† Apôtres, p. xxxix.

sense and fidelity of the Church has canonised as her 'regular' book of public lessons.

Well were it indeed if they who thus discover microscopic motes in others' eyes were to take some note of the monstrous beam which disfigures their own. But just as the wish is very often 'father to the thought,' so (in criticism especially) mighty are preconceived ideas, and they prevail sometimes over candour and truth; making a M. Renan see in Sergius Paulus' conversion a pleasing joke by which St. Paul was taken in, and in the Apostle's relations to Lydia an idyllic marriage of affection!—causing a M. de Saulcy to see, among the broken rocks of the Salt Lake, the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah; and the whole Tübingen school to find 'in every passage of the New Testament, where any natural and human collision occurs between 'the Jewish and Gentile Christians, marks of perfect authenticity,'—and *vice versâ*.\*

Warned then by the necessity of taking with a certain grain of allowance even this narrative of 'the most solemn hour in 'all Church history,' and perceiving how he (like the rest of us) has been unconsciously biassed, so as to cast aside the more calm and moderate history, and weave in by preference the more passionate and impetuous letter, because it *suit*ed him—we once more mount the graceful and triumphal chariot of our fascinating writer, only whispering to him that he too is mortal—and fallible.

The next stage of the history is concerned with St. Paul's second missionary journey, which occupied three years (A.D. 51–54), and for the first time brought him over into Europe and into contact with the hard, unimpressionable, polished surface of purely Greek philosophy, unalloyed (as it was in the East) by the softening elements of Jewish mysticism and theology. We cannot doubt that St. Paul learnt at Athens (as M. Renan takes care we shall not forget) some equally useful and unpleasant lessons. No human thing—may we not even dare to add, no Divine thing either?—ever made a permanent impression on the world without first 'learning by the things 'which he suffered.' Παθήματα μαθήματα; there is the law of all human progress. And we have no doubt that our author is substantially right, when he draws the following graphic picture of St. Paul at Athens:—

'Paul found himself here for several days quite alone, a thing which had not happened to him for a very long time; for his life had been a perpetual whirl, and he had never before travelled without two or three

\* Guericke, 'Kirchengeschichte,' vol. i. p. 53.

companions. Athens, too, was a thing unique in the whole world; and, any way, a thing totally unlike all he had ever seen before. Hence his embarrassment was extreme. While waiting for his companions, he set himself to take a review of the city, in every sense of the word. The Acropolis, especially, with its endless statues occupying the whole space and rendering it a museum without a rival anywhere, must have been the object of his most original reflexions. . . . But such wealth of wonders touched the Apostle very slightly. He saw the only perfect things that have ever existed, that ever will exist,—the Propylæum, that master-work of nobleness; the Parthenon, which humbles every other greatness but its own; the temple of Wingless Victory, worthy of the battles whose memory it enshrines; the Erechtheum, prodigy of elegance and refinement; the Errhephori, those divine young maidens, of port so full of grace;—he saw all that, yet his faith did not fail, his heart did not leap within him. The prejudices of the image-hating Jew rendered him blind to plastic beauty, and he took these incomparable images for “idols”: “his spirit was stirred within him (says “his biographer) when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry.” Ah! fair and chaste images, true gods and goddesses, tremble! Behold the man who is to lift the destroying hammer against you! The fatal word has been pronounced: you are but “idols”: and the error of this repulsive little Jew will be your death-warrant! . . . But it was principally as a place of education that Athens was now exercising its singular *prestige*. This new destiny (which under Hadrian and M. Aurelius was to put on so definite a character) had begun two centuries before. The city of Miltiades and Pericles had become transformed into a university-town, a sort of Oxford,—the resort of all the young nobility, scattering liberal largesse of gold. You met nothing but professors, philosophers, rhetoricians, pedagogues of all sorts. . . . All this was for Paul a theatre of quite a new kind. The towns where he had preached before were mostly industrial towns, like Leghorn or Trieste, with great Jewish quarters attached to them; and not brilliant centres of fashion and culture. Athens too was pagan to the heart's core: paganism was bound up with all the amusements, all the interests, all the glorious memories of the city. Paul felt much hesitation. But at last Timothy arrived from Macedonia; Silas, for some unknown reason, could not come. Then Paul resolved to act.’ (P. 170, &c.)

We have quoted this passage at length, partly from its intrinsic interest, partly because it is so thoroughly characteristic a specimen of M. Renan's style. There is no mistaking for a moment on which side the writer's own sympathies lie. Perish Christianity! Away with this ill-favoured missionary from the earth, rather than one ambrosial curl of Phidian Zeus should suffer displacement, or Pallas Promachus be shaken on her pedestal! Nay, we have some fears whether in the celebrated riot at Ephesus M. Renan would not have joined the wrong side, and echoed lustily with the craftsmen, ‘Great is Diana of ‘the Ephesians.’ That goddess, it is true, was nothing re-

markable as a work of art. But then it cannot be for art's sake alone that he is so spiteful against the 'little Jew.' For he knows, as well as we do, that the Christian Church (except in some of its most heretical and abnormal forms) has favoured art with all its might for the last thousand years; and, in our own days, is burning with a consciousness which labours for expression, that—not in set words, in sermons, in articles, in treatises, can yearnings like hers be uttered, but—only by Art, with her thousand symbols, her music, her painting, gathering and clustering men around her, without asking too minutely about their catechism! No: we fear he has a secret leaning (like so many of his countrymen) towards a mere *physical* completeness and symmetry; and fails in appreciation of that which men of German race admire—a *moral* grandeur, a beauty which is incomplete and unsymmetrical because it transcends a mere human symmetry, and is dimly conscious of a greater whole, of which itself is but an outlying province.

We may seem to have gone far afield to account for M. Renan's strange predilections and rather offensive language. But is it not so in sober truth? Are there, at the bottom of the matter, more than two religions possible to man? It seems to us there are but two: one is, in a word, Heathenism; the other is Christianity. Or more strictly, one is a keen and awful apprehension of God, as displayed in material *Nature*—the culminating point of which was, no doubt, the joyous beauty-worship of the Greeks; the other is a deeper and far more awful apprehension of God, as displayed in *Man*, as mirrored in man's moral nature, with all its strange glooms and unfathomable depths;—and the culminating point of that is Christianity. At the same time, thus much may be conceded to M. Renan: that when nature-worship had emerged from its dark ages—its ages which had drowned the ancient Vedic simplicity beneath a flood of Moloch horrors and Mylitta impurities—so far as to reach the majestic conceptions of a Phidias, 'the fulness of times' had then come. Greek art, as well as Greek philosophy, had 'made ready a people prepared 'for the Lord.' And so near an approach had been made from Nature's side to the grand conceptions of a humanly moral Jehovah, developed (by quite a different agency) among the Semitic race, that it only needed the word 'Christ' to be pronounced, and the electric spark leapt from side to side, a mutual understanding was at once established, the 'middle-wall of partition' broken down, and the creed once for all proclaimed 'that out of Zion hath God appeared in perfect 'beauty.'

Such great things could not, however, be accomplished in a day. At first, Greek culture resisted the intrusion of the uncouth Semitic ideas. At first, Semitic ideas had not learnt to clothe themselves in Greek forms of power and beauty. But they were learning to do so. The strange Apocalyptic forms of thought displayed in the two letters (1 and 2 Thess.), sent off at this time from Athens, soon afterwards became softened down and Hellenised into the refined and subtle metaphors, the consecutiveness, the more elegant manner of the Epistles to the Corinthians and Romans—the asperities of the Galatian Epistle forming a transition point between the two. And by the time that ‘Paul the aged’ reaches his imprisonment at Rome, he has gone yet further. The Rabbinical expressions about the Adam Kadmon and the ‘rock that followed them’ have now dropped out of view; the lovely forms of Greek philosophy are being coyly handled; the long elaborated ‘clothing of wrought gold’ is with circumspection and some misgivings put on; in short, the Christian *γνώσις* is born—and we now for the first time hear the ring of Platonism in the expressions, ‘who created all things by Jesus Christ;’ and again ‘Christ is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature.’

It was not, however, during the second, but during the third missionary journey, that these Hellenic influences probably acquired their full mastery of the Apostle's mind. And meanwhile he had revisited Antioch, and even Jerusalem. But in each of these thoroughly Eastern cities his stay had been short; and in each of them (if we follow M. Renan's narrative) he had met with difficulties and repulses, which must have made him thankful to breathe again the freer air of the West, and to find himself once more among his beloved Greeks at Ephesus, Troas, Philippi, Corinth. For first of all, during his short sojourn at Jerusalem, M. Renan believes that the smouldering suspicions of the Judaizing party broke out into open hostility; and from this point he dates the first sending forth of ‘certain who’ (professedly, at any rate) ‘came from James,’ to counteract, if possible, at Antioch, Galatia, and wherever Paul's footsteps had gone before, the heterodoxy of his anti-Jewish teaching. Afterwards, during his short stay at Antioch, the sharp passage of arms took place between him and St. Peter, which is so vigorously narrated in his subsequent letter to the Galatians.

M. Renan's conception of this part of St. Paul's history appears to us the only one that is consistent with the narrative

given us in the New Testament. Immediately after this visit to Jerusalem in A.D. 54, (over which a decent veil of all but silence is dropped by the writer of the 'Acts,') we find St. Paul's footsteps dogged everywhere by Judaizing opponents. A bitter polemical spirit against 'false brethren' colours Epistle after Epistle. We read of even Peter and Barnabas being 'carried away with their dissimulation.' At length the crowning stroke, the mortal blow, is given; Paul is betrayed (almost like his Master) to the heathen, 'bound with two chains,' and carried off a helpless prisoner, first to Cæsarea and then to Rome. It is possible, of course, to pretend that it was the Jews who did all this. But we do not think that they would have been called 'false brethren.' Nor do we believe that their teaching would have been called 'another gospel, which is yet 'not another.'

On the other hand, however, we cannot acquit M. Renan, and the whole school to which he belongs, of the most uncritical rashness, in their rejection of the 'Acts of the Apostles.' They reject it mainly because its author does not lay so much vivid colouring on his picture of this dispute as they think fit to require. This is their favourite argument, and it recurs *usque ad nauseam* in every work of theirs with which we are acquainted. Perhaps it is the Shibboleth of the whole school, handed down, like the maxims in the Mishna, in endless Rabbinical succession. Renan takes up the tradition from Schwegler, and Schwegler from Baur, with the accuracy of an echo. M. Renan cannot believe the 'Acts,' because that book softens the harsh discord between Paul and Peter, and forces the very events of their lives, as well as their characters, into similarity. 'The miracles of Peter and those of Paul form two series, which correspond. The two personages are alike. Peter differs in nothing from Paul; nor Paul from Peter.'\* Herr Schwegler cannot believe the 'Acts' for the same reason. 'It is the apologetic attempt of a Pauliner to pave the way for a reconciliation between the two parties, by making Paul as much as possible Petrine, and Peter as much as possible Pauline.'† Prof. Baur rejects the 'Acts' for the same reason: 'The leading idea of the work is, to represent the difference between Peter and Paul as unessential and inoffensive. For this purpose, Paul must in the latter part of the book appear as possible like Peter, and Peter in the former half as much as possible

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\* Apôtres, p. xxviii.

† Schwegler, 'Nachapost. Zeitalter,' vol. ii. p. 73.



'like Paul.'\* This sort of criticism appears to us at once childish and self-destructive. If the allegation be true, we may as well confess at once that we know nothing whatever about the first beginnings of the Christian Church. The first volume of Church history is composed of blank leaves, and may as well be closed in despair. But why should we close it? Because, forsooth, the passionate and almost acrid expressions of a letter, written offhand under great irritation—abrupt, without greeting, without salutations, breaking into 'let him be anathema,' 'whatever they were maketh no matter to me,' 'I would they were cut off which trouble you'—give a much more accurate idea of the tone and temper which prevailed throughout the Christian community during the twenty years before, as well as the ten years after, the penning of this letter, than the calm work of St. Luke can be supposed to give; who, taking all such transient ebullitions at their true value, has presented a more tranquil picture of the Apostolic age, and thereby unfortunately has deprived of sense some of the most startling paragraphs of our modern critics!

The real history of this great controversy—the first that troubled the peace of the Church—if it were studied fairly from all the sources of information open to us, would be the most interesting and instructive chapter of all our ecclesiastical annals. Interesting—because no story could be more exciting than that of conflict in which apostles and apostolic men are the chief actors in the arena: instructive—because the controversy is not really dead or dying, but still alive and vigorous. M. Renan finds it in two quarters in his own country: and we are quite certain it is not extinct in ours. It is, in a word, the controversy between the Old and the New—between the claims of the Old to possession, and the claims of the New to admission. And who shall say that that controversy shall ever burn out for want of material, till the final conflagration of all things? Until that event, therefore, Christian men would do well ever to con afresh this lesson from the apostolic age—that it was not by pushing things to extremes, and by ousting one another from the Church, that the perils of this great crisis were safely overpast; but by a thing which bigots have always abhorred, and firebrands have always anathematized, viz., compromise and mutual toleration. Whereby it came about that, ere another century was over, men could look round and find themselves members of a magnificent and world-wide spiritual kingdom;—a kingdom, whose Monarch indeed was invisible save

to the eye of faith; but whose law was His own essential spirit of self-crucifying love; whose creed was in the facts of Palestine explained by the philosophy of Greece; whose bible contained every extant relic of prophet and apostle, Hebraic and Hellenistic alike; whose ceremonial was a mixture of Jewish and Gentile elements; whose organisation was drawn alike from Athenian 'overseers' and Councils, and from the elders and expounders of the synagogue; and whose founders (under Christ) were no longer Paul in opposition to Cephas, or Cephas in opposition to Paul, but the two great united Christian apostles—'Peter and Paul.'

Not that it was given to Paul to experience, or perhaps even to foresee, these happy results of his toilsome wanderings, his manful protests, his courteous, and sometimes almost perilous, concessions. His course had yet ten years to run ere it was completed, and the work finished which had been given him to do. During the earlier part of these ten years, his third and last missionary journey was planned and executed. At this time the central point of interest was Ephesus—to the student of religious history one of the most classic spots for fruitful speculation and inquiry that perhaps the world contains. Here the Apostle sate himself down for more than two years, sending his companions far and near, to found 'the seven churches of Asia,' to visit and correct abuses at Corinth, and to precede him and get the great contribution on foot amid his beloved and attached converts in Macedonia.

'Ephesus was the most advanced outpost of Asiatic influence, in the direction of Europe. The excessive importance which the worship of Artemis had attained there, had stifled the scientific spirit and fostered every sort of superstition. It was almost a theocratic city. The festivals were numerous and splendid. And the right of asylum enjoyed by the temple had peopled the town with malefactors. While priestly institutions of a shameful character maintained themselves there, and became every day more devoid of sense or meaning. . . . Christianity had already secured a footing in the place before the arrival of Paul. We have seen how Aquila and Priscilla remained there, after their departure from Corinth. And this pious couple,—who (by a singular destiny) figured alike in founding the Church at Rome, Corinth, and Ephesus,—formed a knot of disciples around them. . . . The Apostle soon tried to enlarge this little circle of believers. There was no danger here of finding himself in presence of the philosophic and scientific spirit which had thwarted his success at Athens. Ephesus was not a great intellectual centre. Superstition reigned there uncontrolled; and all the world lived amid preposterous notions of demonology and theurgy. . . . However, the word of God bore fruit. All the western part of Asia Minor, especially the basins of the Mæander

and the Hermus, became covered with churches about this time,—of all which Paul was, in a more or less direct manner, the founder.' (P. 336, &c.)

A two years' stay in such a city as this could not fail greatly to stir and enlarge the Apostle's ideas, and to widen the horizon of his plans. Now for the first time the vision of a still farther and greater 'West' seems to dawn upon his mind. The Greek world was already more or less subdued to Christ; at any rate a chain of fortresses was planted all along the *Ægean* coasts, whence the power of the Gospel might (it was evident) be safely trusted to make its way into the interior. The Apostle, like Alexander, longed for fresh worlds to conquer. While the shipping which he saw perpetually spreading sail for Italy, the movement of troops, the correspondence of proconsuls, the bolder sweep (Westward no less than Eastward) of voyages like those of Apollonius of Tyana and other charlatans, from this very spot, at this very time—all must have turned his thoughts powerfully towards Rome and the great Latin world which lay behind it, and have begotten the project which ere long found birth, first in a letter to the Roman Church, and then in a personal visit to the capital of the Empire.

With regard to this celebrated 'Epistle to the Romans'—one of the three great letters belonging to this period of the Apostle's life—we think that a good deal of misapprehension has existed. There can be no doubt that it is one of the most interesting and important relics of apostolic antiquity. But it is only one among a class; and it certainly stands on no higher level of interest than its sister epistle of the same period, the 'First to the Corinthians;' whose importance, for all that concerns the outward and visible life of the Church, is at least as great as that of the 'Romans' for all that concerns its inward life. The Epistle is, in fact, nothing more or less than an 'Eirenicon,'—a letter of explanations, sent to conciliate a favourable opinion, and so to pave the way for his personal arrival with his friends. For it must be remembered, the Roman Church was not of his founding. It had been founded directly from the East, from Palestine, from the twelve,—by migratory Jews, who had been under the influence of St. James and St. Peter, and who were therefore likely to require explanations, before they would receive with open arms one whose doctrine was accused of being at variance with the views accepted at Jerusalem. Hence the whole colour of the Epistle is apologetic; and the writer, as he projects the unknown community before his imagina-

tion, turns from side to side—‘I speak to you Gentiles, as ‘the Apostle of the Gentiles’; ‘I speak to them that know ‘the Mosaic Law’; and almost beseechingly appeals to them to receive with candour both the doctrine and the approaching bearers of it. We therefore totally dissent from M. Renan’s description of this letter, as a painfully-elaborated doctrinal circular, which it took the Apostle three months to compose, and which, as it has come down to us, displays visible traces of its ‘circular’ destination, in the accumulation of special tail-pieces (so to speak), meant originally for different churches. So far from that, it seems to us to bear distinct evidence of a special purpose, and a special destination, from beginning to end. The great number of salutations with which it closes is no more than might be expected, if the constant afflux and reflux of visitors to Rome is borne in mind, and the courteous and conciliatory intention of the whole letter is not forgotten.

At this point St. Paul reaches the crisis of his whole life—a moment which is admirably described by M. Renan. His determination was made, before departing for the far West, once more to revisit Jerusalem, once more to attempt the task (now become more difficult than ever) of reconciling himself with ‘his own brethren, his kinsmen according to the ‘flesh.’ Once more he determined to ‘go up and see Peter,’ or, if he were absent, James; and, by carrying up alms for the poor, by worshipping constantly in the Temple, even by attaching himself to some company of poor devotees and making himself chargeable for all their rams and baskets of unleavened bread, to do all that man could possibly do to maintain the unbroken unity of the Church, and to go forth to the farthest *τέρμα τῆς δύσεως* with the right hand of fellowship proffered and received.

These few chapters of the ‘Acts’ (xx.–xxiii.) in which the last scene of St. Paul’s free life is depicted, have always seemed to us the most interesting section in the whole book. The story is told with remarkable vividness and in great detail. The play of various characters, the clash of opposite purposes, the swaying movements of a crowd, the sharp decisive tread of disciplined men, the plotting of murderous fanatics, the prudent ‘shutting of the doors’ by the temple-clergy, the bland and leisurely attitude of Felix, the undaunted courage yet entire self-possession and almost agonizing conciliatory efforts of St. Paul,—all form a picture of the most surpassing power and depth. And when we remember the end—the active missionary chained up for two years in Cæsarea, and then borne off to the

great 'West' of all his dreams and schemes a prisoner still, his life-work abruptly done, and his fiery energy and burning faith and commanding personal gifts all whelmed in undistinguishable death and oblivion, along with a thousand unknown victims, at the reckless fiat of an Imperial madman,—then the story deepens into tragedy, and the heart can be hardly human, much less Christian, that fails to be stirred with profound and mournful emotion.

It will be seen from what has just been said, that we do not believe in any release of St. Paul from his first imprisonment at Rome. It appears to us absolutely incredible that the great Apostle should have made a fresh round of journeys in the East, should have traveled into Spain, should have returned to a second imprisonment, and been adjudged to a public execution,—without one single trustworthy trace of all these things being left on the page of history or even in the traditions of those countries. Indeed, the only reason that has induced people to invent such an additional chapter of the Apostle's life, is the supposed difficulty of intercalating the Epistles to Timothy and Titus in any known part of his biography. Rather however, a thousand times, would we concede that the Church had been honestly mistaken about the authenticity of those epistles, than lend ourselves to the invention of a new page of history in order to make room for them. Confessedly the problem raised by these epistles is a difficult one. But we do not think it so desperate as M. Renan imagines it to be. In the first place, the external testimony in their favour is as strong as it is for many of the most certainly genuine books of the New Testament. In the second place, the internal evidence, though perplexing, is absolutely conclusive both against a late date and against the supposition of forgery: against a late date, because the titles 'presbyter' and 'bishop' are still used without distinction, and the Second Advent is still expected immediately; against forgery, because no imaginable reason for such a crime can be discovered in these letters by the sharpest criticism that has ever been brought to bear upon them. M. Renan, indeed, characteristically finds a sufficient reason in the forger's 'gaieté de cœur;' and invents a parallel for him in Dionysius of Corinth, who 'makes Paul arrive at Corinth and depart from Corinth in the company of St. Peter —a thing totally impossible' (p. xlvi.). Of course; but then Dionysius says nothing of the kind, but only that they both visited and taught at Corinth in the same way (*ὁμοίως*). In the third place, if the historical 'situation' of the epistles be supposed to be the latter part of St. Paul's imprisonment at

Rome, all the conditions of the problem may, without insuperable difficulty, be satisfied. Take, e.g., Phil. ii. 19. St. Paul is here about to send off Timothy from Rome into Macedonia, in charge of the letter he is then writing; presently, in 1 Tim. i. 3, the disciple has evidently departed on that errand, and the Apostle with nervous anxiety sends a letter after him, reminding him how 'I besought thee, when thou wentest away into Macedonia, to [go farther and] stay at Ephesus, that thou mightest charge some,' &c. Again, in Phil. i. 26, and Philemon 22, St. Paul is confident that he will shortly be released and will visit Asia and Greece again; accordingly, we are not surprised at finding in 1 Tim. iv. 13, 'until I come' to Ephesus, 'give,' &c.; or that Tit. iii. 12 displays the purpose of 'wintering at Nicopolis'—a very natural purpose, if Paul were released (as he hoped) before winter; or that 2 Tim. iv. 21 begs Timothy 'to come before winter,' when the crisis, evidently, of release or death was to be anticipated. Meanwhile at Eph. vi. 21, Paul intends to send Tychicus from Rome to Ephesus; and accordingly, 2 Tim. iv. 12, mentions cursorily that that intention had been carried into effect. As for the difficulty in Tit. i. 5, arising from 'I left thee in Crete,' and the similar one at 2 Tim. iv. 20, arising from 'Trophimus have I left at Miletum'—it may suffice to remember that this Greek word certainly *need* not imply the personal presence of Paul in arranging these matters; for the same word occurs at 1 Thess. iii. 1, where (by M. Renan's own confession) Paul's followers were not at Athens when they 'left him there alone.' And the confusion of cases which our theory presupposes at 1 Tim. i. 3, is certainly not greater than that which occurs at Eph. iv. 2, Col. iii. 16, and several other passages in St. Paul's writings. Lastly, if the style seems strangely different from that of St. Paul's letters to the churches, be it remembered, these are not letters to churches, but to individuals; and if one's own personal experience of a fluctuating epistolary style be wanting, we may at least appeal to a remark of Dr. Hook, in his lately-published '*Life of Cardinal Pole*': 'The Apology to the English Parliament is written in a style and temper so different from that which we have remarked in the Letter to the King, that it is difficult to believe that the two documents emanated from one and the same person—though of their authenticity there is no doubt' (p. 110).

Dry as these mere critical details may seem, it will, we think, be allowed by all who have ever read these most beautiful and instructive epistles with the attention they deserve,

that no pains can be too great, no labour too repulsive, if only they can be saved from the destroying hand of a ruthless criticism, and can be honourably shown to have their place among the precious relics of the great Apostle's last days, ere his sun went down in blood.

For that in some way, and at some time, his noble life was quenched in blood, all history and all tradition agree. The splendid Church at Rome beyond the walls, which bears his name, consecrates the legendary spot where, as a Roman citizen, he was beheaded. But the truth is, that—before that event took place—the history of his life, and the history of the Apostolic Age, together abruptly end. Black darkness falls upon the scene; and a grim and brooding silence—like the silence of impending storm—holds, in hushed expectation of the ‘day of the Lord,’ the awe-struck, breathless Church. No more books are written, no more messengers are sent. The very voice of tradition is still. One voice alone, from amid the silence and the dread, breaks upon the straining ear; it is the Apocalyptic vengeance-cry from Patmos,—‘Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen!’ ‘Rejoice over her, thou heaven! and ye holy apostles and prophets! for God hath avenged you on her’; ‘she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her.’\*

Was this expectation all a delusion? Was it (as M. Renan ventures to call it) ‘the grand *chimera* of the approaching ‘kingdom of God’? History, not we, shall reply. It was in the year succeeding that with which St. Luke's narrative so abruptly ends, that the half-century of profound peace so marvellously suitable for the work of Christ and his Apostles, first began to break up. The birthday of war, convulsion, revolution, was ushered in on July 19, A.D. 64, by the dreadful spectacle of wreathing flames and smoke rising from behind Nero's palace on the Palatine Hill. Fiercely the tide of flame swept on, gradually overcoming all resistance; till the proud mistress of the world lay (like London in 1666) a charred and blackened heap of ruins, bathed for six days in a sea of fire. Yet this was not the ‘day of the Lord’—it was but its lurid dawning. From the flames which wrapped round and destroyed, during this awful week, the Palace of the Cæsars, where Paul was immured during the later and severer part of his imprisonment, we may suppose that he escaped, and Luke with him—bearing the precious abruptly-finished manuscript of the ‘Acts’ in his bosom. Nay,

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\* Rev. xviii. 20.

is it not within the bounds of possibility, that in the only other abruptly-curtailed book of the New Testament, we have yet a second witness to the terrors of this awful conflagration, and to the confusions that followed close upon it? For the Gospel of St. Mark too—by the consentient voice of all tradition—was written at Rome about this time, and under Peter's guidance. And this, too (as scholars know), ends abruptly—with *ἔφοβούντο γάρ*. Meantime, amid the very horrors of the scene, rumours were not wanting that all this suffering was no mere accident, but the work of an incendiary, and that incendiary no other than—the monster Nero himself. When ere long, to rebuild his Golden House and lay out his pleasure-gardens and spacious streets where tortuous lanes had been before, all Italy was laid under contribution, Greece and Asia drained of their last pitiful savings, and the very temples of all the gods in the calendar ransacked of their treasures, the voice of public indignation became too loud to defy. Some victim, some scapegoat, must be found. It was found in those whom both Jews and Pagans hated, the Christians. Everyone knows the horrible and bloody story. But whether amid that dreadful orgy on the Vatican, Peter and Paul breathed out their lives to God, or were saved for a later martyrdom—thus much is certain, that no one was deceived, no one was reconciled, by these horrible executions of innocent men. Ere the year was out, a comet flaming in the sky and other portents set all men's expectations on the strain. With the new year, a vast conspiracy against the tyrant was on foot, was revealed to him, and was quenched in blood and torments. Then came the bursting out of that awful catastrophe, the Jewish revolt. Next, military rebellions on all the frontiers of the Empire. Then, the crash of universal civil war—Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, all slain within two years. And then the crowning blow of all, the ruin of Jerusalem, the burning of the Temple, the annihilation of all that Moses, Samuel, David, Ezra had built up, the mocking slaughter of 10,000 captives 'to make a Roman holiday,' and the Triumph—gorgeous beyond all previous example—bearing, aloft, amid dense crowds of exulting or tearful faces, all the relics that were left of Jehovah's sanctuary, to the temple of the Capitoline Jove.

Such a long five years' agony as this, with such a terrific catastrophe to end it, must have seemed to every Christian community throughout the Empire a fulfilment (at least, on a first and smaller scale) of what the Lord had prophesied of the 'coming of the Son of man;' and a fulfilment—if, in some



sense, a disappointment—of their high-wrought expectations about 'the day of the Lord.' They too had suffered. The hailstones of God's wrath had smitten them too. 'Judgment had begun at the house of God,' and 'the righteous scarcely had been saved.' But had not Christ Himself warned them that, 'in those days should be affliction such as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created'? Had not their enemies, both Jews and Heathens, been visited with a righteous retribution; and the disobedient city, especially, which had rejected and crucified the Lord, been overthrown till 'one stone was not left upon another'? So, after their period of dumb astonishment was over, they began to take heart, and here and there to speak again, as frightened creatures emerge when the thunder-storm is past. Ere long we have letters of Clement and Ignatius and the Gospel of St. John, and controversy once more, and a copying and interchange of Apostolic relics, and the urgent need felt for a stronger organisation—and all the other well-known signs of returning life and hope, such as have been repeated at various similar periods of the world's and the Church's history.

We must draw this Article to a close. We have given, to the best of our ability, a fair and impartial account of M. Renan's work; and have suggested, as we passed, some reflections which seemed to spring naturally from the subject. To the brilliant author of this volume the Christian Church already owes many obligations; and—inferior though it be in workmanship, in vigour, in novelty, to that far higher effort of his genius, '*Les Apôtres*,'—still this graphic and interesting series of dioramic pictures, illustrating the life of St. Paul, adds considerably to the debt. God forbid that we should be so childish, or so ungrateful, as to visit with anathema, or with an undiscerning reprobation, one who has so materially helped the Church, and whom the Church (if he would only try to understand her real meaning) could in her turn so materially help. For, standing in his present isolation, he has been unable either to attain to a just conception of St. Paul's noble character, or to grasp that special 'type of Christian doctrine' which he taught. The very fact that he conceives Paul's influence to be on the wane, and that of Peter to be again in the ascendent, is of itself a convincing proof that, with all his acuteness, he has not penetrated to the heart of the matter. If he means simply that the narrow dogmatizing spirit of the sixteenth century is on the wane—if he merely insists that the epoch of petty Protestant cabals and what is idolized in some quarters as 'the Congregational system' is past, or is passing,

away for ever—if he only points out that a stifling and pedantic Bibliolatry, which has brooded like a mist upon the Church for centuries, is now melting before the sunbeams, and gathering itself into nooks and corners ere it vanish away into the healthy morning air,—then we most cordially agree with him. What we deny is, that all or any of these things can be fairly called ‘the spirit of St. Paul.’ What we repudiate is, the assumption that that glorious and intrepid saint,—who spent his exhaustless energies and ‘jeopardied his life unto the ‘death’ in defending, against the crushing tyranny of ‘the ‘letter that killeth,’ the liberty of the Gentile Churches,—can fairly be credited with the mistakes and faults of those who, in later centuries, have banded themselves under his name, but acted in flagrant contradiction to his spirit. For what modern opposition to a petty spirit of sectarianism can equal the opposition of one, who in Epistle\* after Epistle entreats Christians to submit to one another, and to speak the same thing; who beats down a self-asserting pride, by the example of One—in the form of God—humbling Himself even to the shameful death of the Cross; who calls schism (*διχο-στασία*) a downright ‘work of the flesh’: who sharply reproves the Corinthians as ‘babies,’ as carnal persons, as defilers of God’s temple,—for indulging in this very thing? And again, what ‘free-handling’ of these later days can compare for one moment with the free-handling of the apostle, who, in the very teeth of such passages as ‘the uncircumcised man-child shall be cut off from ‘his people: he hath broken my covenant,’ and ‘cursed be he ‘that confirmeth not all the words of this law to do them,’ can boldly stand forth in the spirit of Jesus Christ, and say; ‘Circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing; but faith ‘which worketh by love’!

But if indeed the empire of St. Paul be on the wane—which, properly understood, we do not for a moment believe—it is not, we are fully convinced, for any empire of St. Peter to return upon us. The world cannot, by all the intrigues of the Jesuits and the Vatican, be made to roll backwards. *E pur si muove*—but it is ever forwards; on, slowly but surely, along with all that we have hitherto worthily venerated and used for our enlightenment, to spaces where perhaps new suns will gradually dawn upon us, new worlds come into view, new combinations of all the stars of heaven group themselves to our admiring gaze. And in that future, not merely France—with her admirable men of science and her noble Gallican clergy, breasting (like a ship whose sails swell with the winds from above) the adverse angry tides

of passion and crass superstition from below—but England, too, will have a glorious part to play. She, too, learning from PETER the firm grasp that traditionalism has upon the imaginations of the masses of men, and from PAUL the energetic power that freedom and courage wield in penetrating sullen opposition and parrying obscurantist zeal, may learn (and may help to teach the world) a yet ‘more excellent way’ of tolerant charity and re-uniting peace; and so, reproducing on a larger scale the fruitful spirit of a Polycarp and the reconciling spirit of an Irenæus (men who built up the polity of the youthful Church in the second century), she may aid in bringing back upon the world the spirit of their master, the great apostle of love, and in opening perhaps a new epoch—the era of St. JOHN, ‘who leaned upon Jesus’ breast.’

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ART. VIII.—1. *The Holy Grail.* By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London: 1870.

2. *The Idylls of the King.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. 1870.

3. *Morte d'Arthur.* Sir THOMAS MALORY'S Book of King Arthur, and of his Noble Knights of the Round Table. Edited by T. WRIGHT. 3 vols. London: 1858.

THE work of Mr. Tennyson now completed bears some relation to the work of a great painter, who, finding the world agaze over some vast landscape or splendid crowd, sets it suddenly before us upon his canvass with its greater features identified, and its lesser details fused in a golden haze. By our own unassisted powers we see the outlines of a hundred hills all dimly breaking upon each other, or the vast breadth of the plain, whence rise the wreaths of smoke that are towns, the faint lines that are village spires. But the hand of Art by a touch brings out the king-mountain, the centre of the scene; or sends the light gleaming down across the level country upon some tender harmony of colour and composition which is the key of the whole landscape. Thus has Mr. Tennyson dealt with the mass of curious literature which is connected with the legend of Arthur. He has taken it in hand with all its endless episodes and those innumerable details which confuse the picture, and has cleared for us a central group, and lit up with an intense common meaning the wonderful crowd that fills the scene. ‘The Idylls of the King’ require no recondite knowledge of ancient English literature to make them appre-

ciated, any more than Shakspeare requires that we should study the old chroniclers from whom in so many cases he derives the thread of his story. Mr. Tennyson has made these legends the property of his own age, with a fine sense of the conditions of that age, differing so completely from those of the visionary epoch in which his heroes live, and he has not hampered us with unnecessary shreds of the archaic words or customs. The picture, which he has set before us in separate chapters, with, let us allow, differing degrees of success, will be and has been received by the mass of readers as a series of romantic tales, of which the sad and sweet story of the love of Elaine for Lancelot is the general favourite. From such a point of view the volume last published, 'The Holy Grail,' has a certain confusing effect upon the mind. The story of Elaine is perfect in itself, and so is that of Enid, and even of Vivien. But the Quest of the Gfail is evidently a chapter in some greater drama, a fragment throwing broken light behind and before, meaning and inferring much that is not included in itself. The same thing may be said of the Coming and Passing of Arthur, which are equally imperfect and full of suggestion. They are the beginning and ending of a great historical-traditional romance, a tragedy full of the highest aims, a story of human effort and passion surpassed by none in lofty meaning or in melancholy certainty of fate. We do not see that it is possible to come to any distinct perception of what Mr. Tennyson means if we confine ourselves to the special features of each story, or to his sense of moral purity or natural beauty, or any separate quality of a poet as developed in him. Not even his lofty and sweet but mannered verse, full as it is of noble lines, yet with a cadence too marked for perfection, is the first or greatest point for the critic. It is that here at length, completed before us, the poet has placed a great epic on which, no doubt, he will be content to rest his fame. Not many stories, but one—not mere caprices of genius, here an angel out of heaven, there a doubting spirit from other regions, flashed upon us we do not care how—but a grave drama involving all that is most noble and all that is most miserable in humanity, in which the great struggle of good against evil is going forward in manifold manifestations, the weak against the strong, the innocent against the wicked, and, last and most bitter of all, the noble against the most noble, the perfect against the broken faith.

Arthur is the popular national hero of what we are willing to call England, but what is in reality the poetical Celtic race driven into corners of England by the incursions of the broad-

shouldered Saxon. But there is a certain primitive breadth in the conception of this patriot and Christian King, whose object is to make a kind of courteous and stately and picturesque paradise of his kingdom, which cannot be reduced into the strict nationality of one special race; and accordingly it is evident that the legend lived through all manner of invasions—that even the Saxons themselves, who figured in it as heathens and aliens, did not smother or discourage the popular tale—and that it caught and captivated all that was highest in the heart of the chivalrous Norman, himself the flower of valour and courtesy as well as at times the cruellest of oppressors. Over all the island the wonderful story has floated, settling now here, now there, with sudden swallow flights from one site to another, from southern Scotland to the furthest point of the Land's End, from Northumberland to Middlesex, from the old decayed towns that still bear in their names some echoes of the mystic sound of Caerleon and Camelot to such places of every day as Winchester and London; nay, passing across the sea from Land's End to Land's End with the imaginative race which first conceived the idea of Arthur, to the misty coasts of Brittany, to find a dwelling among its weird rocks and moaning seas. It is not our business here to discuss the knotty point whether King Arthur was an actual personage, magnified and glorified by a hundred poets,\* or whether he was but the hope of mankind in those early ages to which a visible Deliverer was always necessary—a secondary, inferior incarnation of goodness, a subject, dutiful, and altogether human Christ, following in the steps, and repeating the work, of the only Divine Christ, who was his model and Master. Such it seems to us is really the idea that lies underneath the legendary character of Arthur. The world felt itself so helpless, and the strong hand of force was so hard over it, that nature leaped at the thought of a secondary Saviour. Thus the musing dreamy Celtic soul formed its ideal—a King all truth, all honour, all courtesy, seating himself upon his throne, not for love of mastery or riches, but to curb the wild nobles and cruel tributary kings, to save the poor, to redress all grievances, to be ready night and day to answer any plaints

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\* In Mr. Cox's 'Mythology of the Aryan Nations,' a work of singular interest which we hope to examine more fully, he has traced the origin of the Arthurian legend in a different manner. In his eyes, Guinevere is the Helen, and Lancelot the Paris, of a tale which takes us back to the Trojan war; but in what page of the Iliad does he find an Arthur?

of his subjects. And about him a court all like himself; knights such as never were seen before on mortal soil, brave as lions, spotless as maidens, ever ready, like their master, for the service of all who wanted succour. It was the very ideal of knighthood seized and concentrated in all those wonderful local circumstances which gave reality to the tale. The gentle knight, pricking upon the plain, without any special designation, was too vague to satisfy the popular imagination. But a knight of the Table Round had instantly a recognised place and character. It was the Golden Age of a poetry which knew nothing of the Garden of the Hesperides; past, for the Golden Age is always past, but yet possible to be regained, for the age of gold is always to come.

Upon this first ideal every new comer raised another and another airy fabric; from the general conception every minstrel strayed into details. In the first place, a whole shadowy chapter of uncertainties grew about the birth of the hero-king. His descent was proved, so that genealogy might be satisfied; but whether the boy was the son of Uther and Ygerne, or a babe brought from the unknown, no one could certainly affirm. And as he came, so he passed, in uncertainty, wounded to the death, but yet borne away by the mystic queens and their maidens, who had, who could tell? what mysterious heavenly unguents to heal the dying—borne away through the rustling gloom into the valley of Avillion, from which perhaps he was to come again. Such is the wondrous tale as it grew by degrees in the early morning of our island-world. But the more the story grew, less and ever less grew the moral purpose which had been its first beginning. The poets were distracted by gleams of armour in the woods, and the crimson and gold of a knight's pavilion, set down in every little glade as they passed by, where some man of might sat challenging all comers; or by the towers of a castle on the horizon, where there was ever a new story awaiting them, a whitehanded princess to be rescued, another armed chevalier to be found or fought. By degrees there was nothing to be heard in the story but the clank of the mailed horses, the shiver of spears—and in the interval a hundred love-tales, some of true love and noble loyalty, but most, alas! of the light and fickle, of tempted knights and fallen maidens. Duessa stole upon the scene from which Una had fled; and Arthur, appearing but fitfully in the midst of his court, was lost in the flutter and movement of the crowd. The endless mazes of this crowd show how entirely popular and addressed to the general mass is all this circle of legend. It is the story without an

end ; wherever the minstrel moves he is tempted to digressions ; every moment he turns aside from his straight road for some new episode ; and the result is that in the thronging, and hurrying and multiplication of detail, the grand thread of the drama becomes almost lost. There is a mass of material, a group of narratives to please all fancies ; but the eye is bewildered amid all these marchings and countermarchings, in the countless battles and tiltings, and still more numerous personal encounters. We sometimes lose the identity even of the immediate champion whose path we are following ; and still more do we lose the greater figures of Arthur and his most famous knights in the ever-repeated tale of personal prowess, as knight after knight appears in the field.

Mr. Tennyson has taken this mass of legend in hand, not with the simple intention of reproducing the chronicle. He has not followed it even as Shakspeare often followed the old romancers who went before him. He has founded upon the early tales of Arthur a great modern drama, modern because it is pervaded by a conscious moral aim which belongs neither to the heroes nor to the poetry of primitive life. He has made his selection of characters and incidents with a care which only the student will fully appreciate, and he has so fused the whole in the alembic of his own genius that the conception is as truly his own as if the name of Arthur had never been heard before in poetry. If space and time permitted, we should endeavour to show the wonderful difference between the rudimentary character of the Arthurian epic as unfolded in legend and tale, and the tragedy which Mr. Tennyson has built out of its fragments, and which henceforward must represent to the English mind the real story of our traditionary hero ; but in the meantime our first concern is with that tragedy itself.

The legendary opening of the tale is as follows :—Uther Pendragon, the necessary pioneer in all legends, a king half-visible, looming like a shadow out of the chaos of a world just beginning to shape itself into coherence, after ruling with a certain dawn of legal power his unruly lords, dies without any acknowledged heir, leaving in the hands of the great Mage Merlin a secret and a trust. This concerns a child mysteriously born, the offspring of Uther's wife Ygerne and of a shadow, whom she cannot identify ; for King Uther had been transformed by the magician into the semblance of Ygerne's former husband at the very moment when that husband was dying, and the whole question of the birth is one involved in mystery and trouble and doubt. It is Merlin,

however, the only person who has any real information on the subject, who has the whole matter in hand. Accordingly he finds the child, whom he has himself carried away at King Uther's death, in the person of a brave and beautiful youth of fifteen who has been nourished as their own child by a knight and his lady who were Uther's friends. The establishment of this youth upon the throne tasks at first all Merlin's energies; but by dint of his wisdom and the wonderful successes and valour of the young King, this is happily accomplished. Arthur loves Guinevere, the sole child and heiress of old King Leodogran, for whom, after his own difficulties were over, he had fought. This old king, who in the legend is as anxious as any matchmaking mother in a novel to secure the new paladin for his child, occupies in Mr. Tennyson's work the more dignified position of a reluctant and anxious father, inquiring deeply into Arthur's title and origin before he bestows upon him his best possession. Leodogran has accepted the young man's service as any king in trouble was justified in accepting the aid of a knight, but before he gives him the lovely Guinevere he has to satisfy himself about his antecedents, and whether his throne is likely to be a firm one. This device enables Mr. Tennyson to give us a full history of Arthur's supposed birth, which is told to Leodogran by the knights Ulfius and Brastius—who have come to seek his daughter's hand—and by Queen Belicent of Orkney, supported by the testimony of Bleys, the teacher of Merlin. This is the episode called the 'Coming of Arthur,' the first poem in Mr. Tennyson's new volume, and which he instructs us to place first in the series of tales he has now moulded into the fulness of history. In this summary of evidence, it is a mistake, we think, to omit the strange metamorphosis of Uther into Gorlois which is accomplished by Merlin, and throws a certain confused and shadowy incoherence into the tale, and obscurity upon the child's origin, baffling all inquiry, in a less forced and artificial way than the invention of a babe brought to Merlin's feet by the waves which Mr. Tennyson has substituted for it. The intention of the primitive story clearly is that a cloud should still be left upon his birth—not of shame, for Ygerne is virtuous as she is fair, and his father's lawful wife—but of uncertainty, wonder, and mysterious doubt. The poet, however, has not chosen to adopt this expedient, and for once we think he has not improved upon the tale. It begins on the eventful night of Uther's death, when the child of Ygerne, as has been just described, was born, and delivered to the magician to be kept safe until he was



strong enough to defend himself. Leaving the postern-gate with, as we are given to understand, the infant newly-born—closing the door upon the distracted palace where the King lay dead, and his widow newly stilled from her pangs—Merlin and his master Bleys went forth:—

‘the two

Left the still king, and passing forth to breathe,  
 Then from the castle gateway by the chasm  
 Descending thro’ the dismal night—a night  
 In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost—  
 Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps  
 It seem’d in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof  
 A dragon wing’d, and all from stem to stern  
 Bright with a shining people on the decks,  
 And gone as soon as seen. And then the two  
 Dropt to the cove and watch’d the great sea fall  
 Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,  
 Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep  
 And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged  
 Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame:  
 And down the wave and in the flame was borne  
 A naked babe, and rode to Merlin’s feet,  
 Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried, “The King!  
 Here is an heir for Uther!” And the fringe  
 Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,  
 Lash’d at the wizard as he spake the word,  
 And all at once all round him rose in fire,  
 So that the child and he were clothed in fire.  
 And presently thereafter followed calm,  
 Free sky and stars . . .’

This scene is more marvellous and less equivocal than the mystic change of the unlawful lover into the husband on that other wild night when Gorlois was slain: but it produces more than the confusion required, and indeed perplexes the mind as to what became of the other poor babe which Merlin had just received at the postern gate.

Thus, however, with a certain mystic doubt about whose son he was, or if he were the son of any man, came into the world the Hero-king. To those who received it he was the sent of heaven—a king to rule over them given by God—the bringer in of new laws, new hopes, a better world. Such is the story which old King Leodogran pondered in his heart, thinking over the service which Arthur had done him, and looking upon his daughter Guinevere, who ‘was fairest of all flesh on earth’ and ‘his one delight.’ Nor was it to an ordinary throne and an ordinary task that Arthur invited her. His

yearning for the companionship of the woman he loved was not, as we shall see, without reference to the great work and mission which he felt he had taken upon him. He 'felt ' travail and throes and agonies of life, desiring to be joined ' with Guinevere.' But still it is thus he muses with himself:—

' Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts  
Up to my throne, and side by side with me?  
What happiness to reign a lonely king,  
Vext—O ye stars that shudder over me,  
O earth that soundest hollow under me,  
Vext with waste dreams? for saving I be join'd  
To her that is the fairest under heaven,  
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,  
And cannot will my will, nor work my work  
Wholly, nor make myself in mine own realm  
Victor and lord. But were I join'd with her,  
Then might we live together as one life,  
And reigning with one will in everything,  
Have power on this dark land to lighten it,  
And power on this dead world to make it live.'

This, the reader will recollect, is one of the sudden arrows which the little novice at Almesbury in her ignorance buries in the guilty heart of the Queen when she has taken refuge in the convent after her 'feverish career is over. 'Could he ' find,' says the little maid, repeating from her father's talk—

' A woman in her womanhood as great  
As he was in his manhood, then, he sung,  
The twain together well might change the world.'

Such is the grand foundation of the tragedy. It is nothing less than a world delivered that is in Arthur's thoughts. He has collected his Knights of the Round Table from all the surrounding regions, binding them to him with the noblest of vows. A great expectation throbs in the heart of the country so long torn asunder by war and conflict. The enthusiasm of a youth, all stainless and spotless, full of the dreams that never come to realisation, is to reclaim the world, if he can but find a woman in her womanhood as great. In this devout innermost hope of the beginning comes the cloud no bigger than a man's hand which is to destroy it for ever.

But of this we hear nothing for some time. The round table has been formed, the knights sworn to their noble

mission. 'I made them lay their hands in mine and swear,' Arthur himself says, describing that splendid vision—

'To reverence the King as if he were  
 Their conscience; and their conscience as their King,  
 To teach the heathen and uphold the Christ,  
 To ride abroad redeeming human wrongs,  
 To speak no slander, no nor listen to it,  
 To lead sweet lives in purest chastity.'

The dream is realised, heaven and all good spirits, and the wise Merlin, wisest of mortal men, aiding in the endeavour, and such a society comes into being as never had existence yet in this commonplace world. There is jousting in the green meadows by Usk, and feasting in the halls of Caerleon as the days go by like a dream. If any distressed maiden or even churl in trouble appears at the threshold of the great hall, there is ever a knight ready to start at the appeal, and follow to whatever danger\* may present itself—ever a just impartial hearing for all complaints, did they touch the highest in the kingdom. Now and then, in a moment of high emotion, there flashes through all the Order 'a momentary likeness of the 'king';' his supreme nobleness, simplicity, and purity impressing itself upon all the less exalted more terrestrial spirits round him. With them, as with the more manageable human material, however, the after tale has chiefly to do. And it is hard to blame Mr. Tennyson with this as with a defect. It is difficult to do more than describe and adore the perfect man; in his very essence he is passive. There are no warring passions about him, no fierce ambitions, no undermining meanness of distrust. Until the moment comes when he is crushed under the sudden anguish of sorrow and shame, Arthur cannot be an active actor on the scene. He is the centre, the arbiter, the great calm spectator, always with a shade of sadness across him, sometimes stern, with thoughts of the evil which was so hard to overcome; but it is not for him to undertake adventures like a simple knight, and his mind is incapable of that conflict of doubts and suspicions which might have awaited a soul less perfectly true and pure. And there is a certain absorption in his great design which helps also to separate Arthur from the more active ebb and flow of life. He is never too much pre-occupied to forget that all-embracing splendid courtesy which is his grand characteristic, but his heart is too full of great thoughts to mark the whispering and glances, the stolen words and looks, upon which meaner spirits build so much. He stands behind the lively foreground,

watching with a smile and sigh the doings of his knights, proud of their prowess, sad at their imperfections, but always full of a noble confidence that the best will come of it, and busy with his own work the while. When real war is on hand, and the great object of his life,—the chasing away of heathenism—demands his strength, a flush of inspiration comes upon the benign King, and his real force becomes apparent. So Lancelot describes him to the wondering group of Astolat with a heart-rending reverence and admiration. ‘I saw him,’ said the noblest of his knights—

‘High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume  
 Red as the rising sun with heathen blood,  
 And seeing me, with a great voice he cried  
 “They are broken, they are broken,” for the King,  
 However mild he seems at home, nor cares  
 For triumph in our mimic wars, the jousts—  
 For if his own knights cast him down, he laughs  
 Saying, his knights are better men than he—  
 Yet in this heathen war the fire of God  
 Fills him : I never saw his like ; there lives  
 No nobler leader.’

This, however, is the fate of the Hero-king throughout Mr. Tennyson’s tragedy—until the end comes, when, brought down to the level of common humanity by great wrong and anguish, he finds a voice for himself. The same thing is the case to a lesser degree in the old legends. While Tristram, and Gawain, and Kay, and Lamorack, and a hundred more, are showing their qualities in action, Arthur, greater than them all, stands apart by very reason of his greatness. He said this or that comforting or reproving word; he made this or that just judgment; but we do not see him nor hear him. He is a great shadow pervading the whole, but never in the front. It is the penalty of his supremacy. ‘There is ‘the man,’ says great Lancelot, when pushing slowly through the crowd, with his own guilt and doom hidden in his heart, he points out ‘the clear-faced King,’ serene in his great purity, to the enthusiastic boy by his side. Thus he has to be always indicated to us; and this necessity is a kind of burden upon the tale. But it is hard to see how it could have been avoided, or how the visionary Arthur, perfect, stainless, all-complete, ever could have been more immediately revealed.

Thus, however, Arthur began: he had his time of apparent fruition, happy in his mission, and in his fair wife and noble companions—

' Arthur and his knighthood for a space  
 Were all one will, and thro' that strength the king  
 Drew in the petty princedoms under him,  
 Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame,  
 The heathen hordes, and made a realm and reigned.'

Here the reader is moved to pause with that half-melancholy reverence which is due to the sight of happiness and completion, knowing that it cannot be, that the dream thus fulfilled must not last, and that in proportion to the brightness will be the bitterness and the downfall. Nor are we left without indications from the very beginning how the downfall is to come. The order, and the realm, and the new hope for humanity, are built upon absolute purity and truthfulness, and upon that chaste and entire union between man and woman which is nature's remedy for one great family of vices. Again and again this is intimated to us,

' Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world  
 Other. And may thy queen be one with thee,'

is the marriage blessing pronounced over Arthur, as he stands before the stateliest of British altars, with his bride by his side; while to the King himself it is apparent that 'I cannot will my 'will and work my work, wholly' unless 'joined to her that is 'the fairest under heaven.' This is the condition of his success. Not the monastic purity of later and less hopeful visions, the barren whiteness which could but put a stop to ordinary life, not sanctify and enlarge it; but that highest honour and purest purity of marriage from which a new, sweeter, saintlier world should spring. It was to be the buckler of this apostle of chivalry. Thus armed, he feared not final victory even in the midst of all the lawless love and fierce temptations that beset his knights. Coming back to his own high centre of honour, to the stainless pair upon the throne, there was still hope that all wandering affections should be stilled, and the sweet rule grow dearer and dearer. In this confidence and with this hope his reign began.

But even while he records these hopes, the poet with a sigh breathes aside a corner of the magic curtain which covers the future, and shows us 'the little rift within the lute.' The greatest knight of all his knights, his dearest friend and companion, had been sent by Arthur, as was most meet, to bring his bride to him. This new figure upon the scene where as yet there are so few actors is Lancelot. It is he who leads the chosen maiden through all the flowery breadth of the land which Arthur has subdued and tranquillised, to her future

home. What a journey! 'The time was Maytime, and as 'yet no sin was dreamed.' Like a vision to the mind of the guilty Guinevere years after comes back that wonderful brief glimpse of unconscious happiness. How they rode, ahead of their following, she the fairest under heaven, he the best knight and goodliest man—

'Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love,  
And sport and tilts and pleasure . . .

Rode under groves that looked a paradise  
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth  
That seemed the heavens upbursting thro' the earth,  
And on from hill to hill, and every day  
Beheld at noon in some delicious dale  
The silk pavilions of King Arthur raised  
For brief repast or afternoon repose  
By couriers gone before.'

This idyllic journey took place before ever Arthur held her hand. It is sinless, but the young imagination has been disturbed. There is no place for the noble tranquil image of the hero-husband. And Lancelot is by, always near, with a pathetic passion growing in his eyes. Thus the very germ of all evil and overthrow and dishonour is already in being, even while the nuptial blessings are said and the new hopes begin.

Having thus warned us of what is to come, the poet breaks away into the story of Enid, with which we are all familiar. It is the story of Doubt, the first trembling shadow of a possible cloud. But in the beginning all is still peace and sweet serenity and hope. The King is hunting in the woods, 'the 'stately queen,' attended but by a single maiden, waits on a knoll to see the hounds pass. There is no poison, no gloom, in the picture. With a sweet friendliness such as becomes her rank, Guinevere greets the young Prince, who is of her husband's court, and when he rides off to avenge the petty insult offered to her, dismisses him with gracious words:—

'Be prosperous in this journey as in all,  
And may you light on all things that you love,  
And live to wed with her whom first you loved  
But ere you wed with any, bring your bride  
And I, were she the daughter of a king,  
Yea, tho' she were a beggar from the hedge,  
Will clothe her for her bridal like the sun.'

The episode which follows, and which is one of the most beautiful bits of narrative Mr. Tennyson has ever produced,  
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scarcely inferior to Elaine, the picture of the ruined castle of Yniol, and of his fair daughter in her faded silk, whom Prince Geraint 'for utter courtesy' permits to stable his horse and serve him at table, because the good house, though ruined, 'endures not that a guest should serve himself,' has little to do with the main thread of the story. We only return to our argument when we find Enid clothed like the sun for her bridal by Guinevere's own hands, and received into the intimate companionship of the Queen.

'And Enid loved the Queen, and with true heart  
Adored her as the stateliest and best  
And loveliest of all women upon earth,  
And seeing them so tender and so close,  
Long in their common love rejoiced Geraint.'

While this young pair, however, live at the court in the full sunshine of favour, enjoying all the pageants and the splendour, and each other, there rises slowly like an exhalation across the brilliant scene the first whisper of the scandal that Lancelot and Guinevere look upon each other with a guilty love. It is but a whisper which nobody dares to breathe aloud, but suddenly the whole fair landscape darkens before us. Geraint, a man of moody and suspicious soul, is the first sufferer. With characteristic readiness he believes the half-born rumour, for it is his nature to see the worst, just as it is the nature of the magnanimous Arthur to suspect nothing. Geraint suspects at the first word. He is the impersonation of Doubt, and all the confusion, and misery, and wild uncertain ghosts it breeds. While yet the world is all fair around him, the shadow of this first suspicion clouds his whole soul, it sets him wrong in all his relationships with the King, and his brethren in arms. He breaks up the fair fellowship, making excuse that there is work for him to do at home, and, with the mist of suspicion hanging over everything, carries off his wife, determining in the first jealous terror to guard her so that she at least should be free from all temptation to evil:—

'thinking that, if ever yet was wife  
True to her lord, mine shall be so to me.  
He compassed her with sweet observances  
And worship, never leaving her, and grew  
Forgetful of his promise to the king—  
Forgetful of the palace and the hunt—  
Forgetful of the tilt and tournament—  
Forgetful of his glory and his name—  
Forgetful of his principedom and its cares.'

The reader knows already how wild and weary is the rest of

the tale; how the moody man in waking catches and misunderstands her broken words, and how the two go forth on their aimless, miserable adventures. Perhaps most of us have grumbled a little within ourselves, as we read, at the languor of the tale, and the utter unreason of Geraint's doubts, and his sulkiness and evil temper, and the persistent way in which he broods upon the fancied wrong. The man is tedious if we take him by himself; but take him as the first victim of that canker which is beginning to eat at the root of all social happiness, and his aspect changes. Can anything be more significant of the sudden fear, and trembling of all the foundations of the earth which the queen's unfaithfulness calls forth, than Geraint's sudden, painful, uxorious watching, and equally sudden wild cruelty and miserable wanderings? From the moment he hears of it, the sanctity of the Round Table, and his allegiance to its sovereign, and his faith in his own life and love are over for one of Arthur's knights. He can trust no more, either the experience of the past, nor any hope the future can give him. The pure love in Enid's eyes is all obscured by this vile vapour; and so is his own life, which becomes to him a worthless trifle to throw away, scarce worth fighting for, though at the same time he fights with a blind rage of despair which carries everything before him. Wild as the aimless wandering by wood and fell from which the Round Table and its severe vows and duties had withdrawn all the chosen knights, is the mad sullen adventure upon which Geraint, fallen from his high estate, goes forth. He means nothing, hopes for nothing. The fountains of his very being are embittered; and all because a sudden breath, a shadow, perhaps false, perhaps premature, has grown about the queen. The little rift is slowly widening, the seed of mischief has been sown.

The next chapter of the drama goes, as appears at the first glance, far afield. It is the story of Merlin and Vivien, the least popular of the whole series, but not, the least powerful. It is a story all made up of pretended love, false fondness, and a fleshly passion, which yet is not real passion at all, nor to be dignified by any name, however gross, which can express the strong desire of one human creature for another. Merlin, old, wise, and experienced in all wiles, permits himself, half out of indifference and weariness, half out of amusement at the tricks and arts which he sees through, to become the companion of one of those false, fair, caressing, heartless beings who were the sorceresses of romance, and have just re-appeared among modern heroines. Alas for the Round Table and its grand



purpose—alas for Arthur's mission among men, when such a creature as Vivien comes out of his court! A whole history of secret sin, of slackened laws, of the woman-ruler fallen from her eminence, is in the very existence of this woman, who has not a spark of truth or faith, or belief in anything either good or evil, left in her. An utter cynical levity and insensibility, such as amazes even the wise Merlin, with all his knowledge of wickedness and the world, are in this fair young lissom creature, who yet can counterfeit almost every charm of innocence, give her but warning of its necessity. She is the very antipodes of the lady of romance, the woman great in her womanhood, by whose help a hero-king might change the world. The sudden sight of her in the midst of that court of Guinevere, and the sound of her light laugh, ringing with mockery at all the fables of purity and goodness, which are mere idle tales to her sharp yet darkened intelligence, is like the serpent in Eden. She betrays the existence of a hundred harms; where she could harbour, with her incapacity to understand anything better than herself, and mocking scorn of goodness, how many lesser evils must be lurking, how low the standard must have fallen. Not only is her own vicious presence a sign of the coming curse, but it is a proof how vice itself becomes more hopelessly debased from the neighbourhood of fallen virtue. The stain upon the whiteness of Guinevere removes all restraint from the evil nature of Vivien; it frees her tongue to shrill mockery, and her heart to wicked thoughts; it fills her with that malicious satisfaction in the supposed vileness of all, here more and there less successfully hidden, but universal, which is the last evidence of demoralisation. She has it in her even to doubt, even to tempt, the stainless king, in the very imbecility of wicked wit and false knowingness. Her existence is a reproach to the queen, just as the existence of a coward and traitor among his knights would be a reproach to Arthur. It is thus that the poet shows how fundamentally deep already the evil has gone.

And here again the whole tale is symbolical. There is nothing true in it, as we have just said, from beginning to end; all is feigned—her love for Merlin, her caresses, even the signs of devotion she gives him, which are matters of fact, and yet as false as her own heart. She follows him over the sea to the wild Breton shores. She goes with him across the sands and through the dark untrodden forest. She gathers the trickling water for him in her own 'lady-palms,' and gives him drink. She bathes his feet in the brook, and hangs about him with fawning fondness; and yet he knows, and she knows,

that she no more loves him, or is capable of loving anyone, than is the grass beneath her feet. [Neither is Merlin on his part more true; he suffers her caresses, seconds them in a way, lets his arm drop about her carelessly, locks her hand in his because the pretty toy is there within his reach, and sometimes smiles at her with faint amusement, sometimes wakes into outbursts of indignation at her evil thinking and cynical disbelief; but never for a moment has any real trust in her, never loves her, nor believes in her love. Yet to this creature whom he sees through, whom by times he loathes, the wise man gives up his secret, knowing all the time what use she will make of it. Strange double parable full of many meanings! but mostly instinct with this one meaning, so far as regards the great thread of our tale:—Merlin has been Arthur's help in many a strait ere now; but now that has happened to Arthur in which neither Merlin nor any man can help him. All that wisdom can do cannot establish again those conditions on which alone his great mission could be accomplished. Therefore what matters it now what becomes of that vain wisdom—let it be conquered by fate, by despair, by this false image of the love which was to be the saviour, and has become the destruction of the land and all its hopes. Let 'the charm of woven paces and of 'waving hands' be betrayed to the enchantress if she will. The magician is too weary, too indifferent, to contend with her selfish eagerness. Shut him up in that eternal prison, what matters? His king, his young hero, his miraculous child has failed in his mission. As falsehood must ruin Arthur, why struggle against the incarnate lie which would ruin Merlin first? Wisdom is too sick at heart to struggle with Folly for anything so poor as life.

After these two independent narratives, which carry on so wonderfully, almost without our knowledge, the greater action of the drama, giving us a kind of insight, as of contemporaries, into all that has been passing at the court, the poet leads us back to the central story in the most perfect of all the cycle of legends, the beautiful tale of Elaine. And here for the first time actually dawns upon us the finest conception of modern poetry, the great Lancelot. We have heard of him before but too often. We know what he is and who he is. The best knight and goodliest man, the hero of innumerable adventures. We are aware that there is no knight of the Table Round, and much less any out of that brotherhood, who can stand before him; and that he is courteous and gentle and pitiful as becomes his mightiness. So much we have learned from the old legends: but yet the Lancelot of Mr. Tennyson's

poem is his own creation, the greatest effort of his genius, and, to our thinking, the foundation of his highest fame. The moment this strong, sad, tender, heroic figure comes upon the scene, the whole atmosphere is changed. He is the embodiment of truth itself warped into falsehood, honour itself turned into dishonour. His love is his being—not a fiery passion subject to sudden gusts of doubt and wild variations like that of Guinevere, but still, unchangeable, one with the incurable sorrow in his noble breast. He of all others is the one who has most clearly fathomed the work and the hopes of Arthur; yet he it is who has given the death-blow to those hopes. Of that grief he will never cure himself should he live for ever; and yet he cannot get free from his sin. The evil is done, it is irremediable. Penitence might avail himself, but not his lord whom he has so foully injured, whom he so fondly serves. Never does so much as Arthur's shadow glide over his path, but Lancelot does homage to the purer, loftier man. He prostrates himself under Arthur's feet in immeasurable compunction, in unchangeable reverence. The poet's fine instinct has led him to present this noble figure to us only when the first intoxication of passion is over, and the awful light of reality has fallen upon the dream. We have no glimpse of Lancelot in the first triumph and feverish exultation of his sin. He has found it all out, its enormity of evil, its bitterness, its growing and gathering mesh of falsehoods, its kindred with everything that is most opposed to all the impulses of his nature, before he becomes known to us. It is a bondage which he cannot break. Were he even strong enough to break it, his loyalty to Guinevere could not brook that he should be the first to suggest such a severance. He is her slave to do her will, in that great wondering shame and pity which amid all his love he has for the woman who has yielded to him. Never from him can the word of parting come. His honour is rooted in dishonour, his faith unfaithful is beyond the touch of change. He moves about that court where every man suspects him but Arthur, his face marred and his spirit veiled by the shadow of his sin, in everything but this spotless as Arthur's self, the soul of knightly nobleness and grace. A certain languor is upon his looks and his movements as we watch him; he has no longer the heart to be moved by thought of his fame—even the desire of winning that last diamond to deck his queen is faint within him; at a glance from her eye he relinquishes it, at a word takes it up again. Her cunning suggestions give him a certain smothered pain; but what is a pang more or less to the great silent anguish which lies

always in his heart—*nel lago del cuore*, as Dante says—in the depths profound where no sunbeam ever can get entrance to cast a ray of hope upon the dark waters. Such is the *contre-héros* of the drama, not the villain, more like a martyr in his melancholy loyalty, a martyr not for holiness but to sin.

Guinevere herself becomes visible to us in the same sudden light, a woman miserable by times yet not stripped of all possibility of gladness like the nobler soul of Lancelot, passionate, petulant, moved by wild gusts of anger and jealousy and distrust, as different from his sad languor as night is from day. As her treachery is deeper, so is her soul more disturbed, and the woman's keener sense of degradation shows itself in her tingling nerves and fitful temper, her sudden suspicions and restless freaks of fancy. While the man who has wronged Arthur reverences him above all others, the woman rails at him, with breathless lip and beating heart—

'She broke into a little scornful laugh :  
 "Arthur, my lord, Arthur, the faultless king,  
 That passionate perfection, my good lord—  
 He never spoke word of reproach to me—  
 He never had a glimpse of mine untruth—  
 He cares not for me."'

Strangest subtle fault to find in such a position, and yet how true to the woman's point of view ! Upon Lancelot lies the overwhelming burden of the sin, but her's are all the sharp arrows of remorse—the keen dread of losing what she has bought so dearly, and that bitter sense of having given all and having no further recompense to offer, which distracts the doubting heart. 'She has sacrificed everything to me, and therefore I can never leave her,' is the man's theory. 'I have sacrificed everything to him, and therefore he will leave me,' is the miserable thought of the woman ; and accordingly in her madness she thrusts this possibility upon him with wild words of simulated calm :—

'Our bond, as not the bond of man and wife,  
 Should have in it an absoluter trust  
 To make up that defect'

says Lancelot ; but Guinevere flashes back upon him, her trembling hands plucking the vine leaves—her whole frame quivering with hot anger and misery :

'Our bond is not the bond of man and wife ;  
 This good is in it, whatsoe'er of ill,  
 It can be broken easier.'

It is when this passionate interview has terminated, and the

queen, flinging from her window, the nine-years-fought-for diamonds,

‘Hard won and hardly won with bruise and blow,  
With deaths of others and almost his own,’

has ‘burst away to weep and wail in secret;’ and Lancelot, bewildered and sad to death, ‘in half disgust at love, life, all ‘things,’ leans on the edge of the open casement, watching where the rippling river has closed over those sparks of light, that the black barge glides down the sunny stream, with the dead Elaine in her simple pomp coming to him for whom she has died—contrast supreme of love that dies and love that kills. The sweetest, fairest, most innocent of all the victims of that fatal connexion is the lily maid. It is purity itself and virgin youth, and sweet true, natural Love and Hope that are thus sacrificed before the shrine of evil passion. Another and yet another—fair Enid’s peace—old Merlin’s life—the honour of Arthur—the very existence of his Order—the hope of England; and now, dearest, tenderest victim, laid out in her maiden whiteness with her lily crown,—sweet Elaine! As the tragic boat glides down the stream, and the idlers throng to the marble stairs, and Lancelot, but half woke to the new wonder, muses in his bitterness at the vine-wreathed casement, how the air darkens with approaching fate! The whole agitated whispering court is moved for a moment to tears and to silence; the ladies weep; the knights hold their breath; the queen herself comes and sheds hot remorseful tears over the maiden’s bier. It is a wonder which strikes them all dumb in mid-career of gaiety and gossip and tale-bearing. Arthur himself is moved out of his calm by the heartrending sight; a pang of wonder goes through even his unsuspecting soul. ‘I would to ‘God thou could’st have loved this maiden!’ he cries in his affection and pity for his brother-in-arms. What wonder that Lancelot, stealing away as soon as he could free himself from all this maze of passion and pain, should throw himself down by the river-side in his despair, and feel his bonds eat into his very heart?—

‘And Lancelot answer’d nothing, but he went,  
And at the inrunning of a little brook  
Sat by the river in a cove, and watch’d  
The high reed wave, and lifted up his eyes  
And saw the barge that brought her moving down,  
Far-off, a blot upon the stream, and said  
Low in himself, “Ah, simple heart and sweet,  
You loved me, damsel, surely with a love  
Far tenderer than my queen’s. Pray for thy soul?”

Ay, that will I. Farewell, too—now at last—  
 Farewell, fair lily. Jealousy in love?  
 Not rather dead love's harsh heir, jealous pride?  
 Queen, if I grant the jealousy as of love,  
 May not your crescent fear for name and fame  
 Speak, as it waxes, of a love that wanes?  
 Why did the king dwell on my name to me?  
 Mine own name shames me, seeming a reproach,  
 Lancelot, whom the Lady of the Lake  
 Stole from his mother—as the story runs—  
 She chanted snatches of mysterious song  
 Heard on the winding waters, eve and morn  
 She kiss'd me, saying, Thou art fair, my child,  
 As a king's son, and often in her arms  
 She bare me, pacing on the dusky mere.  
 Would she had drown'd me in it, where'er it be!  
 For what am I? What profits me my name  
 Of greatest knight? I fought for it, and have it:  
 Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it, pain;  
 Now grown a part of me: but what use in it?  
 To make men worse by making my sin known?  
 Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great?  
 Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a man  
 Not after Arthur's heart! I needs must break  
 These bonds that so defame me: not without  
 She wills it; would I, if she will'd it? nay,  
 Who knows? but if I would not, then may God,  
 I pray him, send a sudden Angel down  
 To seize me by the hair, and bear me far,  
 And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,  
 Among the tumbled fragments of the hills."

It is after this incident which has startled all souls with the boldness of a parable that another and altogether different distraction falls upon the Society which Arthur had framed to regenerate the world. Ill at ease—can it be doubted?—were Lancelot and Guinevere; reconciled, yet feeling that smart of the past conflict which no reconciliation ever wipes away, and overwhelmed with a sense of the vengeance which must come, however long it may be delayed; and though no other offender in all the glittering splendid multitude that surrounds them can bear the same burden, yet still there is a general flutter of painful thought, such as men and ladies would but too gladly get rid of, or find some passionate outlet for, according to the practical habit of the time. No doubt there had been pilgrimages undertaken, and many a mass sung, nominally for the spotless soul of Elaine, and really for the relief of the uneasy, unaccustomed penitents whom her dead face had startled into thought. It is at this moment that the poet brings in the

mystic supplemental narrative of religious disturbance which was wanting to fill up the growing confusion of events and emotions, the Quest of the Holy Grail. The first intimation of this mystery comes through the sister of Sir Percivale, herself a nun. She is safe from the evils of the time in her cloister, and she is holy and pure as ever was cloistered maiden; and yet the breath of evil—

‘the slander of the court,  
Sin against Arthur and the Table Round,  
And the strange sound of an adulterous race’

reach her in her solitude. She is one of those stainless beings, the dream of the old faith in its earlier times, and its renewed hope in later days, who dedicate themselves and their pure prayers and innocent life vicariously to make reparation for the wickedness around them. The more those rumours reach her, the more she struggles in fasting and prayer, with all that horror of the real, and that unspeakable longing for miraculous interposition which are at all times natural to cloistered innocence. It is in answer to this longing that her confessor, ‘a man well-nigh a hundred winters old,’ speaks to her of the Holy Grail. It is

‘the cup itself from which our Lord  
Drunk at the last sad supper with his own.  
This . . . . . the good saint  
Arimathæan Joseph journeying brought  
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn  
Blossoms at Christmas mindful of our Lord.  
And there awhile it bode; and if a man  
Could touch or see it he was healed at once  
By faith, of all his ills. But then the times  
Grew to such evil that the holy cup  
Was caught away to heaven and disappeared.’

This legend, which has been handed down from our Lord’s time ‘by five or six, and each of them a hundred winters old,’ the aged priest tells to the holy maiden with hushed tones and bated breath. He had hoped when Arthur made the Table Round, ‘and all men’s hearts became clean for a season,’ that surely the Holy Grail would return; but sin had broken out, and that great hope had been lost with so many others. ‘Oh, father, might it come to me by prayer and fasting?’ cries the nun. Thus a wild hope flashes across the tender ascetic soul—a hope contagious to all generous simple intelligences in a primitive age—to make all well, not in the ordinary human way by repentance and redress, but splendidly by a miracle which shall heal and set right whether men will it or no. The

holy maid, possessed with this sudden hope, rushes after it by that way of self-mortification which is the only manner of the Quest possible to her, and fasts and prays till the sun shines and the wind blows through her, so worn is her visible frame with the eagerness of her soul. Then the narrative proceeds. Her brother, Sir Percivale, years after in the convent to which he too has retired, tells the tale:—

‘For on a day she sent to speak with me,  
And when she came to speak, behold her eyes  
Beyond my knowing of them beautiful,  
Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,  
Beautiful in the light of holiness.  
And “O, my brother, Percivale,” she said,  
“Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail:  
For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound  
As of a silver horn from o’er the hills  
Blown, and I thought, ‘It is not Arthur’s use  
To hunt by moonlight;’ and the slender sound  
As from a distance beyond distance grew  
Coming upon me—O never harp nor horn,  
Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand,  
Was like that music as it came; and then  
Streamed thro’ my cell a cold and silver beam,  
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,  
Rose red with beatings in it, as if alive,  
Till all the white yalls of my cell were dyed  
With rosy colours leaping on the wall;  
And then the music faded, and the Grail  
Pass’d, and the beam decay’d, and from the walls  
The rosy quiverings died into the night.  
So now the Holy Thing is here again  
Among us, brother, fast thou too and pray,  
And tell thy brother knights to fast and pray,  
That so perchance the vision may be seen  
By thee and those, and all the world be heal’d.”’

This wonderful tale falls upon fit ears. Sir Percivale is of the flower of Arthur’s court. He is called the pure, by distinction in a society where purity is still theoretically held in the highest honour; and the suggestion sets his heart aflame. He leaves his sister full of solemn ardour, and spreads the awe-inspiring news abroad. ‘Myself,’ he says,

‘fasted and prayed •  
Always, and many among us many a week  
Fasted and prayed even to the uttermost,  
Expectant of the wonder that would be.’ •

One day when this solemn expectation and hope is in all their minds, when Arthur is absent, and the restraint of com-



mon life and higher judgment removed—into the midst of those knights stained in secret, who are pricked to the heart for their sin, and those unsullied brethren upon whom the sense of wickedness about them lies heavy—there comes a sudden gleam of visionary light. In this chapter of the drama it will be perceived that all the chief personages of the tale are relegated to a secondary place. Into the central light comes forward the inspired nun in her cloister, and the miraculous boy-knight, Sir Galahad, emblems of absolute purity, innocence, and ignorance of all the world's complex and gloomy ways. Nowhere has the poet shown a more true insight into nature, and nowhere has he disclosed more clearly that his poetry is of the nineteenth and not of the sixth century. In such a sudden wild religious hope, not Arthur, not Lancelot, can be the leader; though Lancelot, in his despair, is swept into it, as he might be into any means, possible or impossible, of escaping from himself and his sin. But it is the Maiden who leads the way. It is Innocence, all ardent and fearless, knowing no impossibilities, which springs by right of nature into the first place. Galahad, he who had been knighted younger than any knight was ever known to be before, who, was beautiful as an angel and as pure, who moved among the courtiers in white armour—emblem of his spotlessness—and to whom the nun had sent a sword-belt woven of her own hair, consecrating him to this mission, he it is who moves the unseen and calls forth a response. He places himself in Merlin's chair, in the Siege Perilous, of which it has been foretold that 'no man could sit but he should lose himself.' 'If I lose myself I save myself,' cries the young Galahad, daring as none other dare. It was on a summer night, when all the Table Round was thrilling with that sense of the conflict between good and evil, that secret consciousness of failure in themselves, and wavering between despair and a wild miraculous hope. Arthur was absent, doing his manful serious duty; there was no restraint upon their wild impulses, no one even to cast a subduing glance of serious wonder upon any straining after a desperate deliverance. At this moment the vision came:

'And all at once, as there we sat, we heard  
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,  
And rending, and a blast, and overhead  
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.  
And in the blast there smote along the hall  
A beam of light seven times more clear than day;  
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail  
All over cover'd with a luminous cloud,

And none might see who bare it, and it past.  
 But every knight beheld his fellow's face  
 As in a glory, and all the knights arose,  
 And staring each at other like dumb men  
 Stood, till I found a voice and sware a vow.  
 I sware a vow before them all, that I,  
 Because I had not seen the Grail, would ride  
 A twelvemonth and a day in quest of it  
 Until I found and saw it, as the nun  
 My sister saw it; and Galahad sware the vow,  
 And good Sir Bors, our Lancelot's cousin, sware,  
 And Lancelot sware, and many among the knights,  
 And Gawain sware, and louder than the rest.'

The hall is still full of this tumult and agitation when Arthur and his followers, soiled with travel and fight, come suddenly upon the scene. When he hears the cause of the excitement his face darkens. 'Woe is me, my knights!' he cries; 'Had I 'been here, ye had not sworn this vow.' It is impossible not to feel that a certain half shame, as of penitent schoolboys, steals over the abashed knights as they are obliged to answer one by one that they have seen nothing but a light, and do not even know what it is which they have solemnly bound themselves to follow. While he asks, one voice of a sudden rings through the hall, the voice of Galahad, 'But I saw the Holy 'Grail,' cries the angel knight:—

'I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry,  
 O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me.  
 "Ah Galahad, Galahad!" said the king, "for such  
 As thou art is the vision, not for these,  
 Thy holy nun and thou have seen a sign,  
 A sign to maim this order I have made."

'Are ye all Galahads,' Arthur goes on, with indignant mournful eloquence, 'or even Percivales?' and points out to them with an energy which we find in him for the first time, how duty and loyal service must be neglected for this wild enterprise. They are all men 'with strength and will to right the 'wronged,' strong for many noble uses, though not of mystic purity or insight. 'Go,' he adds, grieved and reproving:—

'Go, since your vows are sacred, being made;  
 Yet—for ye know the cries of all my realm  
 Pass thro' this hall—how often, oh my knights,  
 Your places being vacant at my side,  
 This chance of noble deeds will come and go  
 Unchallenged, while you follow wandering fires,  
 Lost in the quagmire.'

Never up to this moment has Arthur shown himself so kingly. No doubt it is part of the poet's purpose to show how every evil, except the one incredible evil which is beyond remedy, should be apparent to the leader who is statesman as well as knight. He is grieved beyond measure by this outburst of high-toned unreason. It is as if heaven itself had conspired against the Round Table, the brotherhood whose union and constant presence for the service of the State was the very secret of its strength. And we cannot but feel that the hero is treated with a certain injustice, when, so clear-sighted to every other danger, he is represented as utterly unconscious of the master-evil which is eating at the root of all his greatness. It is fit and right that the magnanimous Arthur should entertain no shadow of suspicion of his wife or his friend; but yet some mist of dolorous uncertainty must have come upon a soul so finely tempered, some consciousness of unknown evil. 'He never cared for me,' is the passionate cry of Guinevere, resenting his absence of suspicion as an absolute sin against her; and to some extent Guinevere is right. The Arthur whom Mr. Tennyson means us to receive as the central figure in his poem must have been moved by some tragic sense of secret evil about him. Thinking no evil, he must still have felt the mist that had crept over the face of the earth, stealing between him and his wife, between him and his friend, between him and all the lesser brotherhood who looked on, and whispered and wondered, and knew more than he. Such a man in such a position would be like a blind man among the seeing—with a certain piteous sense about him of something lacking, a subtle consciousness of failure all the more bewildering and desolate that his higher nature made him utterly impervious to suspicion as to how it came. That Arthur does not feel this is the defect in him; it is this which lessens our sympathy, and draws our eye away from him to the mournful figure of Lancelot. Arthur does not even perceive the something nobler than mere imitation of Galahad and Percivale which, all inarticulate and but half-conscious, moves the inmost hearts of the simple knights who hang their mailed heads at his reproof. He does not see the sick longing for escape, for any mystic deliverance, at the best for some violent demonstration of a desire for better things, which has had a share in their sudden vow. In short, he regards it more as a chief, a statesman who sees his power suddenly infringed and his plans interfered with, than as a man. He is vexed, grieved, disapproving, prophetic of evil—'Many of you, yea most, return no more,' he says, with melancholy insight. It is to him the sign which will maim his Order, and not one of

the results of still greater signs which have sapped its very root.

Very different is the attitude of Lancelot. He is moved, like his brethren, by the sudden mysterious impulse—like them, and not like them, for his is the sharper spur of personal despair. His sin has made him indifferent to almost everything that can befall him in the world. Death or life are little to him; he has done his best and his worst, and existence has nothing in it that can charm him out of the sorrow and the languor in which all his faculties are bound. But the story of the Grail and that mysterious gleam of light it threw, flashes upon his melancholy a sudden delirious hope. How it caught him, inspired him, dispersed the sloth of despair which was creeping over his nature, and finally crazed him with the tumult of contending good and evil, he thus himself describes:—

‘ . . . in me lived a sin  
So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,  
Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung  
Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower  
And poisonous grew together, each as each,  
Not to be plucked asunder; and when thy knights  
Sware, I sware with them only in the hope  
That could I touch or see the Holy Grail  
They might be pluck’d asunder. Then I spake  
To one most holy saint, who wept and said,  
That save they could be pluck’d asunder, all  
My quest were but in vain; to whom I vow’d  
That I would work according as he will’d.  
And forth I went, and while I yearn’d and strove  
To tear the twain asunder in my heart  
My madness came upon me as of old,  
And whipt me into waste fields far away.’

The madness of Lancelot dies away into calm when he finds himself driven out upon the wild sea and reaches the castle of Carbonek, in which all that his polluted eyes can see, is to be shown to him. But his story is not told until the quest has been fulfilled, and a remnant—‘but a tithe’—of those who had gone upon this mystic adventure return, and stand wasted and worn before the King. Only three have seen the sacred object of their search. Sir Galahad, who has disappeared into the unknown, and has been crowned ‘king in the spiritual city;’ Sir Percivale, who, as he tells his visions, in the same breath announces to Arthur his determination to retire from the Order and the world into a monastery; and Sir Bors, the honest, loyal, kind, unselfish, and undistinguished knight, who had scarcely hoped to see anything, and whose humility cannot

give any account of what he saw.' 'Ask me not, for I may 'not speak of it,' he says with the tears in his eyes. Arthur listens sadly to the report of each. He counts his losses with all a captain's despondency at the vacant places on the roll. He has no further reproofs to give, for nothing now can mend the harm. He has heard all before he returns to Lancelot, in whose sad eyes there still gleams something of 'the dying 'fire of madness;' he is the last to tell his fortunes. When the King asks him, 'My Lancelot, my friend, . . . hath this 'quest availed for thee?' he starts from a reverie still more dark and heavy than his former melancholy. And this is what he saw when his delirium had passed from him, and the perpetual struggle had been for the moment stilled in his wounded breast:—

'At the last I reach'd a door,  
A light was in the crannies, and I heard,  
"Glory and joy and honour to our Lord  
And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail."  
Then in my madness I essay'd the door;  
It gave; and thro' a stormy glare, a heat  
As from a seventifnes-heated furnace, I,  
Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I was,  
With such a fierceness that I swoon'd away—  
O, yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,  
All pall'd in crimson samite, and around  
Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes,  
And but for all my madness and my sin,  
And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw  
That which I saw; but what I saw was veil'd  
And cover'd; and this quest was not for me.'

When these melancholy words have ended the tragic tale which is already to be read so fully in the worn faces and haggard looks of that remnant of unsuccessful knights, Arthur, looking around him, with a grief not unmingled with bitterness, addresses the diminished Order. 'Was I too dark a prophet?' he asks. The 'wandering fires' have been followed, and this is the issue. Scarcely a tithe have returned at all, and of those who have seen it, two at least are lost to all further knightly service. One of them—

'hath beheld it afar off,  
And leaving human wrongs to right themselves,  
Cares but to pass into the silent life.  
And one hath had the vision face to face,  
And now his chair desires him here in vain  
However they may crown him elsewhere.'

This is the result. It has but detached the visionaries

from the world which has need of them, and absorbed back into heaven the elevating, purifying influence which they can exert upon ordinary life, but has not encouraged the trembling, or brought peace to the tempest-tost. Yet so strong in all—both in the guilty and the pure—is the religious sense, that Arthur feels it necessary to explain even to the disappointed remnant his apparent insensibility to the holy enterprise. The shadow by this time has invaded his own soul, so long and cheerfully closed against every evil impression. He speaks with the grieved self-restraint of a man who feels that his authority is diminished, and his power tottering. The time of hope—the time of certainty is over. Chimeras and wandering fires have drawn his followers aside from simple duty and steadfast service; and a certain lofty despondency and sense that he must remain at his post to the last, breathes in all he says.

‘Some among you held, that if the King  
Had seen the sight he would have sworn the vow;  
Not easily, seeing that the King must guard  
That which he rules, and is but as the hind  
To whom a space of land is given to plough,  
Who may not wander from the allotted field,  
Before his work be done; but, being done,  
Let visions of the night or of the day  
Come, as they will; and many a time they come,  
Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,  
This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,  
This air that smites his forehead is not air,  
But vision—yea, his very hand and foot—  
In moments when he feels he cannot die,  
And knows himself no vision to himself,  
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One  
Who rose again; ye have seen what ye have seen.’

Thus we have come to a crisis all but final in the saddening story. The mysterious sudden hope of a miraculous redemption has failed. The best have been weeded out of the sinking mass—taken from the evil to come. Lancelot the chief of all sinners and sufferers has returned, still dragging his lengthened chain, neither freed by his lady, nor by his own fierce conflict, nor even by God, to whom he has madly resorted, hoping, in desperation, for the wild aid of miracle. Thus, the last hope is over, and everything is tending slowly and surely towards the final catastrophe. But still there is outward peace, and still the jousts go on, and ladies smile from the galleries, and the knights tilt in the meadow, and all is fair above, though dark below. In this pause of fate, the poet leads us away suddenly into the sylvan depths of the Forest of Dean, to see—

is it a sweet idyllic break upon the tragic tale? is it another mystic typical chapter in the fatal history? There is a young knight resting on a slope 'whereon a hundred stately beeches grow,' and dreaming in 'the green-glooming twilight of the grove' the cherished dreams of youth. He is young, not even yet knighted, but on his way to Arthur's court to claim that honour; and still his dreaming fancy is free; 'he loved all maidens, but no maid, in special;' and wooed to him, in his young chivalrous imagination, the lady of his dreams. 'Where?' he whispers to himself:—

'Oh where? I love thee though I know thee not,  
For fair art thou and pure as Guinevere,  
And I will make thee with my spear and sword  
As famous—oh, my queen, my Guinevere,  
For I will be thine Arthur when we meet.'

While the youth thus muses to himself, a sudden bright group becomes visible enshrined in the greenness of the wood. It is the Lady Ettarre and her retinue going to Caerleon to the tilting, and they have lost their way. Young Pelleas rises dazzled and abashed from the shade to offer himself as their guide. 'Is Guinevere herself as beautiful?' he asks, as he gazes at the new comer. He is her slave before they reach the city, where a great tournament is about to be held, for the prize of a sword, and a golden circlet to be bestowed by the victor upon her whom he loves. Ettarre, to whom the boy's young love is a weariness, craftily bethinks herself that he is strong and full of passion, and as likely as not to win this great distinction for her—and therefore with all her lady wiles, she flatters the adoring boy. Here as by chance comes in a sudden glimpse of the scenes and society with which we are so familiar, in all the pomp and glory of apparent solidity, as if they would never perish, though we know it wants but a word, the pointing of a finger—and half the multitude could speak that word or point that finger at any moment—to crumble the whole pageant into dust. 'Down in the flat field by the shores of Usk' were the jousts—

'the gilded parapets were crowned  
With faces, and the great towers filled with eyes  
Up to the summit, and the trumpets blew.'

Of all the crowd the happiest was the young Pelleas, holding the field against all comers. To him everything he saw was real—all steadfast, sure, and fast as the foundation of the earth.

"Oh, happy world" said Pelleas "all, meseems,  
Are happy, I the happiest of them all."

For his lady had accepted his love; and she was beautiful and pure as Guinevere; and Guinevere as pure as heaven; and Arthur, a leader worshipped—

‘Whose lightest whispers moved him more  
Than all the ranged reasons of the world;’

and every lady was spotless, and every knight true. In this bright mood the young knight fought and won the prize. But he had no sooner accomplished her desire than Ettarre changed to him. She had all she wanted from her too tender worshipper. She scoffed at him as they went back again riding through the wood where they had met—she, with her gold circlet safe, and the shouts which had hailed her Queen of Beauty still ringing in her ears—‘I cannot bide Sir Baby,’ she cries to her damsels as the youth follows her with adoring looks. Pelleas is very hard to be undeceived. Doubt is almost as impossible to him as to Arthur. He cannot realise her frailty and falsehood, but suffers a hundred indignities without a word, wondering, content to believe it is her pleasure, concluding that it must be for the trial of his faith—anything rather than that she is less than his dream of perfection. So little has he benefited by his first lesson, sharp as it has been, that he trusts Sir Gawain at his first word, when that gay knight riding by, offers to win Ettarre’s love back to him. It is only when, surprised by long silence and the yearning of his heart, Pelleas makes his way into the castle, and finds how his brother in arms and the lady of his love have wronged him, that sudden sharp conviction comes to his soul. The youth, maddened by the sight, lays his naked sword across their throats as they sleep, and rushes forth frantic into the night. He springs on his horse and rides wildly, not knowing where he goes, by times raving in his misery, by times falling silent in an anguish too great to bear. The pillars of the earth have begun to crumble; he is mad with the sudden overthrow of his first great creed, belief in the woman he loved. When morning comes, the poor youth, broken by passion and fatigue, drops from his weary horse, and casts himself down in the courtyard of the convent where Sir Percivale has retired from the world. Here is the awful discovery, completing the ruin of his mind, to which he wakes:—

‘He woke, and being ware of some one nigh,  
Sent hands upon him, as to tear him, crying  
“False! and I held thee pure as Guinevere.”’

But Percivale stood near him and replied,  
“Am I but false as Guinevere is pure?”



Or art thou mazed with dreams? or being one  
Of our free-spoken Table, hast not heard  
That Lancelot"—there he check'd himself and paused.

Then fared it with Sir Pelleas as with one  
Who gets a wound in battle, and the sword  
That made it plunges thro' the wound again,  
And pricks it deeper; and he shrank and wail'd,  
"Is the Queen false?" and Percivale was mute.  
"Have any of our Round Table held their vows?"  
And Percivale made answer not a word.  
"Is the King true?" "The King!" said Percivale.  
"Why then, let men couple at once with wolves.  
What! art thou mad?"

But Pelleas, leaping up,  
Ran through the doors and vaulted on his horse  
And fled . . .

His second wild course is directed to Camelot, with what aimless impulse of vengeance he himself knows not. On the way he meets Lancelot, and challenges him. 'What name hast thou?' asked the astonished hero, startled to see the youth ride at him.

"I have no name" he shouted; "a scourge am I  
To lash the treason of the Table Round."  
"Yea, but thy name?" "I have many names" he cried.  
"I am wrath and shame and hate and evil fame,  
And like a poisonous wind I pass to blast  
And blaze the crime of Lancelot and the Queen."

Then there follows a brief passage of arms, in which the weary maddened boy is overthrown but spared. But such a haggard messenger with such a voice is not to be lightly left to carry his mad revelation through the country. Lancelot, struck with the sudden sharp alarm of a presentiment, turns back. He had come out of the city 'riding airily,' light-hearted, as men so often are just before the first heavings of the earthquake. But now he retraces his steps with a disturbed heart.

'And Lancelot slowly rode his war-horse back  
To Camelot, and Sir Pelleas in brief while  
Caught his unbroken limbs from the dark field,  
And follow'd to the city. It chanced that both  
Brake into hall together, worn and pale.  
There with her knights and dames was Guinevere.  
Full wnderingly she gazed on Lancelot  
So soon return'd, and then on Pelleas, him  
Who had not greeted her, but cast himself  
Down on a bench, hard-breathing. "Have ye fought?"

She ask'd of Lancelot: "Ay, my Queen!" he said.  
 "And thou hast overthrown him?" "Ay, my Queen."  
 Then she, turning to Pelleas, "O young knight,  
 Hath the great heart of knighthood in thee fail'd  
 So far thou canst not bide, unfrowardly,  
 A fall from him?" Then, for he answer'd not,  
 "Or hast thou other griefs? If I, the Queen,  
 May help them, loose thy tongue, and let me know!"  
 But Pelleas lifted up an eye so fierce  
 She quail'd; and he hissing "I have no sword,"  
 Sprung from the door into the dark. The Queen  
 Look'd hard upon her lover, he on her;  
 And each foresaw the dolorous day to be:  
 And all talk died, as in a grove all song  
 Beneath the shadow of some bird of prey.  
 Then a long silence came upon the hall,  
 And Modred thought, "The time is hard at hand."

This is the last, or all but the last, of the new poems with which Mr. Tennyson has filled up the outlines of his tragedy; and it leads us, as by a significant preface full of power and meaning, to the last act—the catastrophe of Guineverè. The madman disappears with his wild words unrepeatèd, and for a moment all is still again, and the dread has passèd. But stealthy Modred has felt, like his victims, that the hour had come. In his case it is the ripening of his ambitious schemes that point the moment; in theirs the intolerable sense of approaching fate, and that gnawing remorse and despair which can no longer be dissembled. Danger and shame are in the air that blows about them, in every whisper that runs through the echoing palace, and stealthy footfall on the marble stairs. The pageants and pomp and all the splendid show of the court are unbearable to the guilty Queen with her secret in her breast. She too has begun to feel the misery which for so long has consumed her lover. Long they postpone the inevitable parting. At last 'they were agreed upon a night . . . 'to meet and part for ever.' For this night too Modred fixes his plan; and just as their sin is about to be ended for ever, as they sit 'stammering and staring' in 'a madness of farewells,' the long-deferred vengeance breaks upon them. All this that has been brewing so long, that another hour would have made impossible, is done in a moment with the swiftness of fate. They are just about to tear themselves apart, to make their own conclusion in anguish and silence, and deliver each other, when Modred's cry breaks upon their ears, and all hope, all stealth, all the long awful bondage of the secret is ended; and with it Arthur's peace and honour, and the bond that has held

together the Round Table, and the unity and safety of the kingdom, and a hundred false things which up to this moment have been made to look true. When Lancelot comes back to her after he has dashed the traitor from the doors, in the awful stillness that succeeds to the discovery a sudden change has come upon the scene. While hope and life still existed the eyes might be dim and the voice inarticulate with passion; but life and hope are over, and all those warm mists have been swept away in an instant. The calmness of death is upon them. 'Fly to my strong castle overseas,' he cries, as they take counsel together in this terrible strait. 'Nay, friend, for we have taken our farewells,' says Guinevere. She too is a free woman, freed as by death; and a glimmer of natural nobleness reappears in the tragic sin-stained creature, to whom in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye—sin, like hope and every other faculty of life, has become impossible. 'I will draw me into sanctuary, and bide my doom,' she says, in this new calm. Out of her palace, which is hers no longer, she goes forth into the night like a ghost.

'So Lancelot got her horse,  
Set her thereon and mounted on his own,  
And thus they rode to the divided way,  
Then kissed and parted weeping; for he past  
Love-loyal to the last wish of the Queen,  
Back to his land; but she to Almesbury  
Fled all night long by glimmering waste and weald.'

There is something significant even in the small place accorded to the traitor in this story of doom. He is no Iago bringing about the catastrophe—he is but the match, which lights the long-smouldering, long-prepared train. His character is of no moment to the tragedy. His aim to usurp Arthur's crown does but furnish him with a motive for making this deadliest breach in the brotherhood of knights. But the reader is aware that the breach might have been made all along by many another hand; and that except such young enthusiasts as the boy Pelleas, there is only Arthur who is totally unaware of his domestic curse. All has been ready and waiting for the revelation—the smouldering fire has been on the point of bursting out for long—all nature has been watching, listening, for the wild explosion. It is no wonder, but almost a relief to the pent-up excitement of the situation, to know that at last it has come.

We have not space, nor is it necessary, to go over the last wonderful scene of the 'Idylls of the Table Round,'—the picture of the despairing Queen at Almesbury, the little maid

who maddens her with childish innocent babble, and the last interview between Arthur and his shamed and ruined wife. We have been too long acquainted with that poignant meeting to require to be reminded of it. Much has been said about the monologue of the King, its length and didactic character; but yet we believe few readers, keeping the thread of the story in hand, will read that utterance of the hero's broken yet steadfast heart with much inclination to be critical. In such a position, at such a moment, with no one to answer him, a man, if he speaks at all, will say much, and much that is not very relevant. Strong personal anguish is often didactic in its pathetic, half-conscious self-explanations, self-defences. He tells her of his purpose which she has foiled, of his hopes which she has crushed. 'The loathsome opposite of all my heart had destined' has come to pass, 'and all through thee!' Or rather he says this over her prostrate head, wandering into little outbursts of his favourite theories, making piteous solemn assertions of his great meaning with something of the incoherence of the dying mingled in the hush of his despair. The very formality of the speech is part of this final strain of faculty, this utterance as from a deathbed. He is addressing no one—not Guinevere; perhaps a visionary world around him, perhaps some woeful image of himself, across the ruin she has made. His voice is 'monotonous and hollow like a ghost's.' Possibility is over for her, for him, for all things. One scene dawning ghostlike out of the future, like a dream of the dying, has still to be gone through. Arthur has been conquered by the powers of darkness, by the two human creatures he loved best; they have put their feet upon his proud neck and crushed his heart and his hopes. But vulgar rebellion shall not conquer him. That last fight with all the hosts of hell still remains; and then the world must come to an end.

And so it does. Mr. Tennyson has not produced anything more powerful than the dark picture of that last battle—all drawn in sombre lines of black and grey, on a background of mist and cloud, which he has prefixed to the well-known poem of the *Morte d'Arthur*, making of it, under the title of the *Passing of Arthur*, the final chapter in the drama. It is Arthur's last struggle against all the wild shapes of anarchy and lawlessness which he had hoped to subdue for ever. They come surging up against him on every wind, from every side, as soon as the screening walls of his dishonoured house are thrown down, and its damning secret blazed abroad. Still, hopeless, sick to death, with all desire for life, and thought of renewal perished within him, Arthur must yet vindicate his

own work and name even in its ending. It is 'far other' than any former fight. Victory is death, but downfall is impossible.

' Ill doom is mine  
To war against my people and my knights.  
The king who fights his people fights himself;  
And they my knights who loved me once, the stroke  
That strikes them dead is as my death to me.'

He says sadly, as he marches to his last battle.

' On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed,  
Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight  
Like that last, dim, weird battle of the west.  
A death-like mist slept over sand and sea:  
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew  
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold  
With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell  
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought,  
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,  
And friend slew friend, not knowing whom he slew;  
And some had visions out of golden youth,  
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts  
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist  
Was many a noble deed, many a base,  
And chance, and craft, and strength, in single fights,  
And ever and anon with host to host  
Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,  
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash  
Of battleaxes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks  
After the Christ, of those who falling down  
Looked up for heaven, and only saw the mist;  
And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,  
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,  
Swear, writhings, anguish, labouring of the lungs  
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,  
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

Last, as by some one deathbed after wail  
Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death  
Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,  
Save for some whisper of the seething seas,  
A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day  
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came  
A bitter wind, clean from the north, and blew  
The mist aside, and with that wind the tide  
Rose, and the pale King glanced across the field  
Of battle; but no man was moving there;  
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,  
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave  
Brake in among dead faces, to and fro  
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down

Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,  
And shiver'd brands that once had fought with Rome,  
And rolling far along the gloomy shores  
The voice of days of old and days to be.'

It is the end of all things which is thus set before us—the conclusion, not of a single existence, but of a world; a grand melancholy winding-up of human effort, and passive triumph of the older elements, the negations that are ever ready to close over the termination of life. Arthur's attempt to bring light out of darkness, and harmony out of chaos, his reign of truth among the embodied falsehoods, his fond imagination of spotless love and loyalty, have all been vanquished by the old perennial forms of error. But he himself is not vanquished. When he gives up his sword by the hands of Bedivene to the unseen powers who trusted him with that matchless weapon, he gives it up spotless, stained by no cruelty—a blade which has never stricken treacherous blow, or failed when wrong was to be redressed. His work is destroyed, but Arthur is not destroyed—for none but himself could ruin the stainless knight and perfect man. Wounded to death both in body and in heart, he is placed in that black barge, 'dark as a funeral scarf from stem 'to stern,' and glides away over the level lake under 'the long 'glories of the winter moon.' Whither? To be king among the dead, as his last follower marvels in woe and wonder, or to come again?

In all that has been said we have made no attempt to select either from the new volume or from the '*Idylls of the King*' any of those finer passages which catch the general fancy, and become the current coin of criticism. Mr. Tennyson has been too much treated in this fragmentary manner, and our aim has been rather to set before the reader the great drama which he has told in his own individual fashion, but which is not less a tragedy than *Hamlet* or *Lear*, with one great leading interest and plan of action. The superficial aspect of a group of independent narratives which it has pleased the poet to give to his most important work, especially demands this leisurely and respectful study to grasp the general plan of the poem. The more it is studied the more manifest it will be that every part of it has been composed with careful reference to the leading conception, and that those individual portions which throw but broken lights when taken by themselves, become full of force and significance when considered in their relation to the rest. Nothing more grand or perfect exists in modern poetry than the plan of this tragedy. Mr. Tennyson found a certain shadow of Arthur made ready to his hand, and he

found almost complete the stories of Enid and Elaine and Vivien, and the master-tale of Lancelot and Guinevere. But into these antique bodies he has breathed a soul of meaning which they did not possess by right of nature. He has given to Arthur's enterprise a grandeur and conscious elevation of purpose, such as the old chroniclers knew not of; and he has woven into such solemnity of fate as no mediæval writer would have conceived, the too common tale of the unfaithful wife. We cannot remember any parallel in modern poetry to the wonderful moral meaning of the drama. The utter confusion which one secret sin introduces into a court and kingdom, and the effect of its unseen unsuspected influence upon places and persons not immediately connected with it; its subtle workings upon the common mind, its still more subtle invisible draining of all strength and efficacy out of the most heroic exertions; its own damning force and vigour, flourishing where everything else fades, have never been more forcibly, more pitilessly represented; and yet we do not hate even the immediate culprits. Lancelot is no less a hero, and a noble one, because his ill-doing has so awful a power and punishment; and even Guinevere rises to a certain grandeur when the finger of fate touches her. In the wild chaos of her false position, in her petulance and passion, her gusts of sudden jealousy and causeless suspicion, we cannot altogether withdraw our regard from the guilty Queen. Yet what havoc, what destruction her sin works! not Helen, fatal as was her beauty, proved more baleful. Helen destroyed only Troy, but Guinevere is the destroyer of a Christian enterprise, burying in dismay and downfall one of the grandest attempts ever made for the reconstruction of a spiritual kingdom. Her character is, perhaps, the most slightly drawn in the whole poem; yet how she rises before us in her splendid beauty—wilful, impetuous, self-indulgent—yet full of courtesy and grace, and when she pleases of self-control also; not without a sense in her of the greatness of the work which she is marring; not without a bitter consciousness of her secret humiliation and the place she has lost; but yet too proud, too passionate, too resolute to yield even to her own compunctions. And opposite to her, in this guilty grandeur stands the lily maid, all simple and guileless, most sweet ideal of absolute and visionary youth. Elaine, who will have all or nothing, whom no compromise will satisfy; whose heart flies to the highest point her virgin eyes have ever lighted on, and rests there, come death or life, with a simplicity of devotion which is beyond all force of reason, is the very embodiment of the pure, brave, innocent maiden, without a thought of evil.

Shamefaced and shy in her sweetness of youth, she yet gives her heart, and avows it with a tragic simple frankness which no woman yet has ever blamed her with. She is as perfect, as true, as tenderly visionary and real as Miranda or Desdemona. What she wants in grandeur she makes up in sweetness. These two women, the guilty Queen and the spotless maiden, stand out upon the full and rich background with a reality which, more than any sweet combinations of words, more than any perfection of musical utterance, prove their creator a true poet.

Still more fully is this the case in respect to Lancelot. Arthur is more vague, for reasons which have been already specified; and we are willing to allow that in Arthur is the weak point of the poem. His is not a character which can be brought before us by a few bold touches like that of Guinevere; he is too much described, too much commended through the whole course of the drama; and there is a certain lack of sympathy in his goodness which repels us. We cannot believe it possible that any mind of the noblest type could have gone on so long unmoved by any sense of the secret pollution by his side. He must have felt it however he shut his heart against suspicion; yet he does not appear to have felt it; a fact which makes us a little impatient of him till despair approaches him with her chill touch, and the man grows great in her ghastly illumination. But only a great poet could have drawn so noble a conception as that of Lancelot from the homely indications of the romancers, the simple frank tales in which he has his first beginning. No mediæval minstrel ever dreamt of a soul so complex, yet so simple, of the nobleness so mixed with the guilt, and yet so noble through it. Such an idea is far beyond the grasp of the French romance writers, or any of their imitators. It is entirely original, as much so as if the name had never before appeared in literature. And, we repeat, could every melodious line Mr. Tennyson has ever written be destroyed, and just enough left to show in the barest way the group of Lancelot, Guinevere, and Elaine, we should be ready on this foundation to hand down his fame to posterity, doubting nothing. The creator of three such human creatures could not be less than a master of his art.



ART. IX.—1. *Report and Proceedings of Select Committee on Parliamentary and Municipal Elections.* 1870.

2. *How the Ballot really Works.* Speech of the Right Hon. H. C. E. CHILDERS, M.P. 2nd edition. London: 1869.

WHAT is it that we in England mean by the Ballot as applied to our public elections? Let the question be put to whomsoever of its advocates we may choose, the answer will indubitably be, that by the Ballot is meant a system of conducting elections which shall secure the individual voter from interference by intimidation or corruption, and the country from disturbance, and at the same time leave the result of the elections as free from suspicion of fraud as if the entire process had taken place in public. Sharing the general desire to obtain all possible perfection in the conduct of our elections, but distrusting mechanical panaceas for moral or intellectual defects, we offer for serious consideration at this crisis the views stated in this article. It is of course possible that, notwithstanding the facts which we propose to adduce, the balance of evidence, theoretical or practical, may be adjudged to incline to the side of secret voting; but that is no reason why we should abstain from setting forth the reasons which at present lead us to the conclusion that the Ballot, *such as the British people imagine and desire it*, has no existence whatever; in short, is no other than a figment of the imagination, and that whatever advantages are found in connexion with secret voting are readily attainable by slight modifications of our present system; while, whatever disadvantages discredit our present system, exist elsewhere in an aggravated form under secret voting.

If the Ballot be not a myth, it must have or have had existence somewhere, and be accessible to investigation. We propose to take in turn the various countries which are quoted as favourable examples of its presence and practice, and show that in none of them exists or is known any such institution or method of conducting elections as that which is being commended to British use under the name of the Ballot. We propose to support this conclusion by information gathered from the evidence taken by the Select Parliamentary Committee, and from statements public and private of competent witnesses. The United States of America being the country most nearly allied to us in blood, language, and institutions, and the most prominent of all the examples set before us, claim the first place in the inquiry.

The cities of New York and Brooklyn in the east, and

Chicago in the western state of Illinois, will serve as fair samples of American usage. There is an important difference in the practice of these places:—

‘ Since 1865 it has been the rule in Illinois for the voting tickets to be provided by the authorities, and to have on them a number corresponding with the voter’s number on the poll list. These tickets are preserved for a year after the election is over, and *are open to the inspection of anybody who chooses to see them.* The object of this precaution’ (writes the editor of a highly respectable Chicago newspaper in a recent letter) ‘ is to prevent and detect frauds, such as double voting, and *it has proved very useful in this regard.* It would be easy to abuse the privilege for purposes of intimidation. Practically there is no after examination except in cases of alleged fraud. The Ballot was introduced more for the sake of convenience in taking the votes than for any other purpose. In the rural districts neither corruption nor intimidation have any perceptible influence. In large towns corruption has considerable influence; intimidation scarcely any. Where coercion is sought to be enforced the Ballot only partially protects the voter. It is within my knowledge that a great deal of money is expended for purposes of corruption.’

Does a system of voting which allows ‘ anyone who chooses ’ to ascertain a man’s vote at any time for a year after an election come into the same category with the Ballot as it exists in an Englishman’s mind? And is it credible that Americans would indulge the practice of ‘ expending a great deal of money for purposes of corruption,’ and yet abstain from applying harsh measures to secure the desired results when they had such facilities of knowledge afforded them? Corruption under such circumstances could not possibly fail to be accompanied by intimidation in some shape.

In New York and Brooklyn there seems to be no such provision for checking or scrutinising an election after once the poll has been officially declared. A gentleman who has lived there the last sixteen years, says, in a letter written in January last, that

‘ Citizens have the privilege of seeing the ballot-boxes opened and the votes counted; but *as this is the turning-point of the election,* it is not always prudent for those of a different party from the canvassers (or official controllers) to remain, and *very frequently* the ruling party carries the count in a way more high-handed than honourable. At the very last election in Brooklyn for the office of sheriff, at some of the polling places where a certain candidate was known to be in a minority, the canvassers set the laws at defiance and refused to count the vote, and this in defiance of the police placed there to see the law enforced. The police force took possession of the ballot-boxes and ultimately the law was enforced. So desperately did the party leaders fight to put their candidate in the position they desired that many

days passed before the public could be assured of the result of the election, and a number of inspectors and canvassers now stand impeached by the grand jury for tampering with the vote. The counting of the vote it is well known *often* changes the result of an election. The vote is secret, but from the different appearances of the tickets (each party printing its own) a shrewd inspector soon learns to distinguish. "Roughs" are employed by one party to crowd out and intimidate the other, and many respectable citizens have thus been driven from the polls, and others kept back till the poll was closed. The Ballot often fails to protect those whose opinions are known or suspected. Of late years, one party completely controlling the city electors by the popular vote, or by more potent aids in counting and in double voting, this jostling is little known, but the fact remains that not a few good citizens refuse to mingle with the crowd at the polls, and so do not vote at all. Public meetings are almost without exception got up and managed by "politicians," and anyone trying to speak against the predominant party will scarcely be tolerated. In the cities it would often be dangerous to make the attempt. Spontaneous meetings of the people to select their own representatives are almost unknown. There is absolutely no choice of representatives strictly speaking by the people. Nominations are either bought or obtained by personal or party influence. I think the Ballot has very little influence. The whippers-in have apparently full control, Ballot or no Ballot. Intelligent public opinion seems to have little influence on the majority of voters. They are generally either too ignorant or too degraded. I speak here strictly of our cities. Country voters are in a much more healthy condition. I have in my employ an Irishman, an entirely trustworthy fellow in business or money, who does not scruple to tell me that he voted three times at an election which took place a few weeks after his first arrival, and this is not very uncommon. There is a class of men called "Repeaters," who register a large number of votes, chiefly by the connivance of inspectors.'

Mr. Hankel, a gentleman from South Carolina, now settled in Liverpool, was the only American witness examined by the Committee. After describing the Ballot as it is practised in his native State, which he declared to be one of the best conducted in the Union, and the extraordinary precautions employed to prevent tampering with the ballot-boxes, he went on as follows:—

'10003. Under that system did any intimidation take place?—Quite as much as takes place in England. 10004. What kind of intimidation?—Individual intimidation by workmen and mob intimidation both. 10005. Was there anything in the nature of mob violence at elections?—Occasionally. I have known it on one occasion only in Charleston, but I have known it very frequently in other places. 10006. Would the mob attack the leaders of political parties, or would they attack individual voters?—Only individual voters. The way in which the mob is brought in is by crowding the polls, mobbing the polls, as they call it, or preventing voters from approaching the poll. 10007. Was it known how each voter was likely to vote?—Very

thoroughly, I think. 10008. Did personation take place to any extent?—Any quantity, to an unlimited extent. 10009. Was the system of what is called in this country bottling voters known there?—Very frequently, if it was an excited election at all. 10010. Was there any corruption?—Unbounded, I should say. 10011. Of what kind?—Treating, and bribery in money payments, or in any form in which you may conceive bribery to be carried on. 10012. Were the candidates willing to spend money in bribery, not knowing how voters might vote?—The candidates did not spend so very much money, the money was contributed usually there, and, at most elections throughout the country, by the party. 10013. Still a person taking money for his vote might go and vote against his candidate, and fold his voting paper up, and keep it secret how he voted?—I do not see how it is possible, if proper care was taken of them. 10014. According to the law, every voter might keep his vote secret, if he liked?—Undoubtedly he might. 10015. Supposing that a voter wished to keep his vote secret, how could those who bribe him know whether he voted in accordance with his promise or not?—They would not bribe him unless they were certain how he was going to vote. 10016. In point of fact, there was very little secrecy about the voting?—Very little, unless by such persons as clergymen. I will cite my own father, who is a clergyman. The candidate might be from his own congregation, and therefore being in such a position, a clergyman would be unwilling that it should be known that he had any particular preference; but I think that secrecy was observed generally by those in the better and higher walks of life. 10017. Was there any case of elections being questioned on the ground of bribery?—I cannot recall one. 10018. Or on the ground of any kind of undue influence?—I am not able to recall one. I inquired yesterday of a much older gentleman than myself, and he cannot recall an instance in which there was a petition. 10019. Do you know as a fact that persons often voted over and over again at the same election?—I think there is not the slightest doubt of it. The term “early and often” is quite a common term at all elections, north, south, east, and west. 10024. Which, in your opinion, comparing the elections that you have witnessed in this country and in the United States, is the preferable mode of conducting an election?—I think that to an impartial mind or to any person who has had experience of the American system, there is no comparison that the English system is very far superior to it, both as securing purity of election and the facility with which any corruption is detected. 10025. Is there great difficulty in America in detecting corruption?—It is almost impossible.

The only witness called by the Committee to rebut this evidence of Mr. Hankel, was Sir Charles W. Dilke, whose knowledge of America is of the most superficial kind, having been posted up as a flying visitor. Sir Charles, however, fully admitted the fact that neither in America nor in France does the process of voting compel such secrecy on the part of the voter as to leave no room for the operation of bribery or intimidation.

More fully to support our position that secrecy is the last thing contemplated or desired by Americans, and that the Ballot with them merely means a convenient and expeditious mode of voting, we quote the following testimony from letters recently received from the United States in answer to a special inquiry instituted by a committee of gentlemen in this country, to which committee the letters already quoted were addressed. These letters are from Mr. Horace Greely, the well-known editor of the 'New York Tribune;' the Honourable T. O. Howe, senator from Wisconsin; and the Honourable Darwin E. Ware, a prominent lawyer of Boston who writes on behalf of the Standing Committee of Jurisprudence of the American Social Science Association; and they are addressed to the secretary of that Association, and by him forwarded to the committee in this country.

Referring to the usage in Wisconsin, Mr. Howe writes:—

'No record is made of the vote except to check the name of the voter on the list of registered voters. Theoretically the character of the vote is absolutely secret, but practically there is as little doubt of the politics of the constituent as of the candidate. Electors who spend a large part of their time through the year in political discussion are not likely to affect much concealment about the vote they give on election day. To this remark one exception must be made. Sometimes a voter comes to the poll whose party affiliations are complicated. Perhaps he has promised both sides; or he may have received money from both sides. Under such circumstances he will endeavour to conceal his vote, and he may easily do so. . . . I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment voting is as much controlled by conscience at the polls as it is in Congress. But I am bound to confess that disinterested conviction does not alone bear rule in either place.'

Mr. Horace Greely says:—

'Some voters are desirous of concealing their choice of candidates, but these are very few, not five per cent. of the whole. Nearly all walk up to the vote-distributors of their party, take the ballots from their hands in sight of all and present them to the inspectors of elections. The few who wish to conceal their preference, I presume, generally succeed in doing so by bringing their ballots to the polls. The Ballot is some service to corruption. . . . I think few votes are affected by intimidation; though there is complaint of this among the Southern blacks lately emancipated. If the Ballot fail to protect the voter from intimidation, it is because the label and endorsement on the back generally indicate to a close observer the names printed within. Our voting is generally open, though it might be secret if anyone desired. I think there would be more intimidation if we voted *viva voce*, but probably less corruption.'

Mr. Ware writes that—

'The real ground upon which the Ballot in its present form of a

printed ticket is so universally adopted in the States is its convenience, we might almost say its necessity, as a mechanical expedient for accomplishing the work it has to do, owing to the great number of elections, electors, and candidates. It will often happen that the names of twenty or thirty persons are placed upon one ticket. . . . These tickets are all prepared by the political parties. . . . On the election day the polls are surrounded by party committees of vote-distributors who give to each voter the party ballot, which he modifies or casts as he receives it. . . . Security against personating voters is obtained by the publicity of the act of voting, and by calling aloud in the hearing of the bystanders the name of the person who is casting his vote. . . . To receive on any election day the votes *viva voce* which are now received easily by ballot, would require an indefinite increase of voting places and officers to preside at the polls, greatly multiply the opportunities for fraud, and diminish *that publicity of the polls which is the greatest safeguard of their purity*. It is a common misapprehension abroad to suppose that voting by ballot is necessarily secret voting. In this country voting by ballot is practically and almost universally understood to be open voting as distinguished from secret voting. In Massachusetts some fifteen or twenty years ago laws were passed to secure a secret ballot. It was provided that all ballots cast should be enclosed in sealed envelopes of uniform description to be supplied by the State. But this mode of voting was soon abandoned, and it is now optional with each voter, but is rarely used. . . . As an almost universal rule every man's political opinion is known or easily ascertainable. It is very rare that anyone tries to conceal his opinions or his votes. All the usages of political agitation before an election tend to make every voter's opinion public. The people are organised in clubs, they march in processions, they assemble at public meetings to hear their party speakers, they read political documents, and engage in discussions with each other. . . . The effect which the Ballot, regarded simply as a process of voting, has in developing the characteristics of the American people, we believe to be absolutely nothing. It is utterly inappreciable. It is our unhesitating judgment that all the testimony to be obtained in this country on this point would represent that the mode of voting is a perfectly neutral element among the influences which have made the American people what they are.'

This last opinion is expressed in reply to the inquiry whether the practice of secret voting is found to produce moral deterioration among the electors. Mr. Ware, it will be observed, denies that the Ballot means secret voting, and asserts that the American people have become what they are under a system of publicity. He says also that 'corruption is more practised in the competitions of numbers of the same party for office, than the contests of opposing parties, and the promise of office rather than payment of money is the usual consideration of such corrupt bargaining. It is in consequence of this state of things that the establishment of such

‘permanence in the inferior class of public office as would make incumbents removable only for cause, would do more than any other measure for the purification of American politics;’—a remark which seems to betray a misgiving on the part of the writer that the only way to abolish electoral corruption in America would be by abolishing elections altogether. Bribery of individual voters by gifts of money ‘is very rarely practised. Where suffrage is almost universal, the expense would be very great, and the bribes so numerous that detection, and exposure fatal to the validity of the election, would be inevitable. Corruption generally deals with the inferior class of party managers.’ We agree with our American correspondents that ‘corruption is equally possible whether the vote be open or secret;’ but the assertion that ‘intimidation is impossible with a vote that *can be made secret*,’ fails to carry conviction with it when it is remembered that, as stated above, ‘the polls are surrounded by party committees of vote-distributors who give to each voter the party ballot,’ and can watch his use of it. But how utterly inadequate is the American plan to fulfil English requirements appears yet more clearly in an account recently published in this country by an American writer. Mr. Morse’s Essay,\* however, though not without value as a description of the tone and feeling of his countrymen in respect to the Ballot, contains too many inconsistencies to constitute a safe basis of reasoning. After alleging, for instance, as a ‘fact which is operative at all elections without exception, that no man who purchases half-a-dozen votes can ever be sure how the majority of them will be cast;’ and that ‘it is an utter impossibility for a person who buys votes to assure himself of their delivery according to contract,’ so that a purchaser is ‘obliged to depend upon the honour of a man whom he has himself proved to be dishonourable;’ he adds, ‘the preservation of the original votes, now often required by law, furnishes the means of a recount and of the consequent detection of a blunder or a fraud;’ a combination of assertions which is simply impossible, seeing that this preservation of the votes is accompanied by a provision whereby every vote is readily traceable to its giver, and open to general inspection for the whole year following an election. And were the contradiction not sufficiently apparent, we have the positive assertion of the Chicago editor that ‘a great deal of money is expended for purposes of corruption,’ and that ‘where coercion is sought to be enforced, the Ballot

'only partially protects the voter.' If it really be a habit of Americans to spend 'a great deal of money' without any possibility of ascertaining that they get their money's worth, or that, having easy means of ascertaining whether or not they have received value for their outlay, they yet fail to make the inquiry, it is incumbent upon us to lose no time in revising our accustomed estimate of the American character. Mr. Morse is equally unsatisfactory upon the subject of personation when he says, 'the receiving officer usually knows by sight the bulk of the voters; but when he does not, *it is his duty* to call aloud the name of the person offering to vote. An effort at false personation is *thus* made so sure of detection (!) that it is never known to occur, except by a species of fraudulent collusion which could be practised as easily in any other known way of voting.' These may be the experiences of a small country town in the Arcadian districts of the West, but they are palpably not those of any large proportion of the community. We can follow Mr. Morse, however, when he shows that the secrecy coveted by the British elector finds no place under the American system, a sketch of which he says—

'Would be very imperfect and deceptive which should leave it to be supposed that secrecy does in fact cloak any appreciable number of votes cast at any election. Secrecy is simply a possibility. . . . It is so rarely invoked that those who are wont to do so become marked men in the community to almost as great a degree as if they were known to be addicted to drunkenness or any other moral failing. A man's politics and party faith are no secret among his neighbours. His vote is a matter of certain inference. . . . Obstinate secrecy draws after it contempt.' The voter 'refuses to avail himself of a means of evasion which he has been bred up to regard as ignoble.'

From all which we gather (1) that in America elections, electors, and candidates are so numerous that no other machinery would suffice; (2) that if the Ballot involved secret voting, the Americans would despise it; and (3) that even in America publicity is regarded as the only safeguard of purity.

Are we not justified in saying that the Ballot, as it exists in the British mind, has no existence in the United States? Who can discern the desired freedom of election or genuineness of result in the state of things thus described?

The Committee, at least, seems to have been fairly driven to this conclusion; for after examining two witnesses respecting the usage of the United States, the very name of America disappears from the proceedings. It is not a little significant of the revulsion which has taken place in the minds of the Committee during the investigation, that neither in its draft



report, its final report, or in the resolutions proposed by individual members, is any reference whatever made to that country—the country which has so long, so loudly, and so persistently been adduced as offering the one saving example for British imitation—excepting only the following brief and pregnant sentence in the resolutions proposed by Sir F. W. Heygate:—‘That the Ballot as practised in America and France is not secret voting, nor pretended to be so. That in America it does not ensure freedom and purity of election, nor obviate the evils of bribery, treating, and especially intimidation.’

Colonel Torrens, Mr. Dutton, and Mr. Childers speak with great confidence and approval of the Ballot as it is practised in South Australia, where they themselves became practically acquainted with it. But if Colonel Torrens’ evidence be closely examined, it appears to us, to answer none of the real difficulties of the case. For instance, he asserts that one effect of the Ballot is that elections are conducted in South Australia with great order and regularity, but he adds, ‘*the candidates are not allowed to address the constituents for a space of two days before the elections, and canvassing is illegal*’;\* he asserts that it is impossible to discover who put in a card, and that there are no means of checking it afterwards, but he adds, ‘*since the ballot has been in operation for some time, it is generally known how most persons vote*’; lastly, when asked what measures are taken to secure the ballot-boxes from tricks and suspicion, he replies, with an ingenuous *naïveté* worthy of a new continent, that ‘*the candidates have perfect reliance upon the good faith of the sworn officers of the Government*.’ That perfect reliance would hardly exist in Tipperary; and, whenever the result of an election was contrary to the hopes and expectations of the populace, the conduct of the officers conducting the ballot and counting the votes would be impugned and suspected. It further appears that in South Australia the result of the election is often known before the returns are complete, as the ballot-boxes are brought in successively from distant stations, and no secret is made of the numbers polled at any station, however small they may be. Great stress has been laid upon the example of South Australia, because it is the only example of a true Ballot, all the other Australian

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\* The whole number of voters in South Australia in 1863 was 26,000, divided into eighteen electoral districts. It is obvious that the analogy is very imperfect between these scattered constituencies, averaging less than 1,500 votes, and the large concentrated electoral bodies of England.

colonies having considered it advisable to number the tickets in correspondence with the register, and to preserve them for after-examination; but the introduction, and even the success, of the system in a single colony, under circumstances differing so widely from those of the United Kingdom, really proves nothing at all; and even in South Australia the evidence shows that some inconveniences have arisen from it. Thus Mr. Dutton's narrative of the election which had been declared void was in perfect harmony with the other characteristics given of this happy land—the veritable Australia Felix—and constituted a picture of primitive manners truly charming to contemplate, whether we consider the simplicity of judge and jury, or that of the parties to the cause. Here are the facts. Two tipsy voters say that their travelling expenses have been paid by the candidate who has been returned; some persons swear *that they heard* the men say this; and forthwith the candidate is unseated, fined 150*l.*, and declared incapable of sitting in that parliament. Thus an uncorroborated assertion is sufficient to reverse an election, and a couple of tipsy men return the candidate who had been previously defeated.

Even Colonel Torrens, with all his enthusiasm, allowed that he valued the Ballot in Australia chiefly as a convenient and economical mode of carrying on elections, and admitted that previously to adopting it no attempt had been made to preserve order by keeping the state of the poll secret during the voting. Mr. Childers, in his speech already referred to, mentions one election at which there was a complaint of intimidation arising from the animosity between some Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, which, he said, 'no system of voting could have concealed or suppressed.' An article in the '*Australasian*' of November 13, 1869, enters more fully into the question of Australian experience in respect of secret voting, and states that it has been found an effective remedy for riots at the poll in Melbourne. The writer evidently confuses *the keeping the state of the poll secret* with secret voting. He goes on to say:—

'We are less sanguine as to the influence of the Ballot upon bribery and intimidation. This country has not had much experience on this subject, because the competition for seats in our Parliament is much less keen, and the prize is much less coveted than is the case in England. It is pretty well understood, however, that in one form or another, comparatively large sums have been spent in our elections; and there was a case at the late Collingwood election which, in England, would have voided the return, and which shows that intimidation can well co-exist with the Ballot. But if the Ballot does not remove these

evils, it at least does not aggravate them. ; Its tendency is probably in the other direction. It is enough that it does its own work, and that it gives a peaceful and orderly means of taking the poll. The causes of both bribery and intimidation lie much deeper, and cannot be removed by any change in the mere mechanics of voting. This consideration, then, points at once to the true functions of the Ballot. It is simply a convenient police arrangement, and its whole virtue rests in, and is limited to, the orderly taking of the poll. This view was pressed upon the Committee by Mr. Ward Hunt, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, who proposed that the votes should be taken by ballot, but that after the ballot the poll-books should be open to public inspection. We regret that most of the writers in the English press have failed to observe the importance of this distinction, and either oppose Mr. Hunt's proposition as inconsistent with the true principle of the Ballot, or pass it by as an unimportant detail. To us, however, it appears that this condition of publicity is essential to the proper working of the Ballot, and is the one great defect of our own system. The Ballot is something entirely different from secret voting. It is, as we have said, a contrivance for recording votes in a manner which experience has shown to be convenient. It would answer all its useful purposes if every voter were to sign his name at the foot of his voting paper. But secrecy, although it can, of course, be readily secured by the Ballot, is something additional to it, and distinct from it. Either of the two may exist without the other, and either of the two may be good while the other is mischievous. The objection to the secrecy of the Ballot is that it violates that great guarantee of good government—the publicity of all political proceedings. 'An elector is charged with functions of the highest importance to his fellow-subjects, and he under the secret Ballot exercises these functions without the slightest responsibility. We do not now speak of the demoralising tendency that such secrecy has, and the temptation that it offers to deception. We merely rely on the broad ground that what concerns the public should, as a rule, be transacted in public, or, at all events, under the restraints of possible publicity.'

It must be asked again, is a system which 'frequently allows ' the state of the poll to be known before the election is over,' which has not even the merit of preventing disturbance at the poll, and which is not incompatible either with bribery or with intimidation, that which people mean here when they speak of the Ballot?

Coming nearer home, the practice of France next claims our attention. Here are a few of the latest instances, culled from the elections of the summer of 1869.

In the city of Paris M. Thiers and his friends showed the amount of confidence they had in the system by insisting on sealing up the boxes after the voting was concluded, and, if we remember rightly, they thought it necessary to mount guard over them all night, having anything but 'perfect

‘reliance on the good faith of the sworn officers of the Government.’

The French correspondent of the ‘Times’ tells (July 28, 1869) of a case in which the ballot-boxes were intrusted to the custody of a schoolmaster, who felt so much the disgrace to his *commune* of anyone in it voting against the Imperial candidate, that he opened the ballot-boxes and substituted a number of tickets for the actual votes, so as to make it appear that the vote was unanimous. The trick was only discovered through his boasting of the action as a virtuous one. Being tried for the offence, he was acquitted of guilt on the ground of *imbecility*. He had only acted in the spirit of the instructions received from an official of the Government, and the scandal and inconvenience of a conviction would have been too great. In another instance a village *maire* was caught disposing of opposition tickets during the operation of counting the votes, by thrusting them up his sleeve. The depositions of M. de Guiraud in the French Chambers showed corruption and wholesale bribery, destruction of secrecy by means of transparent tickets, and falsification of the returns by the blotting of the tickets by the *maires*, in order that they might be declared null and void as votes, also by the *maires* voting for absentees, allowing non-electors to vote, throwing tickets into the fire because they bore the opposition names, and using false keys to open the ballot-boxes for the purpose of substituting other tickets.\* One locksmith swore that he had orders to fabricate *one hundred and ten* such keys from a receiver of taxes, that is, from a Government official. And these are only cases which were found out.

The well-known Senator M. Michel Chevalier has lately written a letter on this subject, in which he says:—

‘Vote by ballot has been practised in France since 1814. Tickets were at first written, but since 1852 have been printed. They are handed to the voter by agents of the candidates as he enters the polling room. He folds his ticket and hands it to the official, who at once puts it into the box, no other person standing near. In France there is far more intimidation than corruption. For the public functionaries intimidation was erected into a system under the Bourbons. Those who voted against the Ministry were disgraced and degraded. Under Louis Philippe the voting was freer. Under Louis Napoleon the Ministers send out circulars to recommend their candidates, but rarely use compulsion. It would be unjust to French electors to suppose them readily accessible to bribes. There is danger of falsification in the interval between the voting and the counting. The boxes are sealed, but it is possible to make the precautions useless. It is asserted that this was frequently done in the country elections. I strongly sus-

pect that it was so, but the abuse has a tendency to diminish. In some rural districts the *maires* have voted for the *commune*. The *surveillance of public opinion and the liberty of the press* will put an end to such abuses. It is possible also to falsify a return by reading the wrong name on a ticket when counting the votes. Prior to 1848 electors were set to watch the operation to prevent this. It is not so now. In case of error or fraud verification is impossible, except when the number of votes exceeds that of the voters on the list.'

This letter was written before the recent changes in the French Government. The fact that the first act of the new Ministry was to prohibit the prefects from interfering with elections is a significant comment on the prevailing usage. It is evident that there is no guarantee for the genuineness of any election which has taken place in France for many a year past. It is little reason electors can have to congratulate themselves on the security afforded them by secrecy, if that very secrecy be used as an instrument for reversing their choice and converting victory into defeat. The phrase we have underlined in M. Chevalier's letter shows that it is no Ballot, such as it is understood here, that was in his mind when he invoked the 'surveillance of public opinion.' Secrecy is the last condition contemplated by surveillance. The voter has no more security than the candidate. 'Sir C. W. Dilke, to whose valuable evidence we have already referred, admitted that the French system would in this country be utterly insufficient to secure the voter from pressure on the part of any who might desire either to corrupt or to intimidate him.

Germany and Italy alike fail to afford any evidence of the existence of what we have ventured to name the Englishman's Ballot. But there are not wanting in the former country proofs that the people are, in the exercise of their civic functions, actuated by a degree of conscientiousness which is certainly not the offspring of a habit of secrecy and evasion. The whole process of a German election forms a curious contrast with that of our own for a people so nearly akin. There is no way recognised either by law or custom for a candidate to spend money. The polling expenses, which are next to nothing, are borne by the town. If anyone wishes to address the constituency, there is always a room in a public-house at his service, the publican trusting for his remuneration to an extra sale of refreshments. It certainly is not always that that which is 'un-English' is bad. No evidence, however, was taken by the Committee respecting Germany.

According to Mr. Probyn's evidence respecting Italy, patriotism in that country does not take the form of pecuniary expenditure on part of the candidate. A tremendous scandal

was excited by a voter having ten shillings given him to pay his travelling expenses. The peculiarity of the Italian method consists in a voter having to write the name of his candidate in presence of the officials, who, however, are not allowed to watch him to see what he writes. The political condition of Italy is such as to allow the elections to take place without excitement or pressure, and the number of electors is extremely small. What would be the effect of such a method among ourselves, especially in country districts where the squire, parson, clerk, or bailiff knows the signature of every man in the parish, may easily be inferred from an instance which has come under our own observation. It was determined in a certain English municipality to decide a certain public question by a ballot of the town-councillors, each voter writing his own ticket. On counting the votes, the numbers were found to vary from the expected result, and the whole of the delinquents were detected by means of their handwriting on their tickets, the scrutiny being made by the town-clerk at the instigation of certain disappointed magistrates.

A reference to the practice in Greece will conclude our analysis of the evidence taken in respect to foreign countries. The voting is performed by means of leaden bullets which the voter has to place in a right or left compartment. But a candidate must first obtain a written nomination signed by a certain proportion of the constituency, whose preferences are thus made publicly known. During the voting 'the friends of the candidates most jealously watch the countenance and intentions of every voter. The number of bullets found in the boxes must coincide with the number of voters, otherwise the election is declared void; and every voter must vote for or against every candidate. The only security against a man taking bullets of his own and putting in half-a-dozen is the sharp watch of the candidates' friends. On one occasion an official filled with earth the side of the box which was against his candidate.' Our deductions from the evidence thus given by Mr. Arnold are (1) that fraud, whether by voters or by officials, is so easy, that the most rigid and untiring watch on part of the candidates' friends is indispensable in every polling-place; (2) that the Ballot promotes quietness by keeping the poll secret during the voting; and (3) that it is a farce to call that a secret system which insists on candidates having requisitions signed by electors.

It is certainly not too much to require of those who advocate voting by ballot among ourselves that they provide a satisfactory description of the process they propose to employ. The

test ballots taken at Manchester and<sup>f</sup> Strafford last year were no doubt an honest attempt to meet this reasonable requisition, but they utterly failed to show anything except that when no one desires to indulge in corruption, intimidation, rioting, or falsification, it is possible that an election by ballot should pass off without any of those accompaniments. As it is, all that is known is that the elections went off quietly, and that voters were not ostensibly molested or corrupted. There was no inquiry, no scrutiny, and no possibility of a scrutiny had one been desirable. In short, the experiments were altogether devoid of any scientific value whatever, except for the purpose of proving that the votes of a numerous constituency can be taken expeditiously and economically by such a method. Neither of the three inevitable parties to all elections, the officials, the voters, or the candidates, took the slightest step to prevent or to discover anything that might vitiate the result.

It may without rashness be asserted that no method of secrecy has ever yet been devised which will prevent the personation of electors by false voters. In large constituencies where it is impossible that the bulk of the electors should be known to the officials, hundreds of votes may be given by men attending early at the polls and claiming to be electors who have not yet voted. In the absence of any record of the names being not only kept but published, this abuse is probably unpreventible.

But even could the omniscience of the officials be insured, there would still remain the necessity of insuring their integrity. Freedom to put what vote one pleases into the ballot-box is but one part of an election. Genuineness of result is another and not less important. It must be remembered that precisely in proportion as the difficulty of corrupting the voter is increased, funds are set free for tampering with the officials. It may be pleasant to cherish the conviction that, however corrupt our non-official classes may be, our official classes are free from the taint. We have seen the state of things in France and America. All that can be positively asserted at present of ourselves is that our officials have not as yet had the temptation, or the opportunity, or have not been found out. To maintain that we are better than our neighbours in the face of the constantly recurring revelations of our social condition requires a hardihood of assertion totally inconsistent with the mental attitude necessary for conducting an investigation like the present one. If our official class really does stand upon a higher level of integrity than the corresponding classes under a Ballot-régime in other countries,

in the name of all that is desirable let us keep them so, and be content to respect the Ballot at a safe distance.

The advocates of secret voting are the last persons entitled to exclaim against such an estimate of official honesty, inasmuch as the very essence of their case consists in the representation that the country is so corrupt, that freedom of voting is only to be attained by the sacrifice of a freeman's most fundamental right, the right of publicity in the exercise of his civic functions; and that, as formerly with the slaves of the Southern States of America, escape from oppression is obtainable only by the 'underground railroad' of the ballot-box. To persons who hold a creed of which the chief articles are that the wealthy and influential classes are so debased in political principle that escape from their tyranny is to be found only in the substitution of secrecy and deception for the sturdy honesty which has hitherto been at least the reputed characteristic of Britons; and that our most numerous classes are such adepts in falsehood as to be able and willing to vote one way and assert successfully that they have voted another;—to those who thus estimate their fellow-countrymen, it will be straining at the smallest of gnats after swallowing the largest of camels for them to cavil at the objection that election officials are not necessarily inaccessible to the current failing, and are not therefore to be trusted with the control of the ballot-boxes. If we are so corrupt as to be unfit to vote openly, it is going little, if at all, farther to say that we are too corrupt to be entitled to expect honest results from functions performed in the dark and altogether beyond the reach of any scrutiny to revise or verify.

The proverbial blindness of love has rarely been better illustrated than by the unreasoning enthusiasm by which some have suffered themselves to be taken possession of on behalf of their boasted panacea for electoral un-virtue. One gentleman (we spare his name), dissatisfied with all existing processes, has gone so far as to devote an immensity of time, ingenuity, and money to the construction of a box which he believes to be at once intimidation and corruption proof. He can discourse eloquently of its perfections, the while pulling out one handle to show how he could vote for Mr. A., and another for Mr. B., or a third for 'Nobody' even while appearing to the very clerk who tends the instrument to be genuinely voting; and how one bell rings when the voter enters the room, and another when the vote, real or pretended, is recorded, and a third when he takes his departure; so that the oppressor, who is supposed to have accompanied the voter to the very door of the polling-room, and



to be listening ear against the wall for proof of his victim's compliance, must inevitably be baffled. All the time of this exhibition the inventor betrays no hint that he is conscious of the bitter sarcasm which he is pronouncing upon his country in thus treating its liberties as the offspring of an artifice, trick, or dodge, and trusting for their maintenance to his brazen complication of bells, and pulleys, and drawers, and handles, and wheels, instead of to the sturdy heart and honour and conscience of his countrymen, backed by the faithful execution of the laws. Not only is he unconscious of sarcasm, but he fails utterly to perceive that the more complicated the machinery by which the votes are taken, the more difficult it must be to obtain the confidence of the public in its trustworthiness on account of the difficulty of ascertaining when it has been tampered with. If men cannot be guaranteed, who is to guarantee the machine made and worked by men? The old question must here be asked, and as usual asked in vain—'Quis custodiet custodes ipsos?' Who is to guarantee the box against trickery? Anyone who knows aught of the tricks of the conjuror laughs at the idea of an inviolable ballot-box and patent safety tickets. Is the voting to be done by dropping little balls into a right or left compartment? Who is to satisfy the voter that by the simple insertion of a slide which he cannot detect, his ball does not run to the side opposite to that which he intends? Is it by dropping a card into a sort of letter-box? Who is to guarantee him against a repetition of the trick which succeeded so well in San Francisco, when the box was furnished at starting with enough cards to carry the election, and the aperture so constructed that all the genuine votes disappeared under the table and were lost? or where is the security against the substitution of false cards after the voting is over? or against false counting by corrupt scrutineers? or against the insertion of tickets to represent electors who have not come to the poll at all? or against collusion between polling-clerks and 'Repeaters'? or against the famous 'Tasmanian Dodge,' which after much cross-examination of Colonel Torrens and Sir C. W. Dilke, elicited from the latter the remarkable admission that we 'must in any system of voting, whether secret or open, repose a great deal of confidence in the person who is at the head of each polling-booth'? or, in short, against the thousand and one tricks by which an adroit and unscrupulous partisan may seek to serve himself or his party? It is evident that in the absence of any record or publication of the names and votes, the constituencies have no security whatever. The result can no longer be brought to the test of actual proof,

for *without publicity there is no evidence*. All must be taken on trust; and this, be it remembered, in the midst of a population so corrupt (according to the Balloteers) as to make all confidence impossible. Shocking as is such an estimate of the prevailing depravity, the logic of the conclusions based upon it is even worse:—‘We are,’ it is in effect said, ‘a nation ‘enslaved by oppression and corruption to such a degree, that ‘in order to get free it is necessary to renounce in this important act our cherished tradition and preference of free ‘speech and public expression; and trust ourselves in the dark ‘to the integrity of officials selected from the midst of such ‘corruption, in the expectation that more honesty will be ‘practised when detection of fraud is made impossible!’

The final Report of the Select Committee can hardly fail to impress the country with a conviction of the difficulties which beset the whole subject of secrecy. It recedes in some important particulars from the ground taken up in the more sanguine draft Report of last year, and manifests much of the despondency which too often comes with riper knowledge. Admitting that there is force in many of the objections, the Committee is ‘on the whole of opinion that the Ballot possesses many great advantages,’ but that, in order to secure those advantages, ‘it is necessary that the secrecy of the vote ‘should be inviolable, except in the case of any voter who is ‘found guilty of bribery, or whose vote has been adjudged ‘invalid.’

The Committee, when it adopted this language, had too well comprehended the evidence given before it not to be aware that in this inviolable secrecy it postulated an impossible, or, at least, an unknown and probably an unascertainable quantity. A Report however is one thing, and the Bill to be based on it is another. A Report may perhaps be considered to be complete when it has pointed out a remedy for the evils complained of, but the Bill must show how that remedy is to be made practicable. One of the Committee, Mr. Leatham, seems to have foreseen the effect which must be produced by the Report, and, anxious to forestall it, has precipitated a discussion in Parliament, presenting at the same time a Bill of his own composition, the provisions of which are in direct antagonism upon the main point with the recommendation of the Committee. The Report, be it observed, insists upon a system of voting under which it shall be absolutely unascertainable by any legal process how any vote has been given, whether by the intrinsic evidence of the box or the extrinsic testimony of the voter. In the case of any alleged undue influence, the

fact of such corruption may be proved by external evidence, but the vote itself must be inviolable. Thus the Committee virtually condemns the whole of the systems adopted by other countries, excepting only that of South Australia, which we have already shown to be unsatisfactory in this very respect; and in order to be free to do this with plausibility, it negatived Mr. Cross's amendment to the effect that 'there are special peculiarities in the character and condition of the populations in Australia by whom the Ballot has been adopted, which lead us to infer that its introduction at Parliamentary elections in this country will not be attended by results so beneficial as those which are said to have attended it in Australia.'

The difficulty attending the realisation of the Committee's recommendation, and the practical defect of it if by any possibility it be carried out, will appear from the analysis to which we are about to subject Mr. Leatham's project. We confess that in dealing as we are about to do with this measure we feel very much in the position of an experienced gambler dissecting a laboured scheme for breaking the bank, which has been submitted to him by some youngster who flatters himself he has invented an infallible system of winning. Although the Report as a whole was agreed to without a division, its various clauses were the subject of many a very close division. Mr. Hunt's proposition for devising means of allowing proof of a vote in the event of a scrutiny being taken, was negatived by a majority of *one*, the numbers being nine to eight, *Mr. Leatham voting with the majority against it*. Mr. Leatham's Bill, however, provides for precisely such a scrutiny, showing that when he came close to the point, the conviction was unavoidable that the only way of securing a genuine return under vote by Ballot is, to use Mr. Dutton's words, by having something 'quite different from voting by Ballot,' namely, by having facilities for a scrutiny. He proposes, therefore, that the returning officer provide himself with as many tickets, with the candidates' names printed on them in different colours, as there are voters upon the register, and that he furnish each poll-clerk with as many of these tickets as there are voters entitled to vote at his station, those which are not used to be duly accounted for; and that the voters be numbered on the register, and the tickets be legibly initialled by the returning officer, and inscribed with the voter's corresponding number in invisible ink. This precaution is intended to prevent any vote from being identified during the ordinary counting, but to enable it to be traced to its giver in the event of a scrutiny. Ingenious and simple as the device may at first sight appear, it

yet carries with it a serious mechanical difficulty. The personation of voters who are absent, or who have not yet polled, is an easy matter in constituencies where but a small proportion of the electors are known by name and sight to the officials. The Act rigidly excludes all other persons from the polling-booth, so that the publicity upon which Americans rely to secure the purity of their elections is wholly wanting. Add to this the possibility of collusion, and we may conclude that personation will frequently occur; but it will be *suspected only* when two or more persons claim to vote in virtue of the same qualification. In order then to ascertain on which side a false vote has been given, it will be necessary to submit the whole of the votes in the box in question to the process necessary for making the numbers on them visible, until the false one is reached. Thus a single personation, whether real, or pretended for the express purpose of ascertaining the numbers and identifying the voters, will lead to the complete frustration of the desired secrecy. In the event of a second claimant not presenting himself, the fact of an absent elector having been personated will be absolutely unascertainable and unsuspected; and that usually large portion of a constituency which abstains from voting at all may have votes tendered and accepted in their names without possibility of check or detection.

For such a tremendous abuse as this Mr. Leatham's Bill provides absolutely no means of prevention whatever beyond an impotent menace; and the remedy which it proposes is available only in the rare event of a scrutiny being taken. Indeed there will not be wanting temptations and facilities for the poll-clerks themselves to 'turn an honest penny' by employing the spare tickets in advancing the cause which they favour; for it can hardly be supposed that every country polling-booth, particularly under the multiplication recommended by the Committee, will be provided with an array of deputies and inspectors to watch the proceedings in the Greek fashion minutely throughout the whole of the contest. There is, we believe, absolutely no precaution which offers even a tolerable safeguard against wholesale personation, except the publication and circulation immediately after every election of the names of those who have voted. Of course it would be a far more effectual safeguard to publish the votes as well as the names; and in a country pretending to a vestige of political freedom, social independence, civic courage, or respect for mutual rights, there ought to be no hesitation on the point; but the publication even of the names alone could hardly fail to lead to a discovery whether and to what extent personation has taken place.

Indeed, all objection to a method of voting which insures *secrecy and ignorance of the progress of the contest during the polling*, vanishes in the face of such early after-publication as will, by allowing every man's name and vote to be known, reveal alike any instance of personation by voters or falsification by officials. The close private scrutiny to which such lists would be subjected throughout the constituencies forms the only valid safeguard possible for the liberty of representation.

That portion of the report which refers to Ireland seems to us very Irish indeed. As if a process of secret voting would be of the slightest avail where every voter is a well-known partisan, and the whole population takes huge delight in mobs, processions, banners, and watchwords, and is eager for an excuse for making sides and having an affray! When it is well known how every man who approaches the poll will vote, and when he has to run the gauntlet of a mob of the opposite side, it will be little gain to him, even if he succeed in reaching and returning from the poll alive and uninjured, that he has performed the act of voting with secrecy, for it is just as surely surmised how he has voted as if he had done it in the sight of all. In Ireland, moreover, as witness the *experience*—not the speech—of Mr. Bernal Osborne, who curiously enough advocated the Ballot for any but *popular* reasons, it is when the polling is over and the result declared that the excitement culminates, and the beaten party strives for vengeance. Even if the declaration were deferred for a week, and then made through the newspapers, the precaution with such an excitable population would probably be unavailing. The fancy for fighting would not be so easily baulked where animosities are inherent and chronic. It is an educational process that is wanted in such cases, and until such process is fairly advanced we fear that peace is attainable only through the portals of disfranchisement. The reflection is indeed a sad one that there exists no machinery to which we can trust for a supply of virtue, and that if people want goodness they must be good for themselves. At present the ballot-box seems to hold in the estimation of many the place occupied by the 'praying-machines' of Thibet.

Let it be supposed, however, that the problem has been solved, the difficult quest successful, and that this San Grail of our days, an 'inviolable ballot-box, exorcising by the magic of its very presence every electoral evil, has been vouchsafed to our longing spirits, and that henceforth all is done, and done well, save only that the menaced voter must keep his own secret. The question now arises, Can that secret be kept?

and, if so, how, or by what process, does secrecy promote security? This is a point which seems to have escaped the attention of the friends of the Ballot, and probably not one working man in a thousand has been led by aught that he has heard or read on the subject to perceive that *it is solely by the facility which it gives for lying without detection that the Ballot pretends to afford him any security whatever.* Yet it surely is not difficult to imagine an agricultural or factory voter, after cheering to the echo the glowing oratory of some popular declaimer in favour of the Ballot, soberly and seriously conferring with himself in such fashion as this:—‘Supposing master calls me and my mates up, and asks how we have voted at the election, it will be no use saying that we voted by Ballot, and that that is our secret. He will insist on having an answer, or will send us to the right-about; and it’s little good the Ballot will have done us then. . And if any of us have voted against the master’s candidate and own to it, we shall be sent off just the same. And supposing we don’t own to it, but tell a downright lie. Well, the chances are the master don’t believe us, especially if we all stick to one story, and there has been a big majority the other way. Besides, when one isn’t much in the habit of lying, it isn’t so easy to do it with a good face, and it’s ten to one the master will find it out by our stammering and turning red over it, at least until one gets into the habit of telling lies well; and the elections don’t come often enough to let one learn that. And what’s to prevent the masters from combining and threatening to turn all their hands off unless a certain candidate gets elected? And, now I think of it, what’s to prevent my getting the sack even when I have voted the master’s way? He’s not bound to believe me when I tell him I have done so, and the very knowledge that he is watching and suspecting me may make me hesitate and look like a fool just when I am telling the real truth. And with the Ballot there’s no way of proving it to him. Why, the Ballot only helps the man who is a good bold hand at a lie. I don’t think so much, after all, of the plan that needs a lie to make it of any account. Besides, it doesn’t follow that master won’t find out the truth. There’s a black sheep to be found in most lots, and of course we hands don’t make a secret of our opinions and our votes to each other. And what’s to prevent the gossip reaching some one who is on the watch for it to note it down, and carry it all to the master or the agent? It would not be the first time a man has split on his mates for the pay. Why, if we

‘found this happening, and men getting sent off about their business soon after the election without a word, we should suspect there was a spy among us, and be afraid to speak to each other, and all would be distrust and suspicion where union and good fellowship had been before. No, no, let me keep to the open voting with risks that I can see and face, if this be all the Ballot can do for us.’

It is evident that this conclusion would be strengthened by the additional reflection, that the very system recommended by the Select Committee of consulting the convenience of the voter by the multiplication of polling-places, especially in country districts, will considerably aggravate his danger; since by diminishing the numbers polled in each locality it will facilitate conjecture concerning the votes of individuals. In many instances even at present nearly the whole of the voters at any one station are tenants or labourers on one estate, or workers in one factory, mill, or mine; and where there is a great preponderance of votes on one side, the inference is clear and the retribution easy.

If fraud and intimidation be not incompatible with secrecy, what shall be said of its influence upon corruption? In the moral, the physical, and the political world alike, the axiom holds good that darkness and corruption ever go hand in hand. Secrecy may render impossible *legal* proof for purposes of punishment, but it assuredly will not prevent sufficient evidence being forthcoming for purposes of corruption. Men are rarely depraved enough to betray the hand that pays them, and they can never be secure against betraying themselves if they do. There can be no doubt that in this country secrecy would lead to the organisation of a regular system of espionage among certain numerous classes, for the purpose of ascertaining and controlling their votes. Payment of bribes would be made dependent upon success, and bodies of corrupt voters would so arrange with each other that the winners and losers may share the spoil together. The prospect of future elections, too, would serve to keep men up, or rather down, to the mark. So far from promoting amendment in this respect, secrecy can hardly fail to greatly aggravate the evil.

There would be something supremely absurd, were the spectacle a less melancholy one, in seeing a committee of legislators which includes in it some of the first names in the kingdom, deciding that the law can only vindicate itself by abdicating the whole of its functions. It is evident that

‘Publicity in the enjoyment and exercise of his civic rights is fully as essential a part of the liberties of a freeman as immunity from

interference and damage; so that the law abandons instead of fulfilling its functions when it affords that immunity only at the sacrifice of the publicity to which he is entitled. The State commits a treason against the liberties of its citizens when it covers their exercise of the franchise with a veil of compulsory secrecy. If the franchise be a trust, the liberty to exercise it openly is a right. If security be gained by the sacrifice of independence and the degradation of law, security is a bargain dearly bought indeed.\*

The adoption of secrecy into our elections would be a reversal of the principle which has hitherto been with us the subject of much national pride. It is contrary to our national habits to do in secret anything that partakes of the nature of a public function. Our debates in Parliament are open. Our law and police courts are open. We do not shut up even our vices within doors, but give them free light and air; and we act thus in conformity with the principle recognised alike in medicine and in morals, that concealment, so far from being a method or equivalent of amendment, is its direct antagonist; and that where there is any possibility of imperfection, it is better to subject the whole process to the light, and to bring an evil to the surface in the hope of expelling it there, than to drive it inwards upon the seat of vitality by repressing the symptoms and proof of its existence. It is a principal boast of our country that we tolerate no secret Star Chamber in any department of State. Least of all is it our way to consent to abandon the task of reformation as hopeless until we have exhausted all the resources of legislative or voluntary skill. Surely the last confession that patriotism would consent to make is that our corruptions are so extensive and so deeply-seated that the law is powerless to aid us. The very facts that election abuses have of late years considerably declined, and that the public sensitiveness to their heinousness has in a still greater degree augmented, and also that whatever amendment we have made has been owing to the increased publicity given to our shortcomings, ought to make us averse to any sweeping alteration. It is hazardous to reverse the treatment when the patient is mending. The very vehemence of the outcry caused by recent spectacles of our defects may betoken only the irritability of the convalescent. When the unclean spirit is crying and rending us sorely, there is hope that it is going out of us. Least of all is this the crisis for relegating us to a regimen of darkness when the constitution has become strong enough to bear the full light of day.

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\* Westminster Review, April 1869, Art. *Liberty and Light*.



It is, then, in the direction of publicity rather than in that of secrecy that the change must be made. If the knowledge of the elector's vote enable the briber or the intimidator to make him their prey, the proper safeguard consists in the publication of the candidate's expenditure and the exposure and punishment of the intimidator's tyranny. Here, as elsewhere, is publicity at once the base and the keystone of the arch of our liberties. To maintain otherwise is to deny the existence of the national conscience as the nation's ultimate court of appeal. As, when it was once urged that the spread of intelligence among the people would endanger the Constitution, Lord Brougham exclaimed, 'Then let in more light!' so would we invoke the aid of more light, more publicity, as the sole legitimate, sole possible cure for the defects of our electoral system.

There are not wanting indications that the much-vaunted example of the Americans will before long cease to be in any way available for reference. Their dissatisfaction with their present system is growing rapidly. Only a few months ago, in addressing the 'New England Women's Suffrage Association,' Ralph Waldo Emerson observed, 'At this moment we are agitating the question of how to save society from the threatened mischief of the invasion of the purity of the Ballot by the corrupt and purchased votes which are stultifying the will of the honest community.' So far from advocating a move in the direction of greater secrecy as a remedy for abuses of the suffrage, the purport of Mr. Emerson's address was to recommend its extension to women, in the hope of enlisting their finer instincts on the side of purity. Were we to adopt secret voting with the view of imitating the Americans, it is by no means improbable that they would give it up, and adopt some system which, like our present one, will admit of a scrutiny and be above concealment.

The whole theory of attempting to secure the elector's independence by means of secrecy involves a submission and a retreat instead of the bold defiance with which the freeman ought to confront dictation. If we desire to be really free men let us act as such, and live up to our ancient standard, and maintain our right to free expression in spite of all tyrannies whatsoever. Let us still strive to maintain the civilisation which admits of the combination of perfect publicity with perfect security, instead of sinking to the level where security is attainable only by secrecy. It may involve a little more effort, but it was not by the 'saving trouble,' or by the 'anything for a quiet life' doctrine, that the liberties of England were won. If the newly invigorated demand for the Ballot be based upon the recent extension of the franchise to classes which are more exposed to

interference than voters in the former constituencies, it is the more necessary that the real issues of the question be plainly set forth, and that the newly enfranchised electors should not unwittingly be made to appear as seeking to lower the tone of our institutions while actually imagining that they are contributing to their improvement. It is but a questionable sort of patriotism that would rejoice over the deterioration of law and liberty, simply because they are thereby brought nearer to the comprehension of the least educated classes of the community. If the alternative had been placed before the country, and the Reform Bill had been brought in with the understanding that to pass it would be to lower the whole tone of our institutions to the level of the uncultivated instincts of the lowest classes either of the new constituencies or of the old, there can be little doubt of its having met with a very different fate. But, so far from this having been the case, one of the strongest pleas for its enactment was that which represented it as an educational measure.

It is small compliment to the native character of the new electors to assume that they prefer being humoured in their ignorance to being taught. We prefer the more cheerful creed that the masses of the new constituencies will rather be grateful for instruction in the meaning of the institutions in which they have been made partners, than anxious at once to degrade them to a lower level. To flatter, humour, and deceive the uneducated classes of a country by keeping them in the dark as to the real principle involved in measures which appear on the surface to be for their good, is a course which can find no place in the intelligent Liberalism on which the hopes of the nation rest. The very fact that the weaker side in our political parties has now gone over to the Ballot—the side, too, which consists of those whom they are wont to regard as their especial oppressors—ought to make them very suspicious of any measure which offers facilities for underhand dealing. Strength failing, what more natural than that the beaten party should betake itself to cunning? The Ballot appears to us to be the natural refuge of defeated Toryism, and we are not at all surprised that some of the most distinguished converts to it should be on that side.

However desirable may at first sight appear any measure that will at once remove all doubt and difficulty, in a sort of backwoodsman's rough-and-ready fashion, it is surely unworthy of a nation like this, for the sake of present ease and convenience, to adopt a course which would, at the end of a given period, place us at a lower level in the scale of liberty than would have been attained by a steady determined opposi-

tion to all incursions upon our liberties. To make secrecy the stepping-stone to freedom is like snatching at results without taking the trouble to pass through processes; seeking royal roads without submitting to the discipline requisite for real improvement, with a certainty of being landed at last at a lower stage than would otherwise have been attained. This is emphatically a case in which the longest way round is the shortest to the desired destination. Having nearly learnt to swim, shall we now take to corks? Shall we not rather learn from the experience of the athlete who, having been persuaded to reduce his superfluous weight by hot-air baths, abandoned the experiment because, although successful in this respect, it prevented him from *making muscle* at the same time. Surely if ever there was a muscle that required exercise for its development it is liberty. The security of secrecy may be very pleasant and luxurious, but it will assuredly be enervating and fatal to the possibility of making moral and political muscle.

The principle proved over and over again by the failure of repressive legislation against various forms of vice cannot fail to hold good in respect of electoral corruption: Where the evil is the result of ignorance and depravity, the true remedy is to be found only in the removal of those conditions. There can be no greater mistake than repressive legislation in matters involving morality. It is a far safer, and in the long run a far shorter course, to trust to the gradual improvement of the community. Let us have moral influence and instruction to any extent. Let us have voluntary associations for the protection of voters if we will. In any case, let us have delay until all other resources have been exhausted before we attempt by actual experiment upon ourselves the vain task of seeking to realise that fantasy of sanguine imaginations—a trustworthy and practicable system of secret voting. There is certainly at present no sufficient reason to despair that under the operation of the new Act, amended in accordance with the united experience of the judges and commissioners engaged in the recent election petitions and trials, and under such other changes as the Select Committee suggests—namely, the prohibition of agency and canvassing, of oral nominations and declarations of polls, of the publication of numbers during the voting, of the engagement of a multiplicity of committee-rooms, and, added to all these, the establishment by the electors themselves of a voluntary society for the protection of voters—we may still, without violence to principle, forfeiture of liberty, or descent to ignoble contrivance, maintain for England her ancient privilege of teaching nations how to live.

ART. X.—*Selections from Speeches of Earl Russell, 1817 to 1841, and from Despatches, 1859 to 1865.* With Introductions. 2 vols. London: 1870.

THESE two interesting and instructive volumes consist of a very limited selection from Lord Russell's speeches, not coming down later than 1841, and from some of his diplomatic despatches during Lord Palmerston's last Administration. He has prefaced both with an Introduction—the first devoted to a political retrospect of the period to which the speeches apply, and the second to a vindication of his own policy while he held the seals of the Foreign Office. The publication is not so much intended as a memorial of his public life, as to remind the public of some of the author's views on questions of interest and importance, and to keep alive recollections which he rightly thinks are of value to the nation.

The time has happily not yet come, and we hope it may be distant, for a final estimate of the character and qualities of one who has been so useful and so distinguished. But Lord Russell may be assured that the impulse which has prompted the publication of these volumes finds a ready response in the country. He, of all men, is well entitled to throw off his armour, bravely worn on many a battle-field, with thorough satisfaction and contentment. He can look back on a long political life, not only with the consciousness of steadfastness and courage in the cause of his country, but with the conviction of signal success. He has sown, and he has seen the abundant and overflowing harvest. He sowed in dreariness and gloom—he reaped in the blaze of sunshine. His countrymen are not forgetful of these things, nor ungrateful for them; and the record which now lies before us of part of these labours is a valuable contribution to the political history of this century.

It rarely happens that a statesman, reviewing from an honoured old age his past exertions, can find on so many of them the approving stamp of time. Lord Russell has not spent his days in maintaining with gallantry indefensible fortresses, until he has at last seen them swept away before the advancing army of opinion. Neither has he, like Peel, Palmerston, and Gladstone, undergone the transmuting process of gradual conviction. In all the great political dogmas of his life he is now, and has been *qualis ab incepto*, standing on the same ground, maintaining the same creed,\* confident in the same school of thought as when he began his campaigning more than fifty years ago.

He has lived, it is true, to see new workmen and new work come with the coming wants and requirements of the hour, which, indeed, is the never-failing product of the vicissitudes of time. It seldom happens that the man who was foremost when all things were difficult, is the leader when many things have become easy. But such is the compensating process in all human affairs. To every one his hour, and his field of labour. He is happy who, when his toil is done, is so amply repaid as Lord Russell is, not only in the pleasant remembrance of how fields were won, but in the prosperity, as well as in the esteem and gratitude, of his countrymen. He must be removed farther from the smoke and din of present strife, contentions, and envyings, before his services and qualities assume in public opinion their true dimensions; but he will occupy, as he deserves, no mean place on the roll of English statesmen. His very faults, which he wears as it were off his sleeve, will appear in their just proportion; and the great part which he has borne in the administration of affairs, his successes and his failures, will receive their just appreciation from posterity.

One result at least, and to our mind a timely and useful one, will be accomplished by the study of these volumes. They will tell a generation intent on the present, and sometimes forgetful and contemptuous of the past, whence flowed—from what beginnings, fed by what rivulets, struggling scantily in the summer sun—that broad flowing tide of popular power which now sweeps on in such resistless progress. They tell of the first throbs of real public opinion in this country; the first sounds of free and independent thought and speech among the people; the first genuine announcements of the true principle and end of constitutional government; the first raising of the banner of religious toleration and religious equality; the elements of that system of dealing with our neighbours which is now our recognised policy, and the foundations of our great and successful efforts in purity, efficiency, and economy in finance. It is well to remember these things, for they were as much born of Parliament as of the people in their earlier beginnings; and to that steadfast band of politicians who, amid much discouragement, kept the flame burning, and the nation in mind of its true interests, we mainly owe our present prosperity and success.

We should not be far from the mark, indeed, if we dated the rise of the Liberal party, in the form in which it was destined to be dominant, from the period at which these volumes commence. It is true that the broad and massive lines on which the party was built had been traced by the

powerful hand of Fox, but the party itself had not during his life established a firm root in the nation. Many elements had combined to retard and obscure the principles of free constitutional action of which he was the most eminent apostle. We set little store by the common-place criticisms too fashionable among Liberals of the present day, which are used to depreciate the great advocate of freedom in the last generation. Forgetting his true-hearted devotion, his clearer vision, and his strong and broad appreciation of political rights, these critics sneer at his views of political economy and his ignorance of the principles of commercial freedom. The censors are in the right so far. His speeches on the Irish propositions were based on financial views utterly unsound—as unsound as his declaration that France was the natural enemy of England. But it is unreasonable to judge of Fox by such blemishes as these, which, compared with the work which he had to do, and which he did, are entirely insignificant. His struggle was for domestic liberty at home, and for peace with foreign countries. Had he lived to see these accomplished he would not have been long in discerning what even duller intellects have discovered—the fallacy of protective duties. But his vocation lay in a different direction. Duties on foreign produce were of little moment when every foreign market was closed; and it concerns his memory but little that in those days he accepted on these subjects the prevalent opinions of his class and time.

Still, justly or unjustly, there hung around him in the eyes of the community an atmosphere of partisanship which was never thoroughly dispelled. The dislike of him by the Sovereign fostered the feeling; and the Coalition and the Regency debates gave some colour to the popular impression. Even his action on the French Revolution, although not only thoroughly honest, but, as the event showed, only too prescient, was misunderstood and misconstrued. Possibly, by a course less resolutely hostile to the Administration in that period of danger, he might have been able to temper somewhat of the panic of the times, and certainly would have retained more of his own personal influence in the country.

Self-seeking no man could call him; for had he yielded to the prevalent opinions, no antipathy on the part of the King could have excluded him from power. Much of the prejudice against him was the fruit of his war against prerogative, for which the nation was not ripe. Something too was due to the school in which he was trained—to the coarser precedents of Walpole, Bute, and Holland. Still, the ranks of his followers

dwindled away during his life, although there arose avengers from his ashes.

It must also be confessed, 'looking back as we now do with the advantage of the light of experience, that even from our point of view more allowance should be made for the Tory Ministers than was the fashion in the heat of the battle. They were bad times no doubt; days when the most elementary axioms of civil liberty were forgotten. But in self-defence *silent leges inter arma*—the gravity of the peril was great; and, while we paid a heavier ransom for our safety than even the debt the struggle hung around us, it remains a question whether, under any circumstances or any Government, we could have kept terms with the Republic or the Empire of France.

Lord Russell's introductory narrative, which is very interesting and very characteristic, takes up the political history of this country, with reflections somewhat similar, in the middle of the Peninsular war. By that time the great ones had gone: Fox and Pitt lay side by side in Westminster Abbey; the affairs of this country had drifted into the hands of feeblers although not undistinguished men; and the Whig party, with Lord Grey and Lord Grenville at its head, held steadfastly—probably too tenaciously—by the traditions of their chief. One can hardly wonder indeed that those who had witnessed in 1805 that alarming combination which isolated this country and placed her in more real danger than she had been in since the Spanish Armada, should have recalled with bitterness the long course of blundering policy and the prophecies of calamity which Fox had uttered in 1793. As little can we feel surprise that the fresh and acute intellect of the future Whig Premier, on his youthful survey of the political landscape, should have hailed with enthusiasm the first dawn of coming triumph from the lines of Torres Vedras, and rather resented and condemned the cold censoriousness of his leaders. Lord Russell, it seems, paid a visit to the lines in 1810, and laid a bet of a guinea with Lord Ponsonby that Wellington would be in possession of them that day twelvemonth. He gained his guinea; but the incident is worth recording as showing the manly and independent eye with which he was able to view the position of his country in days when it was treason to Brookes' to believe in anything born of the Government. The Whig leaders had been too slow to see what the sagacity of Francis Horner points out in a letter quoted in this Introduction, that the war undertaken originally against the liberties of France had become one in defence of the liberties of England.

We were interested by the glimpse of a warlike spirit afforded us in the few reminiscences which our author gives us of his two visits to Wellington at his head-quarters—one at Torres Vedras in 1810, and the other in 1813 in the Pyrenees—breathing exactly the sentiments one would expect to find in a high-mettled youth, and singularly characteristic of his riper years; for Lord Russell has throughout loved strife; the sound of the trumpet cheered and stirred him—a temperament to which not a few both of his successes and failures are due.

When Lord John Russell entered Parliament in 1813, having been elected for Tavistock, as he tells us, just a month before he came of age, the great European struggle was rapidly nearing its climax. The dawn of victory which he had seen at Torres Vedras had been succeeded by the slow but ever-increasing triumphs of the British army in Spain. Leipsic, and Elba, the Hundred Days, and Waterloo followed in rapid succession; the Bourbons were restored, and the Holy Alliance for the time supreme. Lord Russell speaks with wise generosity and pride of the successes of Wellington; and we have read with pleasure and interest his summary of the political situation at that juncture. At the distance of fifty-five years the most jealous of politicians can afford to be just. But it is to Lord Russell's credit that, devoted as he was and has been through life to the traditions of his party, he entered on what was destined to be so long and distinguished a Parliamentary career in so large and candid a spirit.

But peace came—peace which found Napoleon at St. Helena, the Jacobin spirit smothered, if not quenched, and not a sound or rumour of war to shake our equanimity or disturb our repose. Yet it was a desolate and dreary time. The nation, recovering from its fever, found convalescence more tedious and painful than delirium. The national spirit had responded very faithfully when our shores were threatened, and the Ministers had more than a merely parliamentary majority behind them in the struggle. But the trumpet once hung in the hall, the reaction came, and the sense of the penalties we had to pay for the gigantic game in which we had been engaged. War prices vanished, and, with them, the fictitious value to which land had risen. The interest of the enormous debt pressed on the sinews of commerce and labour. Peace did not bring prosperity. Trade, forced during the war into artificial channels, regained but slowly its natural current. Financial and commercial disasters threw operatives out of work, and distress and starvation nurtured political discontent. The people had submitted to have their political privileges in



abeyance as long as the sound of the French cannon was daily expected to be heard on our shores ; but when the danger had passed, and the storm had ceased to blow, they were no longer contented with their rulers or their rule.

It was a great misfortune for this country, if we were to have Tory rulers, that there was not at that time at the head of affairs some man of originality and courage, who would have the sagacity to see, and the vigour to meet, the situation. If Pitt had survived, the result to England might have been very different. If even the wary prescience of Peel had been then available, or a chief with the adventurous boldness of the present Conservative leader, we should have been saved from the portentous and hazardous mistake of neglecting to repair in fair weather the injuries suffered in the storms of winter. It ought indeed to have been apparent to every statesman who calmly reflected on the past, that what the nation had cheerfully and patiently endured while their independence and existence were threatened, would become intolerable when the emergency was over. But neither Lord Liverpool, who was the nominal, nor Lord Castlereagh, who was the real, Minister, had the breadth of view or the resolution to provide against a danger so palpable and imminent. Lord Russell sketches both statesmen lightly, although graphically, in the pages of his Introduction. Lord Liverpool was just such a Minister as brings nations to the brink of revolution—easy, respectable, sensible, and slow ; without originality himself, and distrusting it in others ; content to leave or keep things as they are, without considering how long they were likely to remain so. Castlereagh was of a different stamp ; not without a certain dash of genius, with unfailing equanimity, temper, and courage, but intellectually limited and narrow. He did not understand the country he had to govern, and would have made a better Irish than he did an English Minister.

Although they were the nominal successors of Pitt, nothing, we imagine, could have been more remote from the probable policy of that statesman than the course pursued by Liverpool and Castlereagh. Pitt knew the people well ; he never was the object of popular odium. From the India Bill to Trafalgar, he watched the direction in which the breeze was blowing ; and if, when relieved of a contest which was throughout distasteful to him, he had survived till 1815, his inclination at least, and his sagacity, would have prompted a return to his former proclivities, although he more than once allowed inferior but more tenacious, minds to sway his own. Worst of all was the dead weight of our Continental alliances,

which, uniting us to dynastic and arbitrary governments, exposed our rulers to reproach from these quarters if they were suspected of favouring Jacobin views, or took any step, however moderate, which seemed to acknowledge popular independence. So the great opportunity was lost. Repression, not concession, was the only policy sanctioned; and those thirteen barren years—barren of all but discontent—from 1815 to 1828, passed without one remedial measure being placed upon the statute-book. Romilly, Peel, and Mackintosh did something to ameliorate the penal code; but these measures, and some doubtful legislation on currency, are the only Parliamentary achievements of the period. The rest was a bundle of ill-devised expedients to stem a current which gathered force every day.

It was, however, during this period of depression, and amid, for the time, discouragement and even division, that the Liberal party of our own day begun to assume form and cohesion. They were pelted by their opponents with all the old watch-words; but these ceased gradually to find an echo in the community, and slowly the great political truths which they preached to impatient audiences in the House of Commons began to take deep root in the country.

Lord Russell's sketch of Parliament during the Liverpool Administration is pleasant and lively—so much so, that we could have wished it had been less fragmentary. He is rather more occupied with the remembrance of the little intrigues to which the inner life of all parties is subject, and with recounting the disunion which existed in the Liberal ranks on the great question of Reform, than with what no one but himself could now tell us—the more public features of that time. We should like to hear of Tierney, and Ward, and Burdett—of the rise of Brougham, and the ripe wisdom and premature loss of Horner—of Joseph Hume's first beginnings, and the future Premiers, all unconscious of their coming Liberal doom—Peel and Palmerston. He just gives us enough of this to make us greatly desire more. He tells us that from 1820 to 1828 was the most brilliant period of Parliamentary oratory. He would have done great service to the history of those times had he painted with a power by no means foreign to his pencil some of the more salient features of the picture. For, as we have said, it was there that the foundations were laid of all which has been built upon them since; and the time is nearly gone when a picture from a contemporary can be hoped for.

The Liverpool Administration, as shown in Lord Russell's pages, is much what we might have expected to find—violent

without, and feeble within—a Cabinet all at variance with itself, neither personally nor politically harmonious, and hopelessly divided on the great political questions of the future. Castlereagh and Canning were in favour of Catholic Emancipation, while Lord Liverpool and the Administration were bitterly opposed to it—a weak foreshadowing of the inevitable future, but a striking characteristic of the policy of the day.

Nor, if we are to believe Lord Russell, was all unanimity in the Whig ranks. Some even then looked coldly on Reform; for nomination boroughs were of both parties. But we do not wonder that Lord Russell dwells with complacency over the cradle of Reform, and looks back with interest to its tender years. He probably contrasts its tottering footsteps in 1819 with the giant which strode over the land in 1832. Doubtless he had to endure many a pang of disgust and weariness from the coldness and half-heartedness of friends, as most men who have tried to serve their country have experienced. He was then ardent and young, ambitious of a name, and thoroughly devoted to the cause of freedom:—

‘*Me quoque pectoris  
Tentavit in dulci juvenia  
Fervor;*’—

and even now he can scarce forgive to his older associates the whips and scorns which his attachment had to suffer. But from such contests do the great events of history spring; nor did it need these gentle touches to remind us what we owe to the indomitable tenacity of our author. He modestly says, ‘With a view to work my way to a change, not by eloquence, for I had none, but by patient toil and a plain statement of facts, I brought before the House of Commons the case of Gram-pound;’ and, little as it was, the extraction of this decayed brick shook the whole edifice to its centre.

In the speech—the earliest on this subject which is included in the collection, delivered in 1819—we find that even then a coadjutor more potent even than the eloquence of Parliament had sprung up outside its walls. It is a speech which we read with pleasure, though full of the faults of youth. But it breathes a refined and scholarly spirit, and contrasts in its elaboration very favourably with many crude and uncultivated efforts which are familiar to the House of Commons. The passage we refer to is the following:—

‘We have been told very lately that education which ought to be a blessing has been injurious to the population of the manufacturing districts. Sir, the fault is not in Education; it is in the time and the cir-

cumstances which have accompanied it. Had the people received instruction when they were rich it would have taught them frugality ; had they received political rights at the same time they would have learned the value of legal liberty. But they have received education when they were sinking into poverty, and they have received it without being admitted to political power.'

This truth, enunciated with much of the didactic force of the speaker's riper years, sounded the key-note of the future. It appears strange to this generation to find Lord Russell making a humble apology for education—as strange as to find that there were statesmen fifty years ago who dreaded and denounced it. Yet imperfect and disjointed as the education of the people at that time was, it had commenced. It was but a rustle of the leaves, but it foretold the coming breeze which ere ten years had well passed was to swell into a storm, and to sweep before it the fastnesses of the Tories, and the dreams and forebodings of Lord Russell's chiefs.

Yet the political horizon remained outwardly tranquil until Lord Liverpool was struck down by paralysis in 1826. The want of cohesion in the Ministry, and the absence of any guiding principle of policy, at once became apparent. Canning assumed the reins, but his old colleagues fell away from him—some from distrust of his judgment, some from aristocratic haughtiness, and some from personal jealousy. A large portion of the Liberals supported, and some joined him ; but the stings of the Anti-Jacobin were not forgiven by the old campaigners of the party. The burden he undertook proved too much for a highly-strung, restless, and sensitive spirit like his. What he might have been, had he lived, we have hardly materials in his past career to enable us to conjecture. His oratory was magnificent. If it wanted in some respects substance and depth, it was for the House of Commons perfect, lively, easy, light in hand, sparkling, and yet strong. But his mind was uneven and uncertain, destitute of the equal poise and unflinching self-restraint that gave Castlereagh such complete mastery over him. It is doubtful too whether he had the true instinct of a ruler, or the sympathy with the people which is the soul of government. His early training as a *tirailleur* for the party, the leader of the light brigade of skirmishers, was not favourable to the spirit of earnestness which is the secret of true statesmanship, and which the times required. Still, he sustained with gallantry and nearly single-handed a very difficult position for the one year which he survived—a period which is remembered chiefly by some glowing declamation on foreign policy, perhaps somewhat overpraised, but which

startled the Holy Alliance, and heralded the approach of Palmerston.

The Canning Administration, however, was an important era, for it broke up and scattered, never again to unite, the elements of the policy of Liverpool and Castlereagh. How completely the old dynasty had come to an end was not seen at the time; and when Wellington and Peel assumed the reins in 1828, it looked as if it was again to resume its sway. Nevertheless, that event was destined only to hasten the change. One, and almost only one, measure of mark signalised the year 1828, and Lord John Russell had the honour of being its author. It was the Act for the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, which, notwithstanding the opposition of the new Government, he carried on the second reading by a majority of forty-four. It was his first practical success—the first abuse which fell to his shot, excepting the disfranchisement of the little borough of Grampound, and he had to wait nine years for it. Still, after fifteen years of Parliamentary warfare, to him belonged the honour of the first practical step in the direction of religious equality, gained by public opinion out of Parliament, against a reluctant Government. More important still, it paved the way for the great events which the next two years of the future had in store.

When the stone once began to roll, it soon acquired increased velocity. The passing of the Test and Corporation Bill gave the timid courage, and made the people take heart. It was the first victory they had gained, after many weary years of waiting. Events now succeeded each other with unexpected rapidity. The Roman Catholic Relief Bill, passed by Peel and Wellington, again shattered the Tory party in 1829; and the death of the King, followed by the French Revolution in 1830, placed once more, after an interval of nearly twenty-five years, a Liberal Administration in power.

We have followed our author in this rapid retrospect up to the great political deluge of 1831, and have arrived within the limits of contemporaneous history. We have traced events so far because not memory only but gratitude also are wont to stop there. But although the great Reform Bill of 1831 was the crowning glory of Lord Russell's life, and in itself a renown and distinction worthy of a lifetime, it was but the fruit of the constancy and labour of many thankless years. From that date onwards it was easy to be a Liberal. Honour and power followed the footsteps of those who trod in the ways formerly beset with thorns and briars, stumbling-blocks and gloom. But Lord Russell was no carpet soldier—no way-

farer in the sunshine only. He had borne his part manfully and fearlessly, seeing with a clear insight the true interests of the country, and pursuing his ends with a faith in the righteous and true, which he lived himself to vindicate beyond his most ardent expectations. When he resumed his seat on the 1st of March 1831, amid the incredulous and bewildered cheers of his opponents, utterly confounded with what they thought the chimerical wildness of his proposals, he had laid anew the foundations of our national prosperity, and earned for himself an undying and well-deserved name in the annals of his country. Thirty years more of active and honourable service have not thrown into the shade that great achievement, which rather gains than loses in magnitude as the event recedes, and which as regards the time, the circumstances, its intrinsic merit, and its marvellous fruit, will form an epoch in history while our Constitution endures.

Lord Russell's history of the private life of the Reform Bill, both before and after its introduction, will be read with interest, although it does not present any feature with which we had not been made acquainted through other channels. It appears that the Ballot was part of the original programme, although these speeches tell us that in 1829 Lord Russell did not see that 'people have any natural right to meet in their parishes and choose members of Parliament by putting white and black beans into a box.' We do not stop to inquire which was the wiser resolution; but every system of secret voting, as Montesquieu lays it down, diminishes the influence of public opinion, and is to that extent at variance with the popular principle. The political kaleidoscope is turned once more, and exhibits the varying colours and shadows of ten years of Liberal administration. Ten years they were of not inglorious fruit; and Lord Russell in 1841 was able to point to a long array of important and valuable measures, including the abolition of slavery and Irish education. But all was not of the roseate glow of 1832. The popular breeze soon died away, until it fell a dead calm at last, and the vessel went adrift on the rocks. The Liberal majority waned, and at last disappeared, and within ten years of the passing of the Reform Bill, a strong Tory Government was in power.

The more common explanation of this striking result was at the time, and has been since, want of a sufficient progressive element in the Administration and the party. We think the real cause lay elsewhere. The Liberals to a certain extent repeated the mistake which the Tories had made in 1815, and that in exactly the opposite direction. Like their pre-

decessors, they had not dreamed of the rebound. They should have foreseen that the English mind, moved but slowly to organic change, would necessarily recoil with the spasmodic effort it had made. Many who had joined in and supported the change, did so because they looked for tranquillity afterwards; and many others, looking on representation as a means to an end, were in hopes that freedom from agitation would leave quiet times for social and economical reform. But when they found the first note of a new agitation sounded by Lord Durham at the Grey Banquet in 1834, and fresh innovations in the franchise again suggested, they withdrew—some in fear and some in mere weariness and disgust. The agitation which had been wont to lead to victory led, when tried a second time, as might have been anticipated, to defeat.

History does sometimes repeat itself: but a general seldom gains a battle twice on the same ground. Lord Russell little thought from whose hands the supplement to his great work was to come. The Reform Act doubtless was not complete; and it was certain that time would outgrow it, as it must outgrow any written Constitution. But it was a delusion to suppose that the people would ever again flock as they had done to the standard of Electoral Reform. The question had become one of detail only; the public mind already acted with directness and efficiency on Parliament; and though he did not probably think so at the time, no more thorough tribute has ever been paid to Lord Russell's first Reform Bill than the fact that he found so many difficulties with his second.

This was the true secret of the collapse of Whig rule in 1841, when the premiership of Lord Melbourne terminated. He was a Minister who deserved a larger majority and a longer tenure of office. His services rendered to the Sovereign at the commencement of her reign would of themselves have deserved the nation's gratitude. But he was a statesman whose rare personal qualities were hardly done justice to, either by the country or by himself. The lightness and gaiety of his manner, mistaken often for *insouciance* and carelessness, covered a quick wit, a firm intellect, and a subtle brain. His Administration was one continued struggle for a majority in the Commons, which necessarily cramped his action, and paralysed his power. But had the Fates so willed it, he had many qualities which might have made his name illustrious.\*

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\*We avail ourselves of this opportunity to contradict an absurd statement with reference to another of the oldest and most estimable of Lord Russell's colleagues and friends—Lord Glenelg. In a recent publica-

Here we may leave our retrospect, as we have reached the period to which Lord Russell himself has limited his selections. Since that time he has been twice Prime Minister of this country, and has taken a distinguished part during an eventful period of her history. But we confine ourselves within the limits he himself has assigned; nor do we stop now to canvass the views on Irish affairs and on education, which were plainly in the noble author's mind in preparing the publication. They are worthy of study, if they are also provocative of criticism. But we turn for a moment to the speeches themselves, in their oratorical character.

One lesson they teach worthy to be learned by those who are training themselves for the service of their country. They contain a record of a career of unbroken political as well as personal honour, the history of the views and principles of a great statesman, the result of a patient and candid study, pursued through a long political life. Conversant with all the great men and great affairs of this nation, called on to think, act, and advise in many emergencies, he never saw reason from the first to step aside from his principles or to alter his opinions. It is a distinction honourable as it is rare. Many men have been consistent in adherence to error; many inconsistent, and creditably and honourably so, in relinquishing what they found to be fallacious. Nor has Lord Russell's political creed been at all of that Procrustean kind which excluded adaptation to new wants and new emergencies. But he has well earned the

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tion called 'Memoirs of Sir George Sinclair,' by Mr. James Grant, which is one of the most nonsensical attempts at biography we remember to have read, the writer asserts that Lord Glenelg 'all of a sudden' retired from public life, without assigning any reason for the step: 'for a period of fully ten years no one outside the walls of his own house saw the noble lord, nor did any but his domestics see him within it'—and he spent this interval in a 'semi trance,' 'utterly unconscious of all around him.' When he afterwards re-appeared it was 'like a kind of resurrection from the dead.' Every word in this statement is untrue. Lord Glenelg retired from office in 1839, because after the Canadian Rebellion Lord Melbourne thought it expedient to transfer the seals of the Colonial Office to Lord John Russell: but he travelled; he spent some time in Rome; he mingled in society in England; he dined at 'The Club,' where his signature may still be seen; and we ourselves, in common with all his friends, had the pleasure of living in uninterrupted intercourse with him. His last appearance in public life was in 1856, when on the occasion of the debates on Life Peerages in the House of Lords, he spoke and moved that the opinion of the Judges should be taken on the validity of Lord Wensleydale's Patent.



distinction of consistency in his political career, and it has been mainly owing to his study of political philosophy and his appreciating knowledge of his countrymen. Events have proved him in the right in all the larger and more salient features of his public life; and although we owe much to many statesmen whose maturer experience corrected and modified their earlier impressions, that is no reason why this generation should not learn the lesson which Lord Russell's public life has taught. Tenacity to opinions in the teeth of demonstration and experience is the resort of feeble minds; but high-minded and intelligent attachment and adhesion to views deliberately formed have not ceased to be a crown on the brows of a public man.

The speeches in this volume are but a selection taken from the earlier part of his career, not reaching, as we have said, a later date than 1841. But they afford a fair example of his Parliamentary oratory, and are in every way worthy of his great reputation. Indeed, he may well be content to rest his fame on them, for he could not appear to greater advantage; and the student of political history will find them full of suggestive materials.

They are all characteristic. Singularly devoid of artificial structure, they contain all the purer elements of oratory. Lord Russell in the passage we referred to, did himself injustice when he said he had no eloquence. His power of mere rhetoric, it is true, was not equal to that of some of his coadjutors or opponents. But no one who reads these collected speeches can fail to find in them the secret of his undoubted power. They are replete both with study and with thought. Reflection, earnestness, nobility, and breadth of sentiment, coupled with a refined and cultivated power of expression, are the characteristics of his style; and lurking beneath, and only rarely rising to the surface, is the talent fire—the true inspiring genius of the orator. Indeed, alongside any of his contemporaries, his published speeches need not fear comparison. Brougham soared a flight beyond him, though impulsive and erratic; but though Lord Russell had not the lively and sonorous cadence of Canning, nor the powerful though ponderous precision of Peel, he has more depth than the first, and more versatility of thought than the last. The metal rings true throughout, nor do the solid and valuable materials of which they are composed lose anything in the setting. Above all, he had the true gift of eloquence—earnestness. He knew what he wanted, and he felt it, a spell which no arts of rhetoric can buy.

Another feature, and a very valuable one, to be found in

these speeches is the large amount both of mature thought and of solid information. The longest in the selection, the great speech in introducing the Reform Bill, is a repertory of all that has ever been said on that question; and those on Canada and on the Sugar Duties; and the speeches on confidence in the Government in 1840 and 1841, are distinguished by their clear and masterly exposition of constitutional principles, of precedent, and historical facts. Their nervous, pointed style gives them more claims to permanency, and more probability of attaining it, than many elaborate efforts in debate adapted only to catch the passing favour of the House.

But these published speeches, although perhaps they may do more justice to his power of style and expression than his oral delivery, cannot convey to the reader one of Lord Russell's strongest claims to Parliamentary eminence. He was, beyond question, a very powerful Parliamentary leader; in the arena of debate a wary and successful gladiator, ready of fence, and dangerous in reply. We have heard it remarked by one of his eminent and constant antagonists that although several of the Parliamentary orators of his time undoubtedly surpassed him in eloquence, no man was more ready and efficient as a debater. Without the natural gift of ready-flowing words, practice and inbred power had brought him to great perfection; and few men have led the House of Commons with more ability. It was a different sway which he wielded there from that of Lord Palmerston. It was the sway of contest rather than of conciliation. He liked the hour of conflict, and exulted in the fight and a foeman worthy of his steel; and although he could not vie with Palmerston in adroit vivacity, or with Gladstone or Bright in elocution, he had a power of his own which supplied both rhetoric and wit when the occasion required them. It was in that field that his greatest laurels were won—won by no tricks or artifice—but by a manly, English bearing, which feared nothing but dishonour; and when he was warmed by a sense of justice or scorn of injustice, few men have ever been more effective speakers. Anyone who remembers his reply to Lord Naas (now Lord Mayo) in 1851 will know to what heights he could ascend and with what power he could wield the scimitar of debate when roused by what he thought just indignation. Indeed, there were few leaders in the House of Commons in later years who were greater masters of the science of debate. He rose with his theme; and it was a pleasant study on nights of great debate to watch how his periods, at first languid and slow, gradually caught fire from the ardent spirit within, till

the theme appeared so thoroughly to possess him, body and soul, as to raise him to the height of any argument. There is little on the exalted but frigid benches of the Lords which can afford fuel to feed such a flame; but in the arena of the House of Commons debate he was second to none.

We must here take our leave of our author, glad of the contribution which he has given us, and well pleased to be reminded of so much service in a cause to which, during his lengthened life, the pages of this Journal have been consistently devoted. The diplomatic part of these volumes we do not stop to discuss at length. It embraces four very troubled questions—Italy, Denmark, Poland, and America—and in our opinion not only displays the ability of the author, but fairly vindicates the course which he pursued in each. The reader will find in the Introduction to this portion of the work Lord Russell's general views, and those on Italy are specially interesting, as redeeming Lord Palmerston's Government from the charge of having been idle bystanders during the struggle for independence. But this theme would require to be treated separately. We close our notice with the hope that, in addition to the many obligations under which Lord Russell has laid his country, he may elucidate still further by his pen the great and arduous times in which his past has been so distinguished.

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